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ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA

I. The Discovery of America

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At the end of the year 1492 most men in Western Europe felt exceedingly gloomy about the future. Christian civilization appeared to be shrinking in area and dividing into hostile units as its sphere contracted. For over a century there had been no important advance in natural science, and registration in the universities dwindled as the instruction they offered became increasingly jejune and lifeless. Institutions were decaying, well-meaning people were growing cynical or desperate, and many intelligent men, for want of something better to do, were endeavoring to escape the present through studying the pagan past.

Islam was now expanding at the expense of Christendom. Every effort to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, touchstone of Christian prestige, had been a failure. The Ottoman Turks, after snuffing out all that remained of the Byzantine Empire, had overrun most of Greece, Albania, and Serbia; presently they would be hammering at the gates of Vienna. For half a century each successive pope had proclaimed a new cru-

sade, but Europe regarded these appeals to duty as a mere device to raise money; and no wonder, since papal diplomacy was as cynical as any. Innocent VIII even used a Turkish prince as hostage to extract money and support from the sultan in order to checkmate France, whose king was showing unmistakable signs of embarking on the easy adventure of invading Italy instead of the hard one of fighting Turks. One great scandal of Christendom, the great schism, had indeed been overcome, but only at the cost of suppressing reforms within the Church, thus rendering the greater and more permanent protestant schism inevitable; and in 1492 the papacy touched bottom when Rodrigo Borgia, a corrupt ecclesiastical politician, was elected to the throne of Saint Peter as Alexander VI.

If one turned to the Holy Roman Empire, secular counterpart to the Catholic Church, the picture was no brighter. The amiable but listless Emperor Frederick III, driven from his Austrian lands by the king of Hungary, had finally retired to dabble in astrology and alchemy; his son Maximilian was full of promise

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but short in performance. In England the Wars of the Roses were over, but few expected the House of Tudor to last long. Only in the Iberian peninsula, in Portugal and Castile, were there signs of new life; but these kingdoms were too much on the periphery of Europe to alter the general picture of degeneracy and decay.

With the practical dissolution of the Empire and the Church's loss of moral leadership, Christians had nothing to which they might cling. The great principle of unity represented by emperor and pope was a dream of the past that had not come true. Belief in the institutions of their ancestors was wavering. It seemed as if the devil had adopted as his own the principle 'divide and rule.' Throughout Western Europe the general feeling was one of profound disillusion, cynical pessimism, and black despair.

One may catch the prevailing mood by reading the final pages of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*. The colophon of this stately old folio, dated July 12, 1493, declares that it contains 'the events most worthy of notice from the beginning of the world to the calamity of our time.' Lest any reader feel an unjustified optimism, the Nuremberg chroniclers place 1493 in the Sixth or penultimate Age of the world, and leave six blank pages on which to record events from the date of printing to the Day of Judgment. Such, one may say, was the common expectation of serious thinkers in 1492. Yet, even as the chroniclers of Nuremberg were correcting their proofs from Koberger's press, a Spanish caravel named *Niña* scudded before a winter gale into Lisbon, with news of a discovery that was to give old Europe another chance. In a few years we find the mental picture completely changed. Strong monarchs are stamping out privy conspiracy and rebellion; the Church, purged and chastened by the Protestant Reformation, puts her house in order; new ideas flare up throughout Italy, France, Germany, and the northern nations; faith in God revives and the human spirit is renewed.

The change is complete and astounding. 'A new envisagement of the world has begun, and men are no longer sighing after the imaginary golden age that lay in the distant past, but speculating as to the golden age that might possibly lie in the oncoming future.'¹

Christopher Columbus belonged to an age that was past, yet he became the sign and symbol of this new age of hope, glory, and accomplishment. His mediaeval faith impelled him to a modern solution — expansion. If the Turk could not be pried loose from the Holy Sepulchre by ordinary means, let Europe seek new means overseas; and he, Christopher the Christ-bearer, would be the humble yet proud instrument of Europe's regeneration. So it turned out, although not as he anticipated. The First Voyage to America that he accomplished with a maximum of faith and a minimum of technique, a bare sufficiency of equipment and a superabundance of stout-heartedness, gave Europe new confidence in herself, more than doubled the area of Christianity, enlarged indefinitely the scope for human thought and speculation, and 'led the way to those fields of freedom which, planted with great seed, have now sprung up to the fructification of the world.'²

In his faith, his deductive methods of reasoning, his unquestioning acceptance of the current ethics, Columbus was a man of the Middle Ages, and in the best sense. In his readiness to translate thought into action, in lively curiosity and accurate observation of natural phenomena, in his joyous sense of adventure and desire to win wealth and recognition, he was a modern man. This dualism makes the character and career of Columbus a puzzle to the dull-witted, a delight to the discerning. It unlocks most of the so-called Columbus 'mysteries,' 'questions,' and 'problems,' which were

¹ Sir Charles Oman, *On the Writing of History*, p. 117.

² Woodrow Wilson, speech before the Columbus monument at Genoa, January 5, 1919.

neither mysteries, questions, nor problems to his contemporaries, but recent creations by dull pedants without faith who had never tasted the joy of sea adventure.

My main concern is with the Columbus of action, the Discoverer who held the key to the future in his hand, and knew in exactly which of a million possible keyholes it would turn the lock. I am content to leave his 'psychology,' his 'motivation,' and all that to others. Yet, as the caravels sail on tropic seas to new and ever more wonderful islands, and to high mountain-crested coasts of terra firma where the long surges of the trade winds eternally break and roar, I cannot forget the eternal faith that sent this man forth, to the benefit of all future ages. And so, writing in a day of tribulation both for Europe and for America, I venture to close this introduction by the prayer with which Columbus began his work:—

*Jesus cum Maria
Sit nobis in via.*

I

Everyone knows the long, uphill struggle that Columbus went through before his Great Enterprise of sailing west to 'the Indies' was adopted by Ferdinand and Isabella on April 17, 1492. The next four months were spent in preparations. A Galician-built ship of about a hundred tons burthen, named *Santa María*, was chartered from her owner-master Juan de la Cosa, and chosen by Columbus for his flagship. *Niña* and *Pinta*, caravels of about sixty tons burthen, were provided by the municipal authorities of Palos de la Frontera, at the royal command. The one was commanded by Vicente Yañes Pinzón and the other by his elder brother Martín Alonso Pinzón, members of a leading family of Palos shipowners. The total complement of men, Spaniards all except for one Portuguese, two Italians, and Columbus himself, amounted to ninety. It was a well-found, well-

equipped fleet for the purpose; smaller and far less efficient vessels have crossed the Atlantic under sail, even in recent years.

All three set sail from Palos on August 3, 1492, and reached the Canary Islands nine days later. Three weeks were spent in the Canaries, repairing *Pinta's* damaged rudder, changing *Niña's* rig from lateen to square, and taking on additional water and provisions. The fleet took off from the island of Gomera on September 6, and, after two days' drifting in the 'Canary calms,' caught a fresh northeast trade wind. Ferro, westernmost of the islands, and the last of the Old World, was passed on September 9. Columbus set the course due west, for he believed that the parallel of the Canaries led to Japan, some 750 leagues or 2385 nautical miles out. If his somewhat antiquated information about Japan proved to be faulty, he was certain of hitting the coast of China. It was as simple as all that, in his mind. The only question was this: Was he right about the distance, or was Ptolemy? If Ptolemy was right, the distance was at least double.

This most momentous voyage in modern history was also one of the easiest, from the nautical point of view. The vessels were in fine shape after their 'shake-down cruise' to the Canaries and the repairing and riggering at Las Palmas; they had water, wine, provisions, and stores enough to last a year; the officers and men had had five weeks to get used to each other and to their ships. Now that the Canaries had dropped below the eastern horizon, and the wind came fair, Columbus was serene and confident of success. Ptolemy was wrong, for Aristotle had said that the sea was narrow between Spain and the Indies and could be traversed easily *paucis diebus*, 'in a few days.' And, if we insert 'West' before 'Indies,' was he not right? Thirty-three days from departure to landfall was a few days, as traveling was counted in that era; it was less time than a Roman needed to reach Britain, or

than a pilgrim from Northern France required for a sea voyage to the Holy Land. The only doubt was whether these 'few days' would not be too many for the men, whether their fears would not force Columbus to turn back when the goal was just over the horizon, as had happened to Bartholomew Dias, and doubtless to other brave captains.

In other words, the difficulties ahead of Columbus on this voyage were entirely of a moral or (if you will) psychological nature. Practical difficulties there were none; no storms or prolonged calms, no foul winds or heavy seas, no shortage of victual or drink, nothing to bother a well-built, properly equipped, and well-found ocean-going fleet, as this was. If Columbus had died in the West Indies before the fleet returned to Spain, there might be some reason to suspect that he was merely a competent mariner with an idea, but no great navigator. His opportunities to prove seamanship of the highest order occurred on the homeward passage in 1493, and on the other three voyages.

During the next two weeks of September, there was little to record, as the vessels slipped along before the north-east trade wind, making an average speed of better than four knots. September 20 was the first of six days of light and variable winds, in the course of which all hands thought they saw one of the phantom islands which everyone expected to find in that part of the Atlantic. On the twenty-sixth the trade wind returned, and for the rest of the month was very gentle and moderate. On October 1, it returned in full strength.

And how they did sail, that first week of October! An average of 142 miles every twenty-four hours for five days (October 2-6), including the best day's run, 182 miles, of the outward passage — almost 8 knots. The magnetic course was still due west, but owing to the unsuspected variation of the compass the fleet was slowly (and fortunately as it turned out) trending southward. Rumbings of

revolt were heard forward, but flocks of petrels and other birds came to the rescue of authority on October 3 and 4, raising new hopes of land.

By dawn, October 6, the fleet has sailed so much further than the expected 750 leagues that everyone who has kept a reckoning is asking the question, Supposing we have missed Japan? *Pinta* shoots under the flagship's stern, and Martín Alonso shouts something like *Sudoeste cuarta del oeste, señor; sudoeste cuarta del oeste . . . Cipango* — 'Southwest by west, sir, southwest by west . . . Japan.' His explanation of why he wants this change of course, and the connection of it with Japan, is lost in the sound of rushing of waters; but Columbus, who is anxious enough himself, assumes that Martín Alonso believes that they have passed Japan hull-down, and advises a southwest-by-west course in order to reach China. Or, maybe the captain of *Pinta* thinks Japan lies southwest by west. In any case, Columbus decides that, even if they have missed Japan, a due-west course will take them to land quicker than a more southerly rhumb, which might miss the southeast cape of China, where the maps located Zaitun. It would be best to make sure of land first, and visit Japan on the way home.

At sunrise on Sunday, October 7, when the fleet was about 370 miles northeast of Turks Island, came the second false landfall. *Niña*, ranging ahead of her consorts contrary to Columbus's orders, in the hope of winning the reward, broke out a flag at her masthead and fired a gun, the signal for land dead ahead. People aboard the flagship had seen this 'land' earlier, but dared not sing out; for the Captain General was so fed up with false landfalls that he gave orders to the effect that anyone who raised another false cry of *tierra* would be disqualified for the reward, even though he should sight the true land later. (By the same token, Columbus should later have disqualified himself!)

By sunset, when they had run 67

miles and no land had materialized, Columbus ordered the course to be changed to west-southwest (one point more westerly than Martín Alonso had recommended) because great flocks of birds were passing overhead to the southwestward. He remembered that the Portuguese had discovered the outermost Azores by attending to the flight of birds. This judgment was sound, for the fall migration of North American birds to the West Indies via Bermuda was in full flight. A great deal was made of this change of course in post-mortems on the voyage, and rightly so; but most of the witnesses attributed it to Pinzón's advice. The Journal shows that the birds of North America deserve the credit.

During the eighth day of October, when "Thanks be to God" says the Admiral "the air is soft as in April in Seville, and it's a pleasure to be in it, so fragrant it is," the west-southwest course was maintained. On the ninth a shift of wind forced them west by north for 43 miles, but on the tenth a fine run of 171 miles was made to the west-southwest. Moon came full on the fifth, consequently there was no risk of over-running the land. And all night, October 9-10, the men could hear flocks of birds flying overhead to the southwestward, and sometimes could see them against the moon. Pinzón remarked to his men, 'Those birds know their business.'

Notwithstanding this encouraging sign, October 10 was the most critical day of the entire voyage, when the enterprise came nearest to failure through the stubborn conservatism of the men. It is unfair to present the issue between Columbus and his crew as one between a brave man and cowards. Nor was it one between knowledge and ignorance, education and superstition: for if Columbus had had a university education, or listened attentively to the best opinions of his day, he would never have expected Japan to lie 750 leagues west of the Canaries. It was, rather, the inevitable conflict between a man of one great,

compelling idea and those who did not share it in anything like the same degree. Look back at the events of the voyage, think of the two false landfalls, the various 'signs of land' that failed to make good; glance at the fleet's position, October 10, on a modern chart with America blotted out and reflect that, thirty days out, they had doubled all previous records for ocean navigation, that they had long passed the position where Columbus predicted land would be found, and that the men knew it. So can we fairly blame them? Their issue with Columbus was the eternal one between imagination and doubt, between the spirit that creates and the spirit that denies. Oftentimes the doubters are right, for mankind has a hundred foolish notions for every sound one; it is at times of crisis, when unpredictable forces are dissolving society, that the do-nothings are tragically wrong. There are tides in the affairs of men, and this was one of them.

And so, on October 10, when the fleet was steering straight for the Bahamas and the nearest land was less than 200 miles ahead, all the smouldering discontent of the men flared up into open mutiny. They had done enough and more than enough; the ships should and must turn back. This mutiny, so far as we have any record, was confined to the flagship, although the crews of *Niña* and *Pinía* were as eager to return. Aboard *Santa María* there was a clique of stubborn, know-it-all Basques and Galicians, and to all her crew the Captain General was a foreigner. What Columbus noted down (and Las Casas abstracted) is short and to the point, and not ungenerous to the men: —

'Here the people could stand it no longer, complained of the long voyage; but the Admiral cheered them as best he could, holding out good hope of the advantages they might have; and he added that it was useless to complain, since he had come to go to the Indies, and so had to continue it until he found them, with the help of Our Lord.'

Perhaps what the Captain General said was not quite so dramatic; for it was later stated, as a matter of common report, that he promised the men to turn back if they did not sight land within two or three days. He would certainly have pointed out that, with a fresh easterly trade wind and rising sea, the ships could do nothing anyway on a course for home, and so might as well carry on until the next soft spot in the weather. In any case, the mutiny was quelled.

All day Thursday, October 11, the trade wind still blew a gale, the sea rose higher than at any time on the voyage, and the fleet ran 78 miles between sunrise and sunset, an average speed of 6.7 knots. But signs of land were so many and so frequent that 'everyone breathed more freely and grew cheerful.' *Niña* picked up a green branch with a little flower that resembled the dog roses on hedges in Castile. *Pinta* gathered quite a collection: a cane and a stick, a piece of board, a land plant, and 'another little stick fashioned, as it appeared, with iron,' doubtless carved by an Indian with a stone chisel. These objects must have floated up from the Lesser Antilles or even South America; but they served their purpose of stopping the complaints, and preparing every man aboard the fleet for a speedy end to this first Atlantic crossing.

II

Sun set under a clear horizon about five-thirty, every man in the fleet watching for a silhouette of land against its red disk; but no land was there. All hands were summoned as usual, and after they had said their evening prayers and sung the *Salve Regina*, 'which all seamen are accustomed to say and sing in their own fashion,' Columbus on the sterncastle made his men a little speech, reminding them of the grace Our Lord had shown them in conducting them so safely and prosperously with fair winds and a clear course and in comforting them with signs that better things were

to come; and he urged the night watch to keep a particularly sharp lookout on the forecandle, reminding them that, although he had given orders to do no night sailing after reaching a point 700 leagues from the Canaries, the great desire of all to see land had decided him to carry on that night, hence all must make amends for this temerity by keeping a particularly good watch, and looking sharp for the land; and to him who first sighted it he would then and there give a silk doublet, in addition to the *albricias* promised by the Sovereigns — 10,000 maravedis a year for life. The gromet then sang his little ditty for changing the watch and turned the half-hour glass, boatswain Chachu bellowed out the Castilian equivalent to 'Watch below lay belo-o-w!' and the men took their stations with eyes well peeled.

During the eleven and a half hours since sunrise, with a brisk trade wind and the heaviest following sea of the entire voyage, the fleet had made 78 miles, an average of almost 7 knots. At sunset it breezed up to gale force, until the vessels were tearing along at 9 knots. At the same time Columbus ordered the course changed from west-southwest back to the original west. Why he did this, nobody has explained. I suspect that it was simply a desire to prove that he was right. He had begun the voyage by steering a course due west for Japan, and so he wished to pick up land on a due-west course. I have known commanders, good seamen too, who are like that. Or the change may have been just a hunch. If so, it was a good one, for the west-southwest course would have missed Guanahaní, and put the fleet next day in a dangerous position with the long shelterless shore of Long Island under its lee. Common prudence would have made Columbus heave-to for the night, since shoals and rocks invisible by moonlight might lie ahead. His pilot, Peralonso Niño, is said to have so advised him; but the Captain General felt that this was no time for common prudence. He had

promised the men to turn back if land were not made within three days, and he intended to make all possible westing in this gale of wind. So the signal was made for *oeste!*

Anyone who has come onto the land under sail at night from an uncertain position knows how tense the atmosphere aboard ship can be. And this night of October 11-12 was one big with destiny for the human race, the most momentous ever experienced aboard any ship in any sea. Some of the boys doubtless slept, but nobody else. Juan de la Cosa and the Pinzons are pacing the high poops of their respective vessels, frequently calling down to the men at the tiller a testy order, — 'Keep her off! Damn your eyes, must I go below and take the stick myself?' — pausing at the break to peer under the main course and sweep the western horizon, then resting their eyes by looking up at the stars. Consultation as to whether or not to shorten sail; Martín Alonso perhaps confiding to pilot Cristóbal García that he doesn't like carrying sail this way in a gale of wind with possible shoals ahead, but if that crazy Genoese can carry sail we can carry sail; *Pinta* can stand it better than that Galician tub, and heave-to quicker if anything shows up, and I want one of you men of Palos to win that *albricias*, d'ye see? Lookouts on the forecastles and in the roundtops talking low to each other — 'Hear anything? Sounds like breakers to me' — 'Nothing but the bow wave, you fool' — 'I tell you we won't sight land till Saturday; I dreamt it, and my dreams' — 'You and your dreams! Here's a hundred maravedis says we raise it by daylight.' . . . The seamen tell each other how they would have conducted the fleet — 'The Old Man should never have set that spritsail, she'll run her bow under' — 'If he'd asked my advice, and I was making my third voyage when he was playing in the streets of Genoa, I'd have told him. . . .' Under such circumstances, with everyone's nerves taut

as the weather braces, there was almost certain to be a false alarm of land.

An hour before moonrise it came, at 10 P.M. Columbus, standing on the sterncastle, thought he saw a light, 'so uncertain a thing that he did not wish to declare that it was land,' but called Pedro Guitiérrez to have a look, and he thought he saw it too. Rodrigo Sánchez was then appealed to, 'but he saw nothing because he was not in a position where he could see anything.' One guesses that Rodrigo was fed up with false alarms, and merely stuck his head out of the companionway to remark discouragingly that he didn't 'see nothing; no, not a thing.' The light, Columbus said, 'was like a little wax candle rising and falling,' and he saw it only once or twice after speaking to Guitiérrez.

What was this feeble light resembling a wax candle rising and falling, which Columbus admits that only a few besides himself ever saw? It cannot have been a fire or other light on San Salvador, or any other island; for, as the real landfall four hours later proves, the fleet at 10 P.M. was at least 35 miles offshore.

I agree heartily with Admiral Murdock, 'the light was due to the imagination of Columbus, wrought up to a high pitch by the numerous signs of land encountered that day.' Columbus admitted that only a few even thought they saw it. Anyone who has had much experience trying to make night landfalls with a sea running knows how easy it is to be deceived, especially when you are very anxious to pick up a light. Often two or three shipmates will agree that they see 'it,' then 'it' disappears, and you realize that it was just another illusion. There is no need to criticize Columbus's seamanship because he sighted an imaginary light; but it is not easy to defend the fact that for this false landfall, which he must have known the next day to have been imaginary, he demanded and obtained the annuity of 10,000 maravedis promised by the Sovereigns to the man who first sighted land.

The best we can say in extenuation is to point out that glory rather than greed prompted this act of injustice to a seaman; Columbus could not bear to think that anyone but himself sighted land first. That form of male vanity is by no means absent from the seafaring tribe today.

At 2 A.M. on October 12 the moon, past full, was riding about 70° high over Orion on the port quarter, just the position to illuminate anything ahead of the ships. Jupiter was rising in the east; Saturn had just set, and Deneb was nearing the western horizon, toward which all waking eyes were directed. There hung the Square of Pegasus, and a little higher and to the northward Cassiopeia's Chair. The Guards of Polaris, at 15° beyond 'feet,' told the pilots that it was two hours after midnight. On sped the three caravels, *Pinta* in the lead, their sails silver in the moonlight. A brave trade wind is blowing and the caravels are rolling, plunging and throwing spray as they cut down the last invisible barrier between the Old World and the New. Only a few moments now, and an era that began in remotest antiquity will end.

Rodrigo de Triana, lookout on *Pinta's* forecastle, sees something like a white sand cliff gleaming in the moonlight on the western horizon, then another, and a dark line of land connecting them. '*Tierra! tierra!*' he shouts, and this time land it was.

Martín Alonso Pinzón, after a quick verification, causes a lombard already loaded and primed to be fired as the agreed signal, and shortens sail in order to wait for the flagship. As soon as *Santa María* approached (remembered *Pinta's* steward many years later) Columbus called out, 'Señor Martín Alonso, you have found land!' and Pinzón replied, 'Sir, my reward is not lost,' and Columbus called back, 'I give you five thousand maravedis as a present.' The fleet had made 65 miles in the eight and a half hours since sunset, an average better than 7½ knots; according to our

reckoning they were very near latitude 24° north, longitude 74° 20' west when Rodrigo sang out. Columbus estimated the land to be distant about six miles.

As the fleet was heading straight for a lee shore, Columbus wisely ordered all sail to be lowered except the *papahigo*, the main course without bonnets; and, with the main yard braced sharp and port tacks aboard, *Santa María*, *Pinta*, and *Niña* jogged off-and-on until daylight. When they appeared to be losing the land they wore around to the starboard tack, so the net result was a southerly drift at a safe distance from the breakers, during the remaining two and a half hours of moonlit night. The windward side of the island today is strewn with the wrecks of vessels that neglected this precaution.

This first land of the Western Hemisphere sighted by Columbus, or by any European since the voyages of the Northmen, was the eastern coast of one of the Bahamas now officially named 'San Salvador or Watlings Island.'

Other candidates there have been for this honor: the Grand Turk, Cat Island, Rum Cay, Samaná Cay, and Mayaguana. But there is no longer any doubt that the island called Guanahaní, which Columbus renamed after Our Lord and Saviour, was the present San Salvador or Watlings. That alone, of any island in the Bahamas, Turks, or Caicos groups, fits Columbus's description. The position of San Salvador and of no other island fits the course laid down in his Journal, if we work it backward from Cuba.

III

Somewhere on this beach of Long or Fernandez Bay took place the famous Landing of Columbus, often depicted by artists, but never with any respect for the actual topography. In Las Casas's abstract of the Journal we have this description:—

Presently they saw naked people, and the Admiral went ashore in the armed ship's boat

with the royal standard displayed. So did the captains of *Pinta* and *Niña*, Martín Alonso Pinzón and Vicente Yáñez his brother, in their boats, with the banners of the Expedition, on which were depicted a green cross with an F on one arm and a Y on the other, and over each his or her crown. And, all having rendered thanks to Our Lord kneeling on the ground, embracing it with tears of joy for the immeasurable mercy of having reached it, the Admiral arose and gave this island the name *San Salvador*.

In his Letter to the Sovereigns, which was promptly printed at Barcelona and widely distributed throughout Europe in a Latin translation, Columbus lays stress on the gentleness and generosity of the natives:—

They are so ingenuous and free with all they have, that no one would believe it who has not seen it; of anything that they possess, if it be asked of them, they never say no; on the contrary, they invite you to share it and show as much love as if their hearts went with it, and they are content with whatever trifle be given them, whether it be a thing of value or of petty worth. I forbade that they be given things so worthless as bits of broken crockery and of green glass and lace-points, although when they could get them, they thought they had the best jewel in the world.

Guanahani, the native name of this island, means the iguana, which is now extinct there. Columbus described it as 'very big and very level and the trees very green, and many bodies of water, and a very big lake in the middle, but no mountain, and the whole of it so green that it is a pleasure to gaze upon.' The island is honeycombed with salt lagoons, the largest of which is only a few hundred yards from the beach where Columbus landed; and the highest hill on the island is only 140 feet above sea level. Later, after exploring the northern part, Columbus noted groves of trees the most beautiful he had ever seen, 'and as green and leafy as those of Castile in the months of April and May.' Visitors to San Salvador and the other Bahamian Islands find Columbus's descriptions of nature extravagant, and are inclined to

accuse him of laying it on thick to impress the Sovereigns.

Any land looks good to seamen after a long and perilous voyage, and every woman fair; but Columbus's description of the Bahamas was not extravagant for 1492. At that time they were highly fertile and covered with a dense growth of tropical hardwood, which the Indians had cleared but slightly to plant gardens. In the late eighteenth century, the English colonists (many of them loyalist refugees from the United States) caused a large part of the forest to be cut down in order to grow sea-island cotton. This exhausted the soil, and hurricanes stripped the island at not infrequent intervals. When cotton culture ceased to pay, the fields were abandoned, and today such parts of the islands as the Negroes do not use for their potato patches and pasturage are covered with a scrubby second growth and ruins of old plantation houses. Large trees for making dugout canoes of the size that Columbus described no longer exist. Near an inland lagoon of San Salvador we were shown a surviving grove of primeval forest which for lushness and beauty merits Columbus's praise, and this grove harbors a variety of tropical woodpecker that must once have had a wider forest range. Skeletal remains of other birds which could only have lived among dense foliage have been discovered on the island by naturalists.

All day Saturday, October 13, the caravels lay at anchor in Long Bay with a swarm of canoes passing back and forth, while the Spaniards in turn took shore leave, wandered into the natives' huts, did a little private trading for the curios that all seamen love, and doubtless ascertained that the girls of Guanahani were much like others they had known. Columbus, who ever had an eye for 'improvements,' reported that he found 'a quarry of stones naturally shaped, very fair for church edifices or other public uses.' Three centuries elapsed before anyone thought to build

a church at San Salvador, and then it was found easier to fashion the soft coral rock into rectangular blocks; the outcrop that Columbus saw at Hall's Landing just north of his landing place, partly under water and curiously split into squares like flagstones, is still unquarried.

The Admiral was busy gathering such information as he could from signs and gestures; his Arabic interpreter was of no use in this neck of the Indies. On Saturday night he decided that no time must be lost, he must press on to Japan. But first San Salvador must be explored. On Sunday morning the three ships' boats took the Admiral north along the leeward coast 'to see the other side, which was the eastern side; what was there, and also to see the villages; and soon I saw two or three, and the people all came to the beach, shouting and giving thanks to God. Some brought us water; others, things to eat. Others, when they saw that I did not care to go ashore, plunged into the sea swimming and came aboard, and we understood that they asked us if we had come from Heaven. And one old man got into the boat, and others shouted in loud voices to all, men and women, "Come and see the men who come from Heaven, bring them food and drink." Many came and many women, each with something, giving thanks to God, throwing themselves flat and raising their hands to Heaven, and then shouting to us to come ashore; but I was afraid to, from seeing a great reef of rocks which surrounded the whole of this island, but inside it was deep and a harbor to hold all the ships in Christendom, and the entrance of it very narrow.'

This was the place now known as Grahams Harbor, formed by the reefs that surround the island coming together in an inverted V. At three or four places the reefs rise high enough to form cays, and beside one of these on the western side, Green Cay, is a good boat

channel with seven feet of water. Here, rather than the alternate High Reef channel, which is difficult for a stranger to find, was probably where the boats entered. 'Inside there are some shoal spots,' Columbus correctly observed, 'but the sea moves no more than within a well.' The smooth water inside these coral-reef harbors is always a pleasant surprise to mariners. After inspecting the harbor the boats returned to the vessels at their anchorage in Long Bay, a row of some twenty miles going and coming; and in the early afternoon the caravels made sail for Cipangu.

So ended forty-eight hours of the most wonderful experience that perhaps any seamen have ever had. Other discoveries there have been more spectacular than that of this small flat sandy island that rides out ahead of the American continent, breasting the trade winds. But it was there that the Ocean for the first time 'loosed the chains of things' as Seneca had prophesied, gave up the secret that had baffled Europeans since they began to inquire what lay beyond the western horizon's rim. Stranger people than the gentle Tainos, more exotic plants than the green verdure of Guanahani, have been discovered, even by the Portuguese before Columbus; but the discovery of Africa was but an unfolding of a continent already glimpsed, whilst San Salvador, rising from the sea at the end of a thirty-three-day westward sail, was a clean break with past experience. Every tree, every plant, that the Spaniards saw was strange to them, and the natives were not only strange but completely unexpected, speaking an unknown tongue and resembling no race of which even the most educated of the explorers had read in the tales of travelers from Herodotus to Marco Polo. Never again may mortal men hope to recapture the amazement, the wonder, the delight of those October days in 1492 when the New World gracefully yielded her virginity to the conquering Castilians.

(To be continued)

JOHN DEWEY

BY MAX EASTMAN

I

JOHN DEWEY has just had his eighty-second birthday, but there is not a quaver in his voice or a quiver in his handwriting. He is five feet, eight and a half inches tall, and weighs just what the height-weight chart demands, one hundred and sixty pounds. Up in Nova Scotia, where he goes in summer, he keeps the local people in a dither by swimming in all weathers in the deeps of Solar Lake. Besides surviving this himself, he surprised them three years ago by going out an extra two hundred feet and rescuing, in a deferential way, a drowning woman. At his occasional cocktail parties on Central Park West, which are attended by a motley aggregation of all ages, faiths, colors, and social conditions, from grandmothers of Ethical Culture to prophets of the latest split in the Youth Movement or the ultimate wrinkle in modern painting, he always seems the most agile person present — agile in pretending to remember who they all are, agile in sliding around among them with the drinks.

John Dewey, let me remind you, is the man who saved our children from dying of boredom as we almost did in school. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* in its article on Education puts it less succinctly: 'By 1900 the centre of gravity had shifted from the subject-matter of instruction to the child to be taught. The school, in consequence, had begun to change from a place where children prepare for life . . . to a place where children live. . . . These changes, largely

due to the teachings of John Dewey, have become dominant purposes of the American elementary school of the twentieth century.' That is half of who John Dewey is, and the other half is a philosopher in the technical sense — a man who makes his living arguing about such questions as 'How We Think' and 'What Does Thought Do to Being?' The University of Paris, in conferring a degree upon him in 1930, described him as 'the most profound and complete expression of American genius.'

Two things make this grade-A brand of fame surprising. One is Dewey's perverse and obdurate neglect of it. He never blows his own horn, and never listens when kind friends undertake to blow it for him. He did not attend the banquet given in his honor on his eightieth birthday, although some of the world's most distinguished citizens were there. He found he had a previous engagement at his daughter Evelyn's cattle ranch in the northwest corner of Missouri. The whole thing had been done once before when he was seventy. 'I just can't stand it again,' he told Evelyn.

The other thing that makes Dewey's fame surprising is the total lack of fireworks in his nature. He has published 36 books and 815 articles and pamphlets, but if he ever wrote one quotable sentence it has got permanently lost in the pile. Not only is his own style dull, but this dullness infects everybody who has anything to say about his theories of

education. A reform which might be described as a grown-up formulation of the necessity, long known to all lively-minded children, of raising hell in school has been put over in the language of the prosiest of disciplinary pedagogues. No flash of wit or poetry illumines it.

Perhaps Dewey's origin has something to do with this. He was born, like Calvin Coolidge, in Vermont, and he was born with the same trick of concealing whatever is, or is not, going on in his head under a noncommittal exterior. Vermonters have a dry humor of understatement — an understatement so remote that you can't quite guess whether they are joking or just failing to warm up. His father was famous in a small way as a joker. He 'kept store' in Burlington, a town of ten or twelve thousand, and sold more goods than anybody else in town because of the whimsical way he went at it. A sign outside reading 'Hams and Cigars — Smoked and Unsmoked' apprised his customers that they would not be taken too seriously. On a frequently borrowed wheelbarrow he painted in big red letters: 'Stolen from A. S. Dewey.' Notwithstanding his popularity, A. S. Dewey never got along very well because it hurt his feelings to ask people to pay their bills. He stuttered, too, and that made it seem an especially good one when he asked for money.

Mrs. A. S. Dewey — Archibald Sprague is the name — was the daughter of 'Squire Rich' of Richville, and her grandfather had been in Congress. But the Riches hadn't got along very well in a property sense, either, and John's boyhood home was run on lines of watchful thrift. If he wanted any spending money he had to earn it — which he did, as befitted a complete expression of American genius, by delivering papers after school. That netted him a dollar a week, and in the summer when he reached fourteen he got a real job 'tallying' in a lumber yard, which netted him six dollars. He had to do 'chores' around the house besides, and got punished when he chiseled by an

appeal to conscience which he found more painful than a licking.

His parents belonged to the White Street Congregational Church, the father being religious mostly for the reason that it wouldn't occur to him not to be, the mother putting a little more feeling into it. She was not austere, and not given to religious tantrums, but in selected ways was strongly moralistic. There is something painfully or, if you will, divinely *average* in John Dewey's early life and circumstances. He swam and skated on Lake Champlain, but not any too well. He liked to play, but was no good at 'set games' — not competitive enough, I think. He was a great reader, but did not care for 'set lessons,' either. He worked fairly hard during school hours, but only because he didn't want to carry his textbooks home. There were books in the village library that he liked better. He went through grammar and high school fast, but without getting high marks. People were more impressed with his sweet temper and selflessness than with his brains, and they still are unless they have rather exceptional brains themselves.

He slid into Vermont University at the early age of fifteen — an unusual accomplishment, but one which caused no particular comment, least of all from him. He slid through his first three college years also without throwing off any sparks, or giving grounds to predict anything about his future. He joined the church during his sophomore year, and did so with sincere religious feeling but no profound experience of conversion. He was a good boy, and wanted to be better, and thought God would help him — that was all.

He wanted to be better, however, with the inward glow of a boy whose sexual life is almost entirely sublimated. He was shy too far inside himself even to think of making love to a girl. 'I tried to work up a little affair with my cousin when I was nineteen,' he says. 'I thought something ought to be done.

But I couldn't do it. I was too bashful. I was abnormally bashful. I was abnormal.' This fact, combined with the moralistic inculcations of his mother, enabled John Dewey to make his start in life as an impeccable Sunday School teacher.

Toward the end of his junior year this placid process of development was crashed into by an event that unsettled the whole scheme. The crisis was a short course in physiology with a textbook written by Thomas Henry Huxley. That accidental contact with Darwin's brilliant disciple, then waging his fierce war for evolution against the 'impregnable rock' of Holy Scripture, woke John Dewey up to the spectacular excitement of the effort to understand the world. He was swept off his feet by the rapture of scientific knowledge. And yet the old moralistic attitude had too much momentum to give way. He could not abandon thinking about human life as a thing to be shaped by moral will and meditation; he could not deny the validity of Huxley's account of how material forces shaped it.

As a result, his senior year at college was an ardent effort and adventure. He plunged heart and soul into his studies. He read and labored far into the night. He led his class, and got the highest marks on record in philosophy. At times he seemed to his classmates, when answering a question, to be somewhat diffidently explaining the lesson to the professor. By the time that year was over, there was very little hope left in the Dewey family that John would turn out to be anything more useful than a philosopher. The question was, what are you going to do with a nineteen-year-old philosopher?

As a temporary solution John went down to Oil City, Pennsylvania, and taught in a high school run by a female cousin. He earned forty dollars a month. Two brokers living in the same boarding-house urged him to borrow some more money and invest it in the town's ex-

citement, Standard Oil. He would be sitting pretty today if he had. Instead he borrowed books and used the oil in a lamp.

One evening while he sat reading he had what he calls a 'mystic experience.' It was an answer to that question which still worried him: whether he really meant business when he prayed. It was not a very dramatic mystic experience. There was no vision, not even a definable emotion — just a supremely blissful feeling that his worries were over. Mystic experiences in general, Dewey explains, are purely emotional and cannot be conveyed in words. But when he tries to convey his in words, it comes out like this: —

'What the hell are you worrying about, anyway? Everything that's here is here, and you can just lie back on it.'

'I've never had any doubts since then,' he adds, 'nor any beliefs. To me faith means not worrying.'

Although his religion has so little affirmative content, — and has nothing to do, he is sure, with his philosophy, — Dewey likens it to the poetic pantheism of Wordsworth, whom he was reading at that time, and to Walt Whitman's sense of oneness with the universe. To forestall your own remark, he reminds you that it is very likely a sublimation of sex, and points out that this doesn't make it any less normal or important.

'I claim I've got religion,' he concludes, 'and that I got it that night in Oil City.'

II

In 1879, when John Dewey set out on his life task of reconciling ethics with physiology, there was hardly such a thing as a career in philosophy in America. The whole country was little better in that respect than Burlington, Vermont. Professors of philosophy were ministers of the gospel who for some reason, located as often in their vocal organs as in their brains, had found it easier to teach than preach. They were

a sort of plain-clothes chaplain employed by the colleges to see that science did not run away with the pupils' minds. One of the few exceptions was W. T. Harris, who published a *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* in St. Louis, Missouri. Harris was what they called a 'lay philosopher,' and Dewey, although still a churchgoer, was 'lay' enough to send his first original work to Harris. It was a little piece he tossed off after hours while teaching district school in Charlotte, Vermont, on 'The Metaphysical Assumptions of Materialism.' When it was accepted for publication, he decided that he would become a lay philosopher too.

An imaginative merchant named Johns Hopkins had just founded a new kind of research university in Baltimore, and Dewey's annunciation angel, Professor Huxley, had delivered the inaugural address. The new university was offering twenty \$500 fellowships to be competed for by college graduates. Dewey tried for one and failed. (Thorstein Veblen also tried for one and failed.) But Dewey had an aunt with \$500, and he borrowed that and went to Johns Hopkins anyway. After studying a year, he tried for the fellowship again and got it. He also got a job teaching the history of philosophy to undergraduates. So who said there wasn't a career in philosophy in America? To be sure there was no pay attached to this job, but then, on the other hand, he did not have to pay for the privilege of doing it. He was happy. He had found a wonderful teacher, a Hegelian named George Sylvester Morris.

Unless you understand how exciting it is to fall in love with Hegel — and what hard work — there is very little Dewey can tell you about those three years at Johns Hopkins. It was a full-time romance, and the event was quite as blissfully tranquillizing to John Dewey's mind as his Oil City experience had been to his heart. Even now, when as a whole the thing seems to him a sentimental Ger-

man self-deception, he still feels a pious love towards Hegel. He had been in painful tension. Hegel's metaphysics gave him back the sense of unity, of things flowing together.

'I was unduly bashful and self-conscious,' he says, 'always putting myself over against other people. Perhaps that was it. Or perhaps an overemphasis on evangelical morals had given me a feeling of alienation from the world. I can't recover it. If I could, I would write something about adolescence that really would be interesting.'

It was in 1881, his first year at Johns Hopkins, that Dewey was rapt away by Hegel, and he remained pretty Hegelian for ten or twelve years, coming back to earth, appropriately enough, in the vicinity of Chicago in the early nineties. It is unusual for a Hegelian to recover at thirty-five. If they stay up that long, they generally get lost in the stratosphere. And it is safe to say that one of the main factors in bringing Dewey down was a flesh-and-blood romance — a romance with a girl who had her feet very firmly planted on the earth.

When Dewey took his Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins, President Gilman offered him a loan to continue his studies in Germany. Dewey was deeply gratified, but said that he would rather not borrow money, and felt perfectly at home in America. President Gilman also offered him some advice: 'Don't be so bookish; don't live such a secluded life; get out and see people.' That offer Dewey was more inclined to accept, although he did not know exactly how to act upon it. What he needed first was a job, and he spent another rather wistful summer in Burlington before he got one. It was a \$900 job as instructor in philosophy at the University of Michigan, where his friend Morris was teaching.

In Michigan, Dewey began to 'see people,' and among the first he saw was a 'co-ed' named Alice Chipman who lived in the same boardinghouse with him. She was a strong-minded girl, de-

scended from a family of radicals and freethinkers, an ardent woman suffragist, deeply religious but of no church, and brilliantly intolerant of 'bunk.' She was shorter than Dewey and thicker, not beautiful and not well dressed. By a purely physiological accident her eyelids hung so low over her eyes that to a timid judgment she looked dangerous. But her features were handsome in a strong way, and her mouth was gentle. Her pioneer grandfather had joined the Chippewa tribe of Indians and fought for their rights; he had also opposed Lincoln and the Civil War. She inherited his crusading spirit and his moral courage. And she had a passionate interest in the life of ideas. It was good luck—or was it good sense?—that John Dewey fell in love with such a woman. Dewey also is strong-minded. In his mild way, with neither inward conflict nor outward fuss, he sticks to his own course of action, barring rational arguments to the contrary, with the momentum of a mule. Besides that, he had the advantage of superior knowledge; Alice was a pupil in his classes. There was, in short, a full-sized moral and intellectual admiration between them. 'No two people,' Dewey once remarked, 'were ever more in love.'

They were married at the home of the Chippewa Copperhead in 1886. In the same year Dewey was made assistant professor and his salary was raised to \$1600. The next year their first child, Fred, was born, and Dewey published his first book—significantly not a philosophy book at all, but a textbook in psychology. Dewey was willing to see psychology break loose from philosophy and become a natural science, and this book places him among the pioneers of that process. But still it winds up with a piously Hegelian reminder, quaint in a scientific textbook now, that the ultimate reality is God.

The next year, without any wangling on his part, Dewey was given a professorship at the University of Minnesota,

and a salary of \$2500. The year after that, his friend Professor Morris having died, he returned to Michigan to succeed him as professor and head of the department of philosophy, with a salary of \$3000. Dewey had guessed right about careers for 'lay philosophers.'

One of Dewey's tasks as a member of Michigan's faculty was to visit high schools throughout the state and investigate their qualifications to send up students to the university. This first set his mind to work on that general problem of 'Democracy and Education' which was to be the title of his major work in this field. It also took his mind off the Hegelian cosmos. But he was getting more interested in what he called the 'instrumental logic' by which people think out ways of getting what they want. This tendency was vastly reinforced by the appearance in 1890 of William James's famous *Psychology*, which foreshadowed the philosophy of 'pragmatism' formulated by its author seventeen years later. The Hegelian cosmos, as Dewey puts it, 'just dropped away.'

Before that happened, however, Dewey's own personal place in the cosmos had taken a large upward leap. The University of Chicago had been founded with a plentiful endowment by John D. Rockefeller, and its president, William R. Harper, had conceived the novel idea of combining the departments of philosophy, psychology, and education into one. In 1894 Dewey was invited to come to Chicago at a salary of \$5000 and be the head of the whole thing. It was a piece of rare good luck, for Dewey's philosophy was taking more and more the aspect of a psychology of the thought process, and his interest in education was running neck and neck with his interest in philosophy. Moreover the Dewey family was growing, and was destined to grow far beyond the limits set by the income of any ordinary lay philosopher. Mrs. Dewey did not believe in birth control. Notwithstand-

ing her freethinking grandparents, she held some streak of prudish puritanism that made her think it wicked to decide when and under what conditions you are going to bear children. The second child, Evelyn, had been born in 1890, and the third, Morris, — named after Dewey's revered teacher, — early in 1893. The difference between three and five thousand dollars was beginning to look important, and the letter from Chicago was in all ways a joyful piece of news.

Mrs. Dewey, they decided, would spend the summer in Europe with the children, and Dewey would go ahead to Chicago and earn some extra money teaching in the Summer School. Dewey hated to say good-bye to his two-year-old baby, Morris, for he had already made up his mind, by what signs it would be hard to say, that the child was a kind of saintly genius. This was not all a parent's fondness, either. A stranger on the boat going over made the peculiar remark: 'If that child lives long enough there will be a new religion.' Morris died of diphtheria in Milan, and even now, fifty years after, Dewey cannot mention the event without a catch in his throat.

Three other children were born in Chicago, — Lucy, Gordon, and Jane, — and thus there were still five of them rioting around the house during the best years of this philosopher's life. They did not disturb his meditations in the least. As a logician Dewey is at his best with one child climbing up his pants leg and another fishing in his inkwell. He has not only mental concentration but a way of doing two things at once that is at times almost alarming. Friends have been known to follow him several blocks down the street to make sure he would negotiate the crossings, he seemed so unaware of where his body was going. He has a way of pulling his hat down over his eyes, too, and swaying along a little bit sideways with quick vague steps like a slightly drunken bum, which heightens the suggestion of risk.

But there is really no danger. His body is used to taking care of him.

Dewey never bothers about physical exercise; brainwork, he thinks, is just as good, if there's enough of it. So for recreation he goes on long automobile rides and sits in the front seat solving a crossword puzzle and conversing with his companions — a slightly irritating habit that is not made any more agreeable when at the end of the journey he turns out to have a more accurate memory of the landscape than they have.

To such a mind a half dozen or so children would obviously be a help philosophically. But Dewey's children, besides clambering on his philosophy in a helpful way while he was writing it, made another contribution more important to the course of history. They kept the problems of philosophy thoroughly mixed up in his mind with the problems of education.

III

It is customary to regard Dewey's educational theories as an inference from his instrumental philosophy, but more accurately they are an inference from his children. Dewey was interested in reforming education, and wrote a book about it long before he became an instrumental philosopher. The book was called *Applied Psychology*, and that indicates what his doctrine about education is. Education is life itself, so long as the living thing continues to grow. Education is growth under favorable conditions; the school is a place where those conditions should be regulated scientifically. That is about all there is to it.

The household also needed a little renovation along this line, and Dewey's influence on the relations between parents and their children has been as great as his influence on the schools. It was a reform that in the nature of the case began at home.

In his house at Ann Arbor, Dewey's study was directly under the bathroom, and he was sitting there one day, ab-

sorbed in a new theory of arithmetic, when suddenly he felt a stream of water trickling down his back. He jumped out of his chair and rushed upstairs to find the bathtub occupied by a fleet of sailboats, the water brimming over, and his small boy Fred busy with both hands shutting it off. The child turned as he opened the door, and said severely, 'Don't argue, John — get the mop!'

You might think that a family of five children, brought up along these lines, would be something of a riot, and they did have a rare good time. But they were, as children go, a remarkably well-mannered bunch of rioters. They were at times, indeed, a little too well-mannered. Jane used at the age of twelve to discuss the causes of prostitution in a disturbingly judicious manner. And Evelyn developed so early the poised and sagely humorous good sense which surrounds her now with loving friends that you wished sometimes she *would* be foolish for a minute.

Each of the two John Deweys, the philosopher and the educator, reached his high point in Chicago. In a book called *Studies in Logical Theory*, published in 1903, he formulated that practical American philosophy which was left in his head after Hegel's German cosmos 'dropped away.' All thinking, it declares, — even Hegel's about his cosmos, — is instrumental, and its truth is nothing more than its success in bringing human beings to their ends. Dewey finds rest in this idea because it closes, in a way that does less violence to common-sense reality than Hegel did, that chasm which he had felt yawning between the material and moral sciences. The material world is real, but our very knowledge of it is moral in the largest sense. It is practical. It is a solving of problems in the posing of which, and thus inevitably in their solution, human needs and aspirations play a vital part.

When William James came to Chicago a short time after Dewey's *Studies* were published, he spoke of the book — with a

little too much modesty — as 'the foundation of the philosophy of pragmatism.' Dewey, equally modest, did not know that he had been founding Pragmatism, and was greatly surprised when James greeted him in this way. A case of 'After you, Gaston!' not at all common among philosophers — or any other people.

The other half of John Dewey reached its high point in the founding of an elementary school, two years after he came to Chicago. This school was regarded by him literally as the laboratory of the department of philosophy, and was called the Experimental or Laboratory School. But it has survived in history as the Dewey School, a name which might well be written 'Do-y School,' for 'to learn by doing' was one of its chief slogans. Its founder had the rather naïve notion that in its operation he was putting his instrumental philosophy to an experimental test.

In these days when Dewey's ideas on education have become a part of our national culture, it is hard to imagine the clamor raised in 1896 by the idea of a laboratory school. 'A school where they experiment with the children — imagine!' He could hardly have shocked the parents of the nineties more if he had proposed vivisection in a kindergarten. Even when closely examined, his idea seemed to be to let children do just what they wanted to, which was then generally regarded as equivalent to letting them go to hell. Dewey is, perhaps, — or was, — slightly utopian in his rebellion against the old puritanical pumping-in system of education, summed up by his contemporary, Mr. Dooley, in the remark that 'it don't make much difference what you study, so long as you don't like it.' But he does not believe, and never did, in consecrating children's whims, much less in forcing them to have more whims than are natural to them. He has more horse sense than some of those who now run 'modern schools' in his name. His idea was that life in school ought to be enough like life outside so that an inter-

est in knowledge will arise in the child's mind as it did in the mind of the race — spontaneously. If you provide a sufficient variety of activities, and there's enough knowledge lying around, and the teacher understands the natural relation between knowledge and interested action, children can have fun getting educated and will love to go to school. That is the kind of thing Dewey was saying. And the little book, *School and Society*, in which he first said it, was translated into dozens of languages, including those as far away from home as Chinese and Japanese.

Dewey would never have started a Dewey School, however, if it hadn't been for Alice Chipman. Dewey never does anything except think — at least it often looked that way to Alice — unless he gets kicked into it. Nothing seems important to him but thinking. He is as complete an extrovert as ever lived, but the extroversion all takes place inside his head. Ideas are real objects to him, and they are the only objects that engage his passionate interest. If he gets hold of a new idea, he will sneak around the house with it like a dog with a bone, glancing up with half an eye at the unavoidable human beings and their chatter, hoping they won't bother him, and that's all. Only a man of this temperament who nevertheless took human lives and problems for his subject matter could have made the contribution Dewey has.

Mrs. Dewey would grab Dewey's ideas — and grab him — and insist that something be done. She had herself a brilliant mind and a far better gift of expression than his. And she was a zealot. She was on fire to reform people as well as ideas. She had an adoring admiration of his genius, but she had also a female impatience of the cumbersome load of ideological considerations he had to carry along when arriving at a decision. Her own decisions were swift, direct, and harshly realistic — not always aware of their grounds. 'You always come at things back-handed,' she would say.

Dewey's view of his wife's influence is that she put 'guts and stuffing' into what had been with him mere intellectual conclusions. He also recalls that she taught him not to be such an easy mark. He does not use that phrase. 'She liberated me,' he says, 'from certain sentimental moralisms of the "Judge not" variety, and taught me to respect my adverse as well as my favorable intuitions.' In short, she kept pulling him down into the real world. And, as his own philosophy insisted that that is where a man ought to be, he was, theoretically at least, always willing to be pulled.

Mrs. Dewey, then, as might be guessed, was the principal of the Dewey School. To her — and to Ella Flagg Young, Chicago's famous Superintendent of Schools — belongs most of the credit for its concrete operation. Dewey calls Ella Flagg Young 'the wisest person about actual schools I ever saw.' 'I would come over to her with these abstract ideas of mine,' he says, 'and she would tell me what they meant.' Another woman memorable in this connection is Mrs. Charles R. Crane, who put up a large part of the money for the school and helped the Deweys raise the rest. Still another is Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who, besides sharing the enthusiasms of this little group of glowing reformers, shared in the McCormick dollars. Those dollars aided very considerably in the birth of the Dewey School, and it was from being forced to swallow a million of them at one gulp that the school rather suddenly died.

That sad story, which altered the direction and to some extent the tone of Dewey's whole life, has never been told. Mrs. Dewey wanted him to make a public statement at the time, but Dewey decided to swallow his chagrin, and so everybody else, for thirty-five years now, has been sitting decorously on the lid. The story is this: —

Mrs. Blaine gave that million-dollar endowment originally to another educa-

tional reformer, and something of a genius too, named Colonel Parker, who founded a school with it called the Chicago Institute. Parker had more genius for handling children than for handling dollars by the million; and moreover he soon began to lose his health. With his consent, Mrs. Blaine finally proposed to President Harper that his school and Dewey's school unite, and the endowment be turned over to the university. At that time the Dewey School was a flourishing institution with 23 teachers and 140 children; it had none of the defects of the Chicago Institute; its theoretical principles, while similar, were not the same; and it had no need of a million dollars. The change was therefore vigorously resisted, and for one year staved off, by the parents of the children in the Dewey School. But Harper wanted that million dollars for the university, and the following year, while Dewey was conveniently absent in the East, he reopened the negotiations with Mrs. Blaine. When Dewey returned, the merger was all but accomplished. The president called him to his office and spoke with unctious about 'their dream at last realized.' As Dewey had never dreamed this dream, but quite the opposite, and as Harper had never put up any money for the Laboratory School, Dewey felt that he might have been consulted before the realizing got quite so far along. The interview was a tense one, and when President Harper asked him to come in on the final negotiations Dewey abruptly refused.

'Since you've chosen to start this in my absence, I suggest that you finish it,' he said. 'After you get the terms arranged, I will decide whether I can cooperate or not.'

'I should hate to go to the trustees,' Harper said, 'and tell them that your obstinacy had cost the university a million dollars.'

Dewey explained that he was interested in an experiment in education, not in providing an endowment for the Uni-

versity of Chicago. He also told President Harper — although not in these crisp terms, I am sure — that if he did find it possible to come in he would expect a raise in salary from five to seven thousand dollars. President Harper expressed a fear that a salary of that size might embarrass him with his colleagues, but Dewey thought he could survive the pain. 'That demand for more pay,' Dewey says, 'did more to make a man of me than any other act of my life!'

Another stipulation Dewey made was that his teaching staff, including Mrs. Dewey as principal, should continue to serve in the new setup. Harper agreed to this when talking to Dewey, but when talking to Mrs. Blaine, whose main interest was in Colonel Parker's staff, he explained that the arrangement was only for the first year. Mrs. Dewey in particular, he said, intended to resign as soon as the school got going. This put him in rather a tight place, but left him a year in which to wriggle out of it. His way out was to wait until Dewey was again absent in the East and then send for Mrs. Dewey and inform her that Professor Dewey had told him she was going to resign!

As Dewey had never told her that, and moreover was not in the habit of telling her what she was going to do, she received this communication with a silence that President Harper found vastly impressive.

'Mrs. Dewey,' he told her husband when he returned, 'is a woman of extraordinary dignity!'

But Dewey had his back up now. He was aware that Mrs. Dewey had, as an administrator, the faults of her virtues. She was not a good mixer. She had an uncanny gift of seeing through people who were faking, and made such witty game of them that she alarmed even those who were not faking — or at least not very much. And she had a kind of inside-out timidity, a fear of being presumptuous, that because of her obvious superiority looked sometimes

like snooty coldness. She was, however, the sole channel through which Dewey's ideas could naturally get down into action. She was too deeply bound up with bringing them down to be eased out as incidental to a 'Dewey School.' Dewey knew, besides, that his other trained teachers would be eased out in the same sly fashion. Nominally he would be head of the school, but he would be one man against a million dollars. He ended that interview with President Harper, which was a hot one, by presenting his resignation as professor of education. As soon as he got outside the door he realized that Harper's expression on hearing this had been one of relief. He went home and wrote out his resignation as professor of philosophy, psychology, and education.

That was the end of the Dewey School, and it was the end of a wholly joyful and very affluent epoch in Dewey's life.

Dewey, of course, was not many days out of a job. Aside from his rising fame in philosophy and education, he had recently filled a term as president of the American Psychological Association. He could have had a chair in philosophy, psychology, or education in almost any university in the country. It was in fact a psychologist, J. McKeen Cattell, who took the initiative in getting him invited to Columbia as professor of philosophy, and it was stipulated in his contract that he continue to expound his views on education at Teachers College.

Both he and Mrs. Dewey might have recovered with more buoyance from the blow to their lifework had not Fate chosen this moment to repeat, so exactly as to suggest deliberate malice, the tragedy of their previous personal loss. On a trip to Europe in the interval between jobs, their most gifted son, Gordon, died — in Ireland, and of typhoid fever. We have only Dewey's word for the rich endowments of his baby, Morris, but Gordon had so impressed those around him that a service in his memory was held at Hull House in Chicago and

Jane Addams gave a talk which is preserved in one of her books. As we note what she said about this 'tiny protagonist of his time,' an 'indefatigable reader of the newspapers,' a 'fine and gallant spirit,' possessed of 'wide and tolerant wisdom' and 'a sense of the humor of life,' it is hard to believe that the child was only eight years old.

In Italy they adopted the orphan boy, Sabino, attempting in this common-sense way to fill the void in their hearts. But Dewey never quite escaped the pain of that double loss of his chosen lifework and his best-loved child. President Harper's action rankled in him so deeply that, thirty-five years afterward, he expressed surprise on finding that he could laugh at the man's crude way of being astute.

A deeper wound, although perhaps he did not realize it, was the change in Mrs. Dewey. Stricken thus as a mother at the same time that she was deprived of any outlet for her violent zeal and genuine gift of leadership, she fell gradually into a habit of resentment. She grew caustic where she had been keen, captious where she had been critical. Her health began to decline. She had already done more work and borne more children than her physique, unless sustained by joy, was equal to. The less she could do herself, the more her perfectionism, her insistence upon everybody's doing his best and doing it just exactly right, turned into a vice of ironical nagging. Her husband's bland way of going around with nothing on his mind but thoughts, when she herself so longed for action, got on her nerves. Increasingly, until her death in 1927, these habits of perpetual objection became fixed in her, and at the end, with arteriosclerosis and a high blood pressure that drove her literally crazy, she became, although still full of witty charm, impossible except for saints to live with. She was persuaded once to go away to a sanitarium, but in a day or two the doctor telephoned to say

that she had left 'without permission.' After some anxious hours had passed, she herself telephoned from a friend's house to say that she was coming home. The road from there to her death was more than a tragic one. Dewey has had his full measure of sorrow.

IV

Notwithstanding the mood in which the change was made, Dewey's eastward migration at forty was a good thing for him intellectually. He found a new group of stimulating minds at Columbia. His philosophic friendship with George H. Mead, a teammate in developing the philosophic implications of biology, was replaced by a more argumentative friendship with Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, a philosopher of the classic mould. Dewey says that he 'learned a lot from Professor Woodbridge, but not what he was teaching.' He learned a lot also from James Harvey Robinson, who used to begin his course in the Intellectual History of Western Europe by remarking, 'Now when I mention God, I want the class to relax'; from Charles Beard, who was teaching American history with a similar irreverence toward the founding fathers; and from Wesley Mitchell, who was leading a like revolt against the 'Economic Man.'

In general, ideas were sprouting up through the bricks at Columbia in those days, and Dewey's mind was happy there. Also he found it easier, while living in New York, to play a part in civic movements of national scope, to be a factor in the nation's political life, as is appropriate to a philosopher who believes that the truth of an idea lies in its practical effect. By taking an apartment at the corner of Broadway and 56th Street, a fourth-floor apartment fronting on both streets, he managed to surround himself with enough noise so that he could get some thinking done. He wanted to avoid academic abstraction, I suppose. He wanted to think

about real things, and Broadway street-cars seemed as real as anything else. To one with sensitive eardrums, the place was hell itself.

Later he moved out on Long Island, and preserved his contact with reality by raising eggs and vegetables and selling them to the neighbors. With characteristic vigor he learned all about farming, and actually earned money enough during one year to 'pay for his keep.' His farm was but a short walk from Walt Whitman's birthplace — where still the lilacs in the dooryard bloomed — and, like Walt Whitman, he loved the companionship of the humble earth. He loved to identify himself with lowly people. He was pleased when one day a hurry call came from a wealthy neighbor for a dozen eggs, and, the children being in school, he himself took the eggs over in a basket. Going by force of habit to the front door, he was told brusquely that deliveries were made at the rear. He trotted obediently around to the back door, feeling both amused and happy. Some time later he was giving a talk to the women's club of the neighborhood, and his wealthy customer, when he got up to speak, exclaimed in a loud whisper, 'Why, that looks exactly like our eggman!'

Dewey looked like a young man then, a man just starting his career. He looked like the portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson, having the same flat hair and dark moustache and the same luminous eyes. Dewey's eyes are wells of dark, almost black, tenderly intelligent light such as would shine more appropriately out of a Saint Francis than a professor of logic. The rest of him is pleasant, but not quite so impressive.

He used frequently to come into the class in logical theory with his necktie out of contact with his collar, a sock down around his ankle, or a pants leg caught up into his garter. Once he came for a whole week with a large rent in his coat sleeve which caused a flap of cloth to stick out near the shoulder like a little

cherub's wing. His hair always looked as though he had combed it with a towel, and being parted, if at all, in the middle, gave his face a rather ewe-like contour which emphasized the gentleness more than the penetration in those wondrous eyes. He would come in through a side door — very promptly and with a brisk step. The briskness would last until he reached his chair, and then he would sag. With an elbow on the desk he would rub his hand over his face, push back some strands of his hair, and begin to purse his mouth and look vaguely off over the heads of the class and above the windows, as though he thought he might find an idea up there along the crack between the wall and the ceiling. He always would find one. And then he would begin to talk, very slowly and with little emphasis and long pauses, and frequent glances up there to see if he was getting it right.

He was thinking rather than lecturing, evolving a system of philosophy *ex tempore*, and taking his time about it. The process was impersonal and rather unrelated to his pupils — until one of them would ask a question. Then those glowing eyes would come down from the ceiling and shine into that pupil, and draw out of him and his innocent question intellectual wonders such as he never imagined had their seeds in his brain or bosom.

Education does not, according to the Dewey system, mean 'drawing out.' But drawing out was never better done than it was in John Dewey's classrooms. His instinctive and active deference, the unqualified giving of attention to whatever anybody, no matter how dumb and humble, may have to say, is one of the rarest gifts or accomplishments of genius. He embodies in his social attitude, as Walt Whitman did in a book, the essence of democracy.

Another trait of John Dewey's, very impressive in the classroom, — and very little conveyed in the above paragraphs, — is his personal dignity. Careless as his

dress used to be, he never seemed, as so many eccentric professors do, inwardly sloppy. You felt his moral force. You felt the rigorous self-discipline beneath his sagging manners. You felt also, or soon found out, that with all his taste for heresies John Dewey knows his trade. He is an expert philosopher. He writes a great many things that drive his colleagues of the academic tradition wild, but he never writes anything that is amateurish, as did both James and Schiller, his co-leaders in Pragmatism. He has a prodigious memory, and is a learned scholar as well as an unforgettable friend.

There is one act of learning, however, which Dewey never performed and whose neglect, I fear, will stand against him in history. He never studied, at least until too recent years, the philosophy of Karl Marx. While occupying for two generations of young people the position of a leader in radical democracy, and that in a period when Marxism was sweeping the militant majority of them into the anti-democratic, or supposedly super-democratic, camp, he was content always to say when the subject came up, 'I have never read Marx. . . . I cannot speak with authority on the subject.' He ought to have read Marx, and he ought to have spoken on the subject not only with authority but with vim. Marx was his chief enemy, the only other man on the left who backed a political program with a system of philosophy.

This delinquency made all the more harsh the parting between John Dewey and his more intransigent pupils on the subject of America's entrance into the First World War. It was mainly Marx who backed them in their opposition to the war, and Dewey supported the war without refuting Marx. Those issues seem pale today when history has refuted Marx, and when Dewey's central theme, 'Democracy and Education,' has become the issue in a new world war. But in those days there was bitter derision of John Dewey in the heart of

some of his most devoted disciples — eminent among them the gifted cripple, Randolph Bourne. The crisis was momentous in Dewey's history as well as theirs. He was not only alienated from them, but somewhat from himself, I think, by his support of the war against Germany.

It was not that he felt, or feels now, that he made a flatly wrong choice. But his philosophy had not contemplated such a choice. Facts, in forcing it upon him, proved more 'brute' than he had anticipated. He wrote a book on *German Philosophy and Politics* which seemed — to us then at least — a contribution to the war propaganda more than the history of thought. And he got into a state of tension that in most people would have been an illness.

In this emergency he had recourse to a very unconventional physician named Matthias Alexander, who opened a new chapter in his life. Dr. Alexander was an Australian of original but uncultivated mind, attacked by the medical profession, but possessed in Dewey's opinion of a valid theory about posture and muscular control and a technique of 'reëducation' by which human beings are supposed to recover that integration of the organism which is natural to animals. Dewey has been smiled at in certain circles for his adherence to this amateur art of healing, but it undoubtedly worked in this case. 'I used to shuffle and sag,' he says. 'Now, I hold myself up.' Every one of his friends will endorse that assertion.

And when he adds that 'a person gets old because he bends over,' it is difficult to argue with him, for he is obviously an expert on not getting old. It is simply impossible to believe when you see him that he has been around since 1859. Dewey gives 90 per cent of the credit for this to Dr. Alexander, 10 per cent to a regular physician who taught him to keep things moving through the alimentary canal.

V

The post-war period gave Dewey a chance to prove to his radical critics that he had not turned into a bourgeois reactionary, and he proved it. When the smoke cleared, he was found, unlike most of the pro-war liberals, to the left of where he had been before. More accurately, he was found adhering to the most radical of his previously expressed opinions. For as long ago as 1887 — when on the lips of a college professor it was a prodigy, if not a crime — John Dewey had said that 'democracy is not in reality what it is in name until it is industrial as well as civil and political.'

Accordingly, Dewey was among the first of the American liberals who made the pilgrimage to Soviet Russia — not then quite throttled by the totalitarian tyranny of Stalin — and he came back speaking bold words of praise for the accomplishments, especially in education, of the régime of Lenin and Trotsky. This act placed him, if not among the 'radicals,' at least at the extreme left of the liberals in America, and again in a position of international leadership. He was invited by the new revolutionary government of Turkey to go to Ankara and draw up a plan for the reorganization of the schools, which he did. And he was invited by the Chinese followers of Sun Yat-sen to give a course of lectures at Peking University, which he also did — and further distinguished himself by declining, for democratic reasons, the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun offered him by the Imperial Government of Japan.

In these post-war years, Dewey also turned his thoughts toward the understanding of art. He has no ear for music, but he has a connoisseur's appreciation of painting. His dwellings are decorated with taste, and you will always find a rare picture or two on the walls. In 1926 he made a tour of the European studios in the company of Albert C.

Barnes, the Philadelphia Argyrol king, and helped him acquire his famous collection of modern paintings.

Soon after Dewey came to Columbia as professor of philosophy, New York City was turned upside down by a scandal attending the visit of the great Russian writer, Maxim Gorky. Gorky had come to solicit help for the Russian Revolution, and had brought with him his life companion, or common-law wife, the actress Madame Andreeva. It required but a hint from the Czar's officials to rouse the town against him. He was denounced in screaming headlines as a free-lover; hotels and private homes were closed in his face; he was virtually thrown into the streets. Even Mark Twain, although appealed to in the name of the republic of letters, refused to stand against the public hysteria. He turned his back with the rest. John Dewey offered his home, and the shelter of his prestige, to the bewildered Russian. Dewey in turn was violently attacked for this act of magnanimity, so violently that he seemed for a time in danger of losing his job. Mrs. Dewey stood behind him like a rock. 'I would rather starve and see my children starve,' she said between clenched teeth, 'than see John sacrifice his principles.'

In his more recent championship of a fair trial for Leon Trotsky on the treason charges made against him in Moscow, Dewey found no such support at home. The son and daughter-in-law who made their home with him after the marriage of his daughter Evelyn did all they could to dissuade him from taking the chairmanship of the Commission of Inquiry. He was too old for the journey to Mexico: he could not stand the discomfort and the change of food — he would probably be shot — he would contract some fatal disease. Dewey smiled at these anxious warnings.

'I'll enjoy the trip,' he said.

When Trotsky was asked afterwards for his impressions of John Dewey, he said, 'Wonderful! He was the only

man on the commission who didn't get sick!'

Dewey was no figurehead on that commission. He was, apart from the secretary, the one who did the work, and he was the one who made the decisions. He made them after an intense study of the Russian political situation in its historic development. He even went into its theoretical background to the extent of being able to deliver — at last — an authoritative judgment on the philosophy of Marxism.

The *Daily Worker*, of course, described his behavior as senile. The *New Masses* regretted that a great philosopher had made such a fool of himself in the sunset of his life — a remark on which Dewey's comment was, 'Twilight is the usual expression.' In the opinion of his colleagues on the commission Dewey conducted himself with the dignity of a judge and the shrewdness of a Vermont horse trader. He had answered his adverse critics in an essay written forty years before: 'Better it is for philosophy to err in active participation in the living struggles and issues of its own age and times, than to maintain an immune monastic impeccability.' He did not answer them again.

The charge of senility looked a little foolish when he published, almost simultaneously with the 800-page report of the Dewey Commission, what may perhaps appear in history as his *magnum opus*: *Logic, the Theory of Inquiry*, a book of 546 pages. He is now writing on the social motivations of philosophy, and he is writing in hot sunshine in the back yard of his winter home in Key West, stripped to the waist and brown as an acorn. If you go out there and ask him how his eyes can stand the white glare on the paper, he will say, 'Well, my eyes have always been weak — it's just a matter of getting them accustomed to it.'

Besides good health, this lay philosopher has had good luck in his declining years. He still buys his socks at the Five and Ten, but not because he has to.

His salary at Columbia was raised to \$7000 soon after he came there, and in the booming twenties it was raised to \$12,000. When he retired in the early thirties President Butler called him 'professor emeritus in residence' and kept right on paying him that \$12,000. Three years ago, however, Columbia decided to retrench, and Dewey had to fall back on his Carnegie pension. He was accommodating himself to this with his usual composure when he received a letter from the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia stating that, if he didn't mind, they would pay him \$5000 a year for the rest of his life. The news stunned him so that he 'acted funny' for two

days, and wouldn't tell the family why. But after a while he got adjusted to it.

Key West is a kind of winter-season Provincetown, a mingling place of staid citizens of a seafaring complexion with transitory artists painting their pictures — enlivened now by a nightly rain of sailors from the naval station and a springing up of painted ladies in the highways and byways. John Dewey, dressed in brown sandals, white socks, a pair of blue shorts, and a blue shirt open at the neck, fits into this picture as though he had always been there. He hasn't been knocked down by Hemingway yet, but otherwise nothing in Key West is too good for him.

TO ONE . . .

BY MARGARET McGOVERN

To One whose nearest brother-men could sleep
Despite His sufferings,
Would not this life seem
Between a pitiless and piteous dream
Imprisoned?

The betrayals that made Him weep
His likeness on a towel where the theme
Came out in blood,

His death's impending steep,
Pall less
Than that such creatures well might be
The ultimate of man's humanity?

STRIKES—WITH A VENGEANCE

BY S. BURTON HEATH

I

A RELATIVELY new and unfamiliar term has appeared with increasing frequency of late in all the talk about labor troubles. It is 'jurisdictional strike.' From the way in which the expression is used, there seems to be general realization that this sort of strike is different from other stoppages in production.

Men of pronounced liberality, who are tolerant of most labor disturbances even when they are not actively sympathetic, condemn explicitly those that bear the label 'jurisdictional.' Spokesmen for organized labor mention them apologetically. At the headquarters of a powerful union, while I was gathering material for this article, the suggestion was made:

'This wasn't really jurisdictional. I hope you won't describe it that way. We've always been proud that we never are involved in jurisdictional strikes.'

The international union at whose local office that disclaimer was offered is one which has been under heavy attack on the contention that it is addicted to racketeering in a number of vicious forms. But jurisdictional strikes? 'Please,' they said, 'don't brand us with the stigma of those. We'd be ashamed.'

We were virtually at war, in October of 1941, against the greatest military machine ever assembled. Upon America's production of the matériel of war, upon our ability to transport armaments and munitions and food to the British Isles, rested the fate of democracy.

Nothing in our contribution to the anti-Axis fight was more vital than the

building and repairing of cargo vessels to transport goods, and of naval craft to keep open the sea lanes. We had appropriated more than eight billion dollars to finance the construction of fighting ships alone, and more than three billions for cargo boats. Lacking adequate dry docks, we had allocated almost six hundred million dollars to pay for new ones. And, because we did not possess sufficient skilled man power, in spite of this financial prodigality we found ourselves seriously handicapped in the race to create a bridge of ships to Britain before totalitarianism could destroy democracy.

Meanwhile, to conserve both man power and raw materials for the most vital uses, we decided virtually to eliminate the construction of homes for civilians, notwithstanding that Federal authorities describe a full third of the nation's housing as 'substandard.' By this we released steel for ships and tanks and guns, copper for cartridges and wiring, factories for production, and men for defense.

How many men that ban on ordinary building will deprive of their normal means of livelihood I do not know, nor does anybody else, yet. To number them by the scores of thousands is conservative. They include carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters — skilled artisans affiliated for the most part with the American Federation of Labor's craft unions.

It was taken for granted that when this army of clever craftsmen was arbi-

trarily put out of work, while hard-pressed shipyards were pleading for more than a hundred thousand carpenters, painters, plumbers, electricians, and men of affiliated trades, the skills of these experts would be utilized to help save Britain and defeat Hitler.

Were they? Oh, no. There was a jurisdictional question involved.

The Office of Production Management proposed to send these men into some of the 150,000 jobs which Labor Secretary Frances Perkins had found waiting in shipyards. But the Congress of Industrial Organizations, through its Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, controlled some of the shipyards. And these unemployed belong to the American Federation of Labor.

The plan was given up because the CIO warned that strikes would shut down naval and cargo ship construction if those A. F. of L. members were permitted to build ships!

Here was a situation that involved none of the social goals which by Congressional declaration have been made the concern of the United States. Here was no question of wages, hours, or working conditions. The issue was very simple: —

The CIO, through its leaders, refused to help build and repair ships to beat Hitler if members of the A. F. of L. were permitted to share in this emergency patriotic activity. And, more than that, if A. F. of L. men were hired at some shipyards the CIO not only would take its own men off the jobs there but also might do its best to see that no vessels were built or repaired elsewhere.

The CIO leaders do not want to help Hitler conquer the world. But they are helping him.

Probably the industrial turmoil of the Second World War thus far has produced no better illustration of the viciousness of the jurisdictional strike, actual or potential, than this. The CIO is placed in a pretty bad light. The A. F. of L. is indignant. But make no

mistake — when William Green and his associates protest, in this instance, a very sooty pot is calling a kettle black. The records show that A. F. of L. unions have carried jurisdictional excesses even further than has the CIO. The craft unions not only quarrel with their industrial enemies — they spend a lot of time, needed to fight Hitler on the manufacturing front, cutting throats within their own family circle.

When the history of labor's part in this war is written some day in cold blood, I do not venture to predict what the verdict will be on whether unions should have sacrificed their privilege of striking in defense industries. I have not the slightest doubt, however, that the wave of jurisdictional disputes and strikes we have witnessed in 1941 will remain an ineradicable stain upon labor's escutcheon.

II

What is a jurisdictional strike? There are several types. Roughly they can be classified as follows: —

1. Strikes in which members of the A. F. of L. refuse to work, directly or indirectly, with members of the CIO, or vice versa. They can take any of several forms. Occasionally the trouble involves refusal of one union to let its members work side by side with those of a rival in the same plant. Sometimes a union will decline to deliver supplies to a factory whose employees belong to the rival, or to handle the finished product of that factory. Again, a union may lay down its tools because members of the rival are employed in some other plant within the same industry.

2. Strikes in which one A. F. of L. craft tries to take or keep work from another A. F. of L. craft.

3. Strikes in which A. F. of L. or CIO unions refuse to work directly or indirectly with members of an independent union. (From this category I exclude controversies concerning actual or possible 'company unions,' and have in

mind only those independents which have been accepted as bona fide by the National Labor Relations Board.)

The records are filled with illustrations of each of these major categories, with variations that multiply the subclassifications to unmanageable length.

These are not strikes over questions of wages, hours, working conditions, the right to organize — any of those things which quite generally are conceded to be unionism's legitimate goals. Some believe that democracy's peril has become so great that even these things should be subordinated until we have beaten Hitler. But I am not arguing that. What I am discussing is that type of strike which everybody condemns, which responsible union spokesmen abjure, and for which union organizers apologize — those strikes in which a union seeks to deprive certain workers of their statutory right to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing.

Consider the battle royal that resulted when Patrick J. Currier of Detroit offered to build 300 homes for defense workers at a price of \$3265 each. His closest competitor asked \$4700 — a difference of \$1435 per house.

The OPM, which supervises the spending of our sixty-five or more billions of defense dollars, turned down Currier's offer, although nobody questioned that the Detroitier was capable of fabricating and erecting the houses at the low price he quoted. Co-Director Sidney Hillman has accepted full personal responsibility.

Why? Well, Currier has a contract with the CIO, whose men would have built these houses. But Mr. Hillman is party to an agreement giving the A. F. of L. an effective closed shop on all defense building projects.

The A. F. of L. was very frank. Its officials told the United States of America that if Uncle Sam dared let Pat Currier's CIO members build 300 houses — at a saving to the taxpayers of \$430,500 — every defense construction job in the state of Michigan would be sus-

pended. That covers a pretty broad field. I won't attempt to catalogue the vital projects that the A. F. of L. would close in preference to letting Currier build 300 single-family houses. I will name just one — the Ford bomber plant at Ypsilanti, for some of whose future employees the 300 houses are to provide homes.

This controversy has ramifications which serve to point many angles of the jurisdictional struggle. For that reason I should like to tell something about its background.

The Currier Mobile Homes Corporation, a subsidiary of the Currier Lumber Company, makes fabricated houses. They are constructed in a suburban Detroit plant and trucked to the home-site in sections. There they are assembled. Less than ten hours from the time the first truck reaches the lot, a family can move in. It is possible to place an order Monday and start housekeeping in the new home Saturday.

Currier's plant is self-sufficient. There is no subcontracting. His organization handles surveying, excavation, cement work, plumbing, heating, electrical wiring, plastering, painting, and trucking. When a house leaves the factory all services have been incorporated in its walls ready for connection by Currier's men.

The houses are not built to order. They are fabricated in advance on somewhat the same mass-production, interchangeable-parts principle that has made America's automobile industry what it is today. Therefore Currier's 1500 men are employed fifty-two weeks a year, instead of only when orders come along.

This is why P. J. Currier can pay his CIO men from ten to fifteen cents an hour above the A. F. of L.'s Detroit contract scale, give them steady year-round employment, and yet produce houses 30 per cent cheaper than his competitors. And that is what he offered to the Federal Works Administration when 300 defense homes were needed right in his own back yard in Wayne, Michigan.

But last July the A. F. of L.'s Building Trades Department quietly entered into a 'stabilization agreement' with Hillman of the OPM. The unions promised to accept pay-and-a-half for overtime instead of demanding double pay; to waive the old penalty rates on second and third shifts; to refrain from strikes on defense projects. In return, without mention to the public, Hillman granted to the A. F. of L. what President John P. Coyne's annual report to the Building Trades Department described as 'a virtual closed shop on all defense construction projects.'

Hillman's office estimates that the unions' concessions will save the taxpayers \$200,000,000 on \$5,000,000,000 of defense construction that the OPM expects to let before this war is over.

When word reached Detroit that Federal Works Administrator John M. Carmody was giving the \$979,500 Wayne contract to Currier, A. F. of L. leaders got busy. Their exact words are not matters of public record. Carmody says they made no 'threats.' But they did convince the OPM that if the United States dared accept this \$430,500 saving the entire 'stabilization agreement' would be tossed overboard. Furthermore, word came from Washington that then there would be a 'reign of terror' in Michigan — or, in the words of one of the best and most accurate of newspaper labor reporters, Louis Stark of the *New York Times*, a 'virtual civil war' in the building trades.

III

The CIO's refusal to permit A. F. of L. craftsmen to help build ships, and the A. F. of L.'s refusal to let CIO men build houses, are only two spectacular recent incidents in a long series of jurisdictional controversies that have handicapped our national defense effort and given aid and comfort to Adolf Hitler.

Skimming through some of the reports made by the Army and the Navy during early 1941, I find twenty-one frank

and unadulterated jurisdictional strikes. These affected directly, among other things, two training camps, an arsenal, four shipyards, four naval parts producers, plane factories, metal plants and smelters, ordnance makers, and three vital Curtiss-Wright propeller plants. They involved eighteen cities in twelve states from coast to coast. I have studied others which the War and Navy Departments did not mention.

Up in South Boston a thousand A. F. of L. craftsmen walked out on the badly needed dry dock they were building, because the Naval Base ventured to add some WPA and civil-service workers to its staff.

In the Ingalls shipyard at Pascagoula, Mississippi, where \$150,000,000 worth of naval and cargo craft are under construction, A. F. of L. unions have struck twice in internecine squabbles. The first time, in March, the boilermakers and ironworkers were fighting over which should do certain work. In October four hundred welders loafed for three days in a row with brother craftsmen.

In Philadelphia structural steel workers and carpenters, both A. F. of L., got into a dispute last January as to which should place the cement-pouring frames after the former had assembled them. They were working on the world's largest dry dock, in which the Navy hoped by mid-September to lay the keel for a 45,000-ton battleship. Navy publicists say the delay was negligible — but near the end of October the dock was not complete and the keel had not been laid.

On Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio, the Army was rushing a huge new wind tunnel in which to test 2000 to 2500 horsepower engines, designed to add many miles an hour to the speed of fighting planes. In all the United States we had no tunnel capable of handling these giant power plants. So five hundred A. F. of L. craftsmen were at work. A subcontractor who employed CIO men under a legal contract was given a

\$36,800 electrical job. He sent five men in January to do the work. The five hundred Federationists promptly walked out. They returned when the War Department called the subcontractor temporarily off the job. But when he was ordered in March to complete his assignment, the Federationists struck again for eighteen days—until the Army threatened to finish the tunnel with civil-service employees unless they went back.

The Curtiss-Wright Propeller Company erected a new factory in Caldwell, New Jersey, to work on orders for \$100,000,000 worth of propellers for pursuit, fighter, bomber, interceptor, and patrol planes for the Army and Navy. To determine what union should bargain for the employees, the National Labor Relations Board held an election. Propeller Craft, an independent, beat the A. F. of L.'s Aircraft Lodge No. 703 more than two to one. (The vote was 1094 to 526.) Without any attempt to appeal by statutory methods, the A. F. of L. approved what started as a wild-cat strike and for eight days almost closed down the steel-blade department. Because of this, at least 2000 badly needed propellers were not made, and hundreds of fighting aircraft, otherwise ready for service, now are standing idle and useless.

This was the second jurisdictional trouble which had afflicted that one very important defense manufacturer. A dispute between steam fitters and plumbers as to which should install process piping had delayed for two weeks the moving in of the first machine. And there was a third holdup. When another new plant was constructed, in Beaver, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, transformers and permanent power lines were leased from the Duquesne Light and Power Company. The A. F. of L. threatened to stop all construction if the power company was permitted to install this electrical equipment with its own men. The independent union to which

Duquesne's men belonged promised to shut down all power in Pittsburgh if the A. F. of L. did the installation. The A. F. of L. called a strike, and 40 per cent of the men quit. They were out ten days, until the independent union, in the interest of national defense, withdrew its claim and permitted the A. F. of L. to do the work.

As this is written the entire Pittsburgh area, one of the busiest and most important in the national defense scheme, is threatened with a general tie-up in the controversy of which the propeller plant was one victim. During the past few months the A. F. of L. has called strikes on millions of dollars' worth of public and private construction there because the Independent Association of Duquesne Light Company employees insists on handling new electric installation work.

The Pittsburgh Building Trades Council has notified A. F. of L. President Green and Federal officials that unless its claims to jurisdiction are recognized and enforced a general strike will be called all over the world's largest steel-making centre, which already is finding it impossible to meet armament demands and care also for pressing civilian needs. A quarter of a million workers, including street-railway and bus employees, are supposed to lay down their tools when this threat is made good.

The question of what union shall make installations of electrical equipment has been a troublesome one generally. In New York this summer it threatened a general building strike and actually did interfere with the \$17,000,000 expansion program at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

IV

Among the more serious of jurisdictional threats to the national defense progress was a recent affair involving the Spicer Manufacturing Company of Toledo and its subsidiary Hillside Steel Products Company of Hillsdale, Michi-

gan. Spicer has orders to supply transmission parts for 70 per cent of the light tanks being made for the Army and our allies, and for most of the half-tractor and Jeep combat vehicles. For steel, without which these could not be made, Spicer depends upon the Hillside subsidiary.

As the result of a National Labor Relations Board election, the Spicer home plant entered into a contract with the CIO United Automobile Workers. But in the Hillsdale plant the A. F. of L. United Automobile Workers won the right to represent employees and obtained a contract.

After the A. F. of L. became legal representative of the Hillside workers, there being no closed-shop clause in the contract, A. F. of L. and a few CIO men toiled side by side, bitterly and with continual bickering. The Federation claimed that CIO men were trying to disrupt production. The CIO contended that the A. F. of L. was trying to coerce its members into switching allegiance. Eventually, all available evidence indicates, the dominant A. F. of L. persuaded the management to discharge the remaining twenty-six CIO men under penalty of having the steel plant shut down. So the CIO, which did not represent the Hillside workers, called a strike there nevertheless. Only 38 out of 800 employees walked out, but this did not faze the CIO. Its officials instructed Spicer employees at Toledo not to work on steel from the allegedly 'struck' Hillside plant.

Presto! A jurisdictional squabble — and production on transmissions for the mechanization of our Army was stopped, for eight days.

In Ypsilanti, Michigan, the Ford Motor Company has begun erecting the biggest bomber plant of its kind in the world. There, on an almost mile-long assembly line that will apply to the full the motor magician's genius at mass production, Ford plans to turn out the monster B-24 Consolidated four-

engined bombers which, more than any other aircraft yet proved, can safeguard this hemisphere against invasion from abroad.

Steelworkers and carpenters, in sister A. F. of L. unions, struck for double pay for overtime. On the merits of this claim it is no function of mine to pass now. Suffice it to note that the steelworkers went back because word came from St. Louis that unless they did their own union would fill their places. The carpenters, however, did not return with them. Inquiry revealed that these craftsmen declined to go to work until they received a guaranty that no CIO men would be used on the job.

Here was the ultimate in forehandedness. Only A. F. of L. men were being used. There was no intimation that any others were to be employed. The carpenters' organizer said he had heard that CIO men were to place the machinery. But in fact, as he could have ascertained easily, that contract had been given to an A. F. of L. employer. Eventually the hammer-and-saw men consented to resume their defense labors after the architect agreed that no CIO men would be used on any portion of the project under his control.

But meanwhile the steel work had been held up almost seven weeks on this very vital construction, and the carpentry had fallen eight weeks behind.

Why prolong the catalogue? There is no argument about what has been going on. President Roosevelt has condemned it in so many words. Alfred E. Smith, who seldom agrees with the President, has castigated it. William S. Knudsen and Donald Nelson have attacked it. The OPM officially has denounced it. William Green has promised to end it. Nobody rises in defense of the jurisdictional strike — not even the unions. *Fortune* magazine took a poll among union workers, who voted two to one that strikes in defense industries, on jurisdictional grounds, were improper and undesirable.

In October 1941, Local #1224 of the CIO's United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers entered into a pact with the competitive Local #3 of the A. F. of L.'s Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, mutually pledging themselves against raiding and jurisdictional strikes. Much was hoped from this compact negotiated by Mayor La Guardia's labor secretary, Mrs. Ethel S. Epstein, wife of New York State's Solicitor-General. But observers could not refrain from recalling the negative results six months previously when the A. F. of L. Building and Construction Trades Department announced a new national policy prohibiting jurisdictional strikes on defense jobs.

As a matter of fact, most of the jurisdictional disputes I have recounted have taken place since that announcement last March of a new national policy.

V

All over the country the American Federation of Labor's International Brotherhood of Teamsters has been a fruitful breeder of jurisdictional disturbance. Assistant Attorney-General Thurman Arnold has been biting his nails for months in eagerness to get after that outfit with an antitrust action that would rest, among other things, on a quaint but profitable claim the Brotherhood makes — and enforces in many localities.

In New York and New Jersey, in Chicago and other major centres where interstate trucks swarm like ants at a picnic, the teamsters have a rule that as soon as a vehicle enters the local jurisdiction a member of the home union must climb aboard. Theoretically he operates the truck. Actually he usually sits and visits with the out-of-town chauffeur, who continues to do the work. For this he receives a day's pay, which may amount to eight or ten dollars.

A Midwestern contractor, who didn't know New Jersey customs then, took a

major job there for one of his regular customers. His intimates say that he lost everything but his shirt. One of the profit-melting items was this eight dollars a 'day' to hire local teamsters to ride every truck that crossed the city line, even though the cars already were completely manned with members of that same International Brotherhood of Teamsters — who belonged, however, to different locals.

The drivers have got away with this geographical version of the jurisdictional grab in many instances. But last summer they tried their strength in New York against a bunch tougher than they — Jimmy Petrillo's musicians. The theatrical teamsters' local demanded the right to place its men outside moving-picture theatres using 'name bands' for the purpose of carrying the players' instruments inside for them. The drivers' business agent said publicly that this applied only to orchestras traveling as bodies, and not to lone musicians. The rule was intended, he said, to create employment for his local's members and to protect their livelihood.

But officers of the American Federation of Musicians, and particularly of Local #802, interpreted the demand differently. As it reached them the plan was for a teamster to meet each piccolo player as he left his own car or taxicab, carry the instrument into the theatre, and for this collect a day's pay. The day scale is ten dollars, a not insignificant sum for lugging a flute, a violin, or even a bass drum or cello a few dozen yards. But the night scale, for the same service, was to be twenty dollars!

The musicians indignantly refused to pay. The teamsters picketed theatres and then announced that until they were permitted to handle instruments their union would not move scenery into or out of show places. Several houses actually were closed temporarily. The row was settled eventually. The musicians still carry their own winds, brasses, and strings. The theatres, supposedly

uninterested third parties, made 'concessions' to the teamsters.

VI

The alternative to coöperation is compulsion. Already there is a rising demand for Congress to outlaw all strikes that interfere with the national defense. Excess always breeds counter excess. Responsible Congressional leaders actually have introduced a serious proposal to prohibit any work stoppage that affects production on government-sponsored war orders.

It is reasonable to suppose that even if Congress were to defy organized labor and enact so sweeping a law Mr. Roosevelt would not sign it. Certainly our statesmen would not override a veto on so controversial a matter. Must we then throw up our hands and wait in patient resignation until Hitler is ready to take us over?

Rather, why not consider a modification of the broader bans — one that confines itself exclusively to the strike nobody loves, the jurisdictional strike? Here, as a bone of contention if nothing more, is a three-part program that in my opinion is reasonable, workable, and possibly less unattainable than some that have been discussed.

Let Congress withdraw the protection of all 'labor legislation' from any union that shall impede defense work for jurisdictional reasons.

Let the President use the physical might of the United States of America to protect every person who is willing

to continue working in a plant where a jurisdictional stoppage has been attempted.

Let Congress provide, by amendment to the Conscription Act, for automatic drafting into Federal industrial service, at buck private's pay, of any person who, being guaranteed such protection, remains on jurisdictional strike.

This might result in violence — once or twice, until malcontents discovered that Uncle Sam really meant business. That would be regrettable. But if heads are to be split and blood to be let, are the heads and blood of shirking workers more precious than the lives of the young men in our Army, who may have to fight Nazi tanks with wooden guns unless we do something to ensure their proper armament? Are the dignities and prerogatives of a few labor 'leaders' more important than the preservation of democracy?

The solution I suggest is hard-boiled. So are the evils it would seek to cure. So is the much broader proposal that all defense strikes be banned, whatever their provocation. So is the fact that the President of the United States, the Commander in Chief of the armed forces of a great nation actually at war, is forced to concede to reporters that he can make some men face shells and gas and bullets for thirty dollars a month but he can't persuade others to work forty hours a week at high pay under pleasant surroundings.

Who is it that must sacrifice to save democracy? We? Or they? Or everybody?

SOCIALISM AND THE FUTURE

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

I

THE various schools of socialism, including Communism, accept as a fundamental proposition that international unity of the masses, and more particularly of the industrial workers, will not only improve their economic condition but prevent the recurrence of wars. Wars, according to Leftist thinking, are the consequences of imperialistic rivalries which in turn are made possible and even unavoidable through the fact that national governments are controlled by powerful capitalist interests. If the laboring masses controlled the affairs of the state, there would be no wars.

There is no way of proving whether such a premise is true. No political system has ever been devised by which the mass of the people could actually express their will on such matters as war or peace without the interposition of practical leadership. And it can be said that as soon as such a leadership exists, whatever may be its political complexion, it becomes immediately sensitive to nationalist influences, and subject, therefore, to accusations of imperialism. Stalin is a good case in point. For many years now, and especially during this war, the Living Buddha of Internationalism has behaved like a Russian, and if he thinks in terms of future world revolution it is obviously not his main preoccupation for the moment.

Socialism is a doctrine. It offers at once a program and a dream. Like all modern political creeds, it has had to as-

sume certain of the functions of religion where religion, as a social system, has ceased to operate. It must offer a promise, an earthly promise, and that promise is the elimination of war, the reign of justice, economic equality for all, order and efficiency in the production and distribution of goods — all of which is to be achieved by turning over to the laboring classes the management of their own affairs.

It should be noted that, as far as the general attitude towards society is concerned, there is only a shade of difference between that of democracy as it now exists in America and that of socialism. Concerning the problem of war, for instance, progressive democrats like President Roosevelt have stated their belief that 90 per cent of the people of the earth wanted peace and that the only difficulty was to get rid of the 10 per cent of evildoers who led them astray.

American democracy and socialism also agree on the notion that the aim of government is to improve the material conditions of existence for the greatest number of citizens and to establish as much equality between men as possible.

Democracy and socialism, in other words, both believe in the principle that the majority rule is sound because the general tendency of human nature is directed towards good more than towards evil. They are both based on an optimistic philosophy concerning the nature of man.

Where they differ is in their attitude towards the minorities who enjoy an excess of power through economic advantages. The socialist solution is to eliminate them and to transfer their power to the state. It recommends a leveling of society that would fill in the gap that now exists between the theory of political equality and the practice of economic inequality. It would do away with private capital altogether, and — under Communism — with private property. The state alone would wield economic power.

On the other hand, democracy, as it now exists, does not believe in destroying private capitalism. It wants to control it, curb it, and prevent its excesses. It certainly does not wish to destroy private property, and the present tendency of democratic government seems to be towards an increase of managerial functions rather than ownership.

There is no doubt that in the eyes of sensitive conservatives and alarmed reactionaries these differences between modern democracy and socialism are not important enough to reassure them. Private capitalism is conscious of having failed in its effort to maintain its hold on the affairs of the state. Even in America the political has gained the upper hand, and there is no reason to believe that it will lose it, except by a revolution which would reinstate the prestige of the economic minorities through some form of business fascism.

Nevertheless the differences between modern democracy and socialism, however slight they may appear to those whose pocketbook and prestige are more conspicuously deflated, are fundamental, because they involve some of the most vital problems the world is facing today.

The main difference can be expressed as follows: whereas the general premises and purposes of democracy and socialism tend to coincide more and more, the methods of approach to the solution of the problems and the attitude towards nearly all aspects of life are conflicting.

Socialism implies revolution — a break with the existing order. Democracy clings to the principle of evolution and to the notion of continuity. Socialism can only justify itself by trying to impose a doctrine. Democracy can only survive by avoiding at all costs any drastic step that would mark a definite break with customs, habits of thought, and the will for permanency that is the chief characteristic of every living organism, whether it be an animal, a school of art, or a form of civilization.

Democracy, as we know it at the moment, is still in a position to absorb many doctrines, such as socialism, without necessarily destroying itself, because it still remains the only mode of life and the only mechanism of society sufficiently broad as far as its philosophical basis is concerned, and sufficiently vague as to its outlines, to encompass a vast number of contradictions.

If one wishes to accept the definition of Talleyrand (as quoted by Guglielmo Ferrero), democracy is now the only 'legitimate' form of government known in the world.

'A legitimate government,' wrote Talleyrand, 'be it monarchical or republican, hereditary or elective, aristocratic or democratic, is always the one whose existence, form, and mode of action have been strengthened and sanctioned over a long period of years, I might even say over a period of centuries. . . . Today there is a widespread belief, which it would be impossible to shake, that governments exist only for the benefit of the people. From this it follows that a legitimate power is one which can best guarantee their peace and happiness. Therefore the only legitimate power is one which has lasted a great many years. And furthermore, strengthened by tradition and by the affection which men naturally possess for their rulers, — owing them an allegiance which becomes a law in the eyes of every individual, corresponding to the laws regulating private property, — this power is less likely

than any other to deliver up its people to the grim horrors of revolution. In other words, it is one which people are serving their best interest by obeying.'

If this is accepted, it is clear that democracy is the only form of government in existence today that is strong enough and endowed with sufficient experience and prestige to avoid the 'grim horrors of revolution.' Or, to be more accurate, it is the only one to which the forces that are afraid of, or opposed to, revolution can still cling. Democracy has become the only refuge of the conservatives and of all those who are conscious that the real peril of the present times is the risk of a complete break in the evolution of Western civilization such as occurred between the fifth and the twelfth century, a period of six or seven hundred years during which the vital principle of continuity in human development was suspended.

It may be argued that socialism, in its moderate form, is by no means revolutionary, that it proposes, in fact, nothing but an extension of the democratic process. And this is quite true if one considers socialism from the angle of social reform, the emancipation of labor, the curtailment of economic privileges, and so forth. As I have noted before, progressive democracy — as conceived by Roosevelt, for instance — tends more and more to fulfill the aims of socialism. But when one considers the attitude of democracy and socialism towards international relations and the organization of the Western world, certain very deep conflicts become apparent. In the same manner that the war of 1914–1918 and the post-war era showed the deep cleavage that exists between capitalism and democracy, a parallel opposition has developed between the main current of democracy, which is conservative, individualistic, anti-collectivist, and fundamentally bourgeois in its general outlook, and the fundamental trend of socialist thinking.

It is generally admitted that if de-

mocracy survives this war it will become much more socialistic than it has ever been before. In fact, many believe that socialism is the natural heir to the capitalist democracy which we know today. This may be so, but it implies a rather profound reform or rejuvenation of the whole socialist doctrine in so far as the problems of nationalism and international relations are concerned.

Capitalist democracy and socialism have both proved their inability to cope successfully with the phenomenon of war, but the record of socialism is even more lamentable than that of democracy. If the bourgeois democrats and the liberals of England, France, and the United States have shown blindness, incoherence, and weakness from the Versailles Treaty up to the present day, and if their prestige as an elite has deteriorated constantly, they have not equaled the confusion of socialist leadership, nor have they accumulated such a record of failures.

Admitting the validity of Talleyrand's theory of 'legitimacy,' one can say that every political doctrine is in the position of bidding constantly for power, but can only obtain it if, over a long period of time, it has succeeded in gaining the confidence and the respect of large sections of the population. Judged by such standards, socialism was in a good position at the end of the nineteenth century and up to 1914 to offer its solutions to the economic, social, and political problems of the modern industrial world, because it was the only doctrine that seemed prepared to launch a frontal attack on the growing peril of extreme nationalism and to suggest an international solution to humanity's problems.

Democracy, in spite of all its errors, has not lost its claim to 'legitimacy' in the future. Socialism has not acquired it, and has even lost much of the progress made before the opening of the cataclysmic era which began in 1914.

Wars and the present revolutionary

assault against civilization have badly shaken the democratic principles, but have not destroyed them. Doctrinary socialism is in a condition of chaos and — as an international force — reduced to impotence.

II

Up to the war of 1914, the position of the socialist parties and leftist groups was fairly clear. Since the conservative and economically privileged groups in each country were identified with nationalism, the socialist attacks were directed against militarism, capitalism, and all forms of power politics. In Germany, in France, as well as in all other European countries, the socialists had pledged themselves to do all in their power to prevent war, not excluding sabotage and rebellion in case of mobilization. Socialism, in other words, appeared as the most powerful movement for peace because it proclaimed that unified labor, as an international force, was stronger than the sense of national discipline which prompts men to fight.

Before Germany and France mobilized in August 1914, there was no reason to believe that this was not so. Since the Congress of Vienna in 1815, there had been several wars, but they had all been localized. None had produced the universal disruption caused by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. For one hundred years Europe had enjoyed, if not perfect peace, at least sufficient stability to make the nineteenth century appear in retrospect as one of the most prosperous and progressive that history has recorded. Material comfort due to industrial development was spreading like an irresistible wave, and this in turn increased the power of organized labor all over Western Europe.

The evolution of the class struggle defined by Karl Marx seemed to be taking shape according to prophecies. The governments of the big powers were seriously preoccupied by such things as anti-militaristic propaganda in the ar-

mies and by threats of rebellion in the war industries in case of mobilization. Many liberals and intellectuals had definitely taken sides for internationalism. There was no real assurance that the workers, and with them a considerable part of the small bourgeoisie, would not strike against war.

When the test came, however, in August 1914, nothing of the kind happened. The German socialist party — the strongest of all at the time — immediately rallied to the call of the Kaiser, which gave the French socialist leaders a good excuse to act likewise. The French Government, which had a list of dangerous persons to be arrested in case of mobilization, — called the 'Carnet B,' — merely filed this list. Jean Jaurès, the head of the French socialist party, was assassinated by a fanatic on the eve of mobilization, but he and his friends had already decided to support the war.

Thus the great fear of sabotage and betrayal proved groundless. The German worker acted as a German and the French worker as a Frenchman. National unity prevailed.

But if the socialists and their followers did not betray their flag, they certainly betrayed their own doctrine of resistance to war.

It matters little whether the blame for the betrayal of international socialism should be placed on the German socialists or elsewhere. It can only be said that, early in August 1914, socialism as an international movement received its first deadly blow. It was the first tangible evidence that, when an international force like socialism is in direct opposition to nationalism, the latter triumphs.

Later on, during the World War, there were some attempts made to revive international pacifism, such as the Congress of Zimmerwald. The mutinies that took place in the French Army in 1917 showed that the old doctrine of rebellion against war was still very much alive, but such attempts were, on the

whole, abortive and the war went on in an atmosphere of 'national unity.'

The first really effective revolt of socialism against nationalism took place in 1917, when Lenin, having reëntered Russia, overthrew the 'democratic' government of Kerensky, and established the Soviets, later signing the peace of Brest-Litovsk. This peace was worse than shameful from the nationalist point of view, but it reaffirmed one of the fundamental aims of socialism: that peace can only be assured by an international rebellion of the proletariat against capitalist imperialism. Although committing Russia alone, it was an appeal to revolt intended to reverberate throughout the world.

The Communist Revolution naturally created a state of extreme alarm among all the Western powers, who saw in it the greatest threat against any form of nationalism and therefore against the bourgeois society itself. But once again the attempt to establish internationalism from below was to prove a failure. The example of Brest-Litovsk was not followed. The world revolution did not spread. Lenin was compelled to compromise on fundamental points of the Marxian doctrine, even inside Russia. After his death, whatever hopes there might have been among intellectual idealists that Communism offered a solution to the complex problems of the post-war world died. 'From its very start,' wrote H. G. Wells, 'the Russian Revolution failed in its ambition to lead mankind.'

There were many reasons for this, but one of the most important, in my opinion, has often been overlooked: the very fact that the attempts to achieve world revolution were directed from Moscow weakened the chances of the world proletariat in their attempt to overthrow the existing order. Geographic conditions are as important in revolutionary movements as they are in power politics. London, Paris, Berlin, can be the capitals of Europe because they are in Eu-

rope proper. Moscow is not. However great may have been the influence of the Third International on the destinies of the laboring classes, the fact that the Komintern is located in Russia has been an insuperable handicap. For the Communist Revolution to succeed, it would have had to conquer one of the big Western countries. This it failed to do, with the result that, ever since the death of Lenin, Communism has tended to become subservient to Russian power politics. Its adherents in foreign countries still take their orders from Stalin, but in doing so they cannot help knowing that they are serving Russian national interests first and that world revolution has become a mere by-product of Soviet power politics.

III

In spite of the fact that since June 22, 1941, Russia has found herself fighting on the side of the democracies — which has rehabilitated to a certain extent the cause of the partisans of Moscow — this rehabilitation has not benefited Communism as such. In fact the net result of Stalin's policy has been to emphasize the nationalist character of the present Russian leadership. From the point of view of pure doctrine, Stalin is no better off now that he is fighting on the side of the capitalist democracies of the West than when he aligned himself against them by signing a pact with Hitler in August 1939.

It may be argued that Stalin's calculations went wrong. He may have overestimated — like everybody else — the strength of the French Army and of the Maginot Line. He may have hoped that Nazi Germany and the Allies would exhaust one another in a long-drawn-out war. Perhaps his thoughts ran as follows: —

'There is no righteousness in either cause. Both are motivated by the same evil impulse, which is greed. It is not the little people, who are doing the fighting and the suffering, who are the greedy

ones. They are innocent of that. Their only guilt is idleness. Idleness has made them stupid, and stupidity has made it easy for the big ones, the greedy ones, to lead them into war. If we can keep both sides fighting long enough, until they cannot fight any more, then maybe the little people will open their eyes. Then they can see that they have been the dupes of this international clique of greed. . . . Maybe then they will revolt and free themselves from being led into destruction again as soon as they have rested and recovered for a generation or so.'

This way of looking at the situation — which is not that of a Communist, nor even of a fellow traveler, but of Henry Ford — may have been that of Stalin, and he may have concluded, like the American industrialist, that 'when both nations [Germany and England] finally collapse into internal dissolution, then the United States [or Soviet Russia] can play the rôle for which it has the strength and the ability.'

If Stalin reasoned in this fashion — that is, like Henry Ford — when he signed the German-Soviet Pact, his reasoning was faulty, as proved by Hitler, who, far from exhausting himself in his fight against the Western capitalist democracies, gained enough strength through a series of victories over them to turn against Soviet Russia with the purpose of wiping out Bolshevism from the earth.

It may be that by siding with the democracies (much against his will) Stalin will eventually save the independence of his country and his own régime. But, even if he should sit among the victors, it will not be in the capacity of the head of Communism and world revolution, but as the national leader of the Russian people. I do not say that a joint victory of the United States, England, and the USSR will mean necessarily the disappearance of Communist rule in Russia, but if there is to be a new international order after this war

(provided it is not Hitler's) those who will give shape to this order are men like Roosevelt and Churchill, or their successors — not Stalin.

The fact that Stalin has been compelled to follow a *national* policy as did the Czars who preceded him has discredited the cause of Communism as a formula to solve the problems involved in the present crisis. There is a growing desire that the world of the future should rest on something less fragile and less artificial than the Marxian doctrine of the class struggle. The slogans 'Workers of the world, unite,' 'You have nothing to lose but your chains,' and so forth, have proved inoperative too many times in the last twenty-five years. It is a strange irony of fate that the prestige of the Russian people has never been so high, owing to their magnificent heroism, while at the same time the régime under which they live, far from extending its ideological influence, would seem to be constantly losing ground and prestige. The democracies which, at the time of writing, are supporting Russia in her war effort have lost none of their hostility to Communism. In fact the tendency is to believe that the remarkable exploits of the Russians and their surprising ability to resist the German onslaught have been possible in spite of Communism. 'The Russia of today's firing line is manifestly not the Russia of 1914-1918,' wrote the *New York Times* editorially in October 1941. 'It has progressed in industrial power and proficiency. . . . It is probably less provincial and more nationalistic. These changes could have taken place without Communism. They may have taken place in spite of Communism. . . . After the victory, the democracies will be no more tolerant than they are now of the doctrines and practices of the Communist dictatorship. But they will owe a debt of gratitude to the Russian people, whose essential qualities will outlast Communism.'

There may be a good deal of wishful

thinking in this attitude, but it does not destroy the essential fact that nationalism has once more proved stronger than the doctrine of international class resistance to war. The Russia of Stalin is not the Russia of Tannenberg, indeed, but it is not the Russia of Brest-Litovsk, either.

IV

Thus, ever since 1914 one of the fundamental purposes of Marxism, which is to make war impossible by opposing to it the organized revolt of the world proletariat, has failed. The later failures such as the Spanish War, the Popular Front policy, the German-Soviet pact of 1939, and now the realignment of Moscow with London and Washington, have brought clearly into light the limitations and inadequacies of the Marxian class struggle. The simple idea that the destruction of capitalism would solve all problems, including the problem of war, appears rather naïve in the presence of the complex situation that now faces the world.

This does not mean that socialist thinking is condemned. Quite the contrary. But it would appear that the attempt to impose socialism by revolution, as is the purpose of the Communist, cannot succeed better than the compromise method of the now doomed Social Democrats of Europe. A reform of socialist thinking and socialist tactics seems to be under way both in England and in the United States. In the same way that the reality of the war has revealed the weakness of absolute capitalism, doctrinaire socialism has also shown its fragility. The real conflict in which the world is engaged has not as yet taken shape very clearly in the eyes of the average citizen. But certain facts are plain enough. The idea that there are three main currents of force in this conflict — democracy, Fascism, and Communism — and that they can be combined and reshuffled according to the hazards of war is an illusion.

Hitler has clearly seen the truth when he said that there were two worlds (not three) opposed, and that one of the two must succumb.

Hitler, of course, does not think in terms of politics, but of demonology. His method is to throw into one inferno all his enemies — whether real or imaginary. This is why he makes no distinction between Bolshevism, democracy, socialism, capitalism, and the Jews. All these he fights regardless of subtle distinctions. But, leaving aside the propaganda effect of such a method, the fact remains that Hitler is correct in recognizing an unconscious alliance between all those he considers enemies of National Socialism. If that alliance did not exist, he would create it.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the real opposition to Hitlerism is not to be found either in Bolshevism, capitalism, socialism, or in the Jews. There is only one real peril for Hitler: democracy, and the principles upon which it is founded. If he can destroy that, he destroys all the rest. This word — so derided by some today, so meaningless to others — contains nevertheless the essential idea of continuity and evolution, of progress and permanence, without which there can be no civilization.

And it is because socialism cannot hope to fight Hitler alone that a whole reorientation of progressive thinking has taken place in the last few years, more especially in America and in England.

V

Credit for this reorientation must go first to Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal — a movement that in spite of its empirical character, its vagueness and its errors, is the only one that to date has shown enough vitality and rallied enough support to withstand all serious attacks either from the Fascist or from the Communist ideology.

It is true that the war and the urgency of national defense have suspended for

the time being any new social reform in America. The United States, like England, is mostly concerned with maintaining national unity, but it should be noted that the war has not induced either the British or the American government to cancel the social reforms obtained in previous years. In contrast to what happened in France, where Daladier seized the pretext of the war to wipe out the social gains of the Popular Front government, President Roosevelt has been careful, up to now, to reassert the intangibility of the New Deal. War has brought no reaction as yet in America, and it is certainly the purpose of the present administration to pursue its present policies through the war and after it.

In England, the participation of Labor in the government is not a mere gesture symbolic of national unity. It is a serious challenge to the ability of the conservative leaders of England not only to conduct the war successfully but to prepare the future peace. British Laborites and Liberals are growing every day more aware that at the end of the First World War they got 'no new Britain and no new Europe,' and that some attempt must be made this time to obtain both.

Many Roosevelt supporters as well as many English Liberals may object to applying the term 'socialistic' to the kind of society which they are trying to foreshadow as a solution for the future. But whether this word or another is used, the basic trend remains the same. That trend is towards an increase of power of the people, and the consequent elimination of the rulers of the last twenty years. It may eventually imply the elimination of those who are now at the helm. It is a trend that points towards a more militant and more virile form of democracy, the general outlines of which can only be vaguely perceived as yet, but which is already an accomplished fact in England today. It is the natural sequence of the experiments in Social Democracy that were carried

on before, and failed, but the inspiration is different, because it is born out of the mortal perils of the war. As far as England is concerned, Göring and his Luftwaffe are as much responsible for this awakening of a new democratic spirit as the new leaders of revolutionary England.

VI

A fundamental distinction should be made in the way social-democratic experiments were conducted in Europe and in America.

In Europe, more especially on the Continent, the socialist dream of international brotherhood, of a more even distribution of wealth, and of stable peace, was shattered by two perverting forces: National Socialism and Communism. The former has used socialism and distorted it into a method of enslaving people to the German war machine. The latter has bogged down into autocracy and bureaucracy.

In central and western Europe, socialist and labor leaders and all forces of the Left failed to realize that their effort to resist Fascism could not succeed if they relied on the workers alone. The great error of Karl Marx was to believe that the small bourgeoisie, being gradually impoverished, would finally join hands with the proletariat. But this small bourgeoisie reacted everywhere more or less as it had done in Germany. It refused to make a common front with the workers, whom it had always considered as a class socially inferior. Whenever a showdown came, as in Austria, in Spain, or in France, the small bourgeoisie balked at the idea of allying itself with the forces of organized labor — not because the economic interests of the workers were different from theirs, but because they feared that socialism or Communism meant the leveling down of all to the social status of the proletariat.

Moreover, this small bourgeoisie of Europe had remained fundamentally nationalistic, and the idea of joining

hands with those who were fighting with the weapons and the slogans of the international revolution seemed sacrilegious.

On the other hand, the governments of England, France, and the other countries threatened by Fascism and Nazism were unable to understand that the totalitarian states had effectively solved certain technological problems common to all the Western world and that a purely negative attitude towards these problems was bound to discredit and doom democracy itself.

As has been explained before, the economic solution offered by the National Socialist leaders (which is to harness to the maximum capacity the technological knowledge, the industrial plants, and the labor available) is vitiated by its ultimate purpose, which is war and destruction. But there is little doubt that the governments of the Western democracies, committed as they were to the formulas of capitalism and classical financing, made little or no effort to modify their outworn conceptions. They fought for the preservation of capitalist democracy such as had developed in the Victorian era. The obsolete and inadequate opposition between the Marxists and the anti-Marxists was emphasized. Conservative and reactionary 'realists,' on the one hand, and befuddled Marxists, socialists, and Communists on the other, chose to fight one another to death, not realizing that they had nothing but antiquated weapons to fight with. This is literally true when one considers the kind of armies and armaments that the capitalist democracies put into the field, and figuratively also, as is proved by the insistence on both sides that this world crisis is essentially a class struggle.

VII

When one envisages the development of social democracy in America, the same general pattern is found, but there are very important differences.

The first one is the fact that in America no idea can express itself except through a system which, during one hundred and fifty years, has proved at once sufficiently solid and flexible to absorb every new doctrine provided it did not clash too obviously with the concepts of American democracy.

The second is the existence of the two-party system, which prevents the emergence of any party based on a doctrine so rigid that it could not appeal to the majority of the whole electorate.

If one wishes, therefore, to identify the New Deal reforms with a series of experiments in social democracy, it is necessary to keep in mind that, whereas political doctrines in Europe are always represented by a party bearing a recognizable label, these same doctrines when transplanted in America must find their expression through the established tradition of the two-party system. The result is that European political doctrines, in their pure form, seldom find an echo in America. They blend with the ways of thinking and the ways of life of the Americans. When they do not, as is the case with socialism as represented by the party of Mr. Norman Thomas, they fail to take root or progress.

Usually political conceptions are identified with the name of a leader. More often than not that leader is the President. The names of Jefferson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Coolidge, Franklin Roosevelt, assume the value of political programs considerably more precise and informative than the Democratic or Republican platforms upon which they were elected. This identification of American trends with individuals is another reason why it is always dangerous to look for too much correspondence between what happens in Europe and in America — especially when the individual is the President of the United States, who, by the very nature of his office, cannot assert his leadership if his point of view is too sectarian and and therefore too obviously in con-

tradition of large sections of public opinion.

It is nevertheless true that the general trend of the New Deal has been towards socialization and centralization. But if one envisages the accomplishments of the Roosevelt Administration as a whole it is difficult to decide whether they are the results of a concerted effort to find a new formula for a working democracy or merely the products of empiricism. President Roosevelt has always given the impression that the measures he took from time to time were made necessary by the emergency of the moment, and if most of his social reforms have now assumed a permanent character it is not because they were clearly planned as such. American public opinion has been led to accept the New Deal legislation as a temporary expedient. This has had the advantage of depriving the opposition of a good deal of its possible strength. But it has had the inconvenience of preventing any clear formulation of the New Deal philosophy as a solution to the problems that confront democratic governments in the United States and elsewhere.

The fundamental trend towards collectivism has certainly been taken into account by the New Dealers, but they have not had the opportunity or the inspiration to face squarely the unavoidable consequences of this trend. They have understood that capitalist methods and the folklore of business stood in the way of democratic progress. And so they have tried to curb the large corporations, the monopolies, and speculation, and they have attempted to replace the primacy of the business man's point of view by a wider concept of human rights. But while they have acted as if they perceived the inner contradiction of capitalist democracy, they seem to have overlooked the fact that social democracy is also discredited by its own failures, its own Marxist or Y. M. C. A. mythology. More especially, it has not been able to solve the riddle of the man in the street who knows

that the improvement of his own status is dependent on the improvement of the status of millions of other men all over the planet, and yet finds himself drawn irresistibly into the orbit of nationalism and war.

The New Deal, in so far as it is colored with socialism, has not succeeded as yet in shaking off the liabilities attached to a doctrine which was founded on the abstract and outworn notions of internationalism, as conceived by Marx and his disciples. There is no doubt that a good deal of thought is given to the rôle of democracy as a new force in a new world, but the blueprints now available — such as the eight points of the Atlantic Charta — throw little light on the fundamental problems. They seem to uphold the principle of the sovereignty of states while at the same time proposing a solution of economic problems on an international basis. Once more the inherent contradiction of the Western world is put before that world, but no solution is offered.

The reason for this is obvious: nothing practical or constructive can be done until the elimination of Naziism and all that it stands for is assured. Nevertheless it is already clear that even if we had victory in our hands tomorrow there would be no ready solution for the construction of a rational and workable peace. The future remains unthinkable.

VIII

Those who feel that Western civilization has arrived at a turning point as critical as the period of the Reformation or the French Revolution are right. But for us who are living through this crisis it is as difficult to foresee its outcome as it was difficult for the contemporaries of Martin Luther or Robespierre to predict the kind of world that they were helping to create. The Reformation broke the unity of the Christian world, but its consequences were infinitely more far-reaching than a mere religious schism. The medi-

æval world in which the Catholic Church exerted the functions of an absolute international state came to an end. Secular power increased and nations as such began to assert their independence. Simultaneously rational thinking and scientific criticism received a tremendous impetus from the liberation of dogmatic tyranny. None of these consequences were foreseen by the Protestants, who merely believed that they were engaged in a religious dispute.

Similarly, the men of the French Revolution in attacking the privileges of the monarchy and feudalism had no inkling that they were working for the establishment of a new privileged class: the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie. The smugness of the Louis-Philippe era, the militarism of Napoleon III, and the capitalist democracy of the Third Republic are strange heirs to the Jacobins.

Today we find ourselves in a comparable predicament. We are trying to pre-

serve the framework of democracy, because we feel that we must maintain, if we can, a certain continuity in the evolution of our civilization. The Nazi revolution, if it should succeed, would mark a complete break in this continuity, and one need not be a 'reactionary' to understand that a break, coming at this time, would entail a regression of culture which might well be fatal to the whole Western world. The rapidity with which Europe is being plunged into a state of barbarism — both materially and intellectually — is sufficiently instructive.

The question is not whether democracy can be made to work according to capitalist formulas or socialist doctrines. The imperative of collectivism disregards such subtleties. The dilemma is whether a collectivist society — that is, one founded on our real possibilities of production — can be established without destroying the essential principles upon which democracy rests.

TRADE IN A NEW WORLD

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

If peace came tomorrow — and in a war as utterly unpredictable as this present one even that could happen — the democracies would be as unprepared for peace as they were unprepared for war at the time of Munich. And the consequences of unpreparedness for peace would be no less fatal than were the consequences of the unpreparedness for war. The war is going to end sometime. To have no plans at all, to have no concept of aims beyond that of winning the war, is the quickest way to lose the peace — and is no help in fighting a war in which something tangible will have to be

offered to 350 million people on the European Continent in order to incite them to rebellion against totalitarian conquerors.

The only way in which peace can fruitfully be prepared at the present time of war is the way in which a General Staff prepares war in a time of peace. Just as a General Staff prepares for offensive and for defensive, for an alliance with a neighbor and for a war against him, for a long war and for a short war, the General Staff for peace that is needed today would have to lay the groundwork for post-war action

under the most varied circumstances. Whether the sovereign national state, as we have known it during the last three hundred years, will survive on the European Continent none of us can possibly know; but we can know — or at least can try to know — how its survival or disappearance would influence the problems of peace and freedom.

It seems to me that a study of the economic problems offers the best starting point. The reason for this is not the belief — still widely held in this country — that economics could provide the sole or even the main basis for a post-war world. On the contrary, I am convinced that a peace which subordinates military, political, and social questions to economics would be an infinitely more serious mistake than the peacemakers of Versailles made in their subordination of economics to politics. But economics is the one field in which a considerable part of the work to be done is not political in nature but largely technical and factual; consequently, agreement on the form and type of economic instruments and institutions to be used for this or that specific purpose is much easier to obtain than would be agreement on corresponding political or social questions.

Another and much more important reason to start with the economic approach lies in the fact that we can say far more about the economic forces likely to operate in the post-war world than we can say about any other sphere. For in the economic field we have to deal with very definite trends, as against the confusion in political ideas and social systems presented by the Western world at present. These economic trends have not been introduced by dictators or spread by revolution and conquest, but have been at work ever since the end of the last war — in peace and war, during prosperity and depression. They are no longer forecasts for the future, but well-entrenched accomplished facts. And we have learned more about the structure and functions of economic institutions

during the last twenty years than we had learned in the hundred years before 1914.

I

Three basic changes have been wrought in the fabric of international economic life during recent years. Each of them had been prepared gradually since the last war; and each is being brought to fruition by the present war. Every one of them by itself would make the post-war world fundamentally different in its economic structure from anything we have known before. Together — and the three are closely related to each other — they have already changed our economic world so much as to make ridiculous and unreal all the ideal economic world organizations of the blueprinters.

These three changes are: —

(1) The industrialization of the raw-material-producing countries that formerly were completely dependent for their finished goods upon imports from the older industrial countries of Europe and North America.

(2) The change in the international economic status and function of Europe, and the resulting change in the sources and the amount of income Europe can expect. This is partly a result of the gradual attainment of maturity by the formerly dependent raw-material-producing countries outside Europe, partly a result of compelling political forces within Europe itself.

(3) Finally, and most important, the shift of the centre of international economic gravity across the Atlantic from England to this country.

The man in the street knows, of course, of Japan's rapid industrialization during the last twenty years and of the Russian five-year plans. He may even have heard of China's industrialization — disturbed but not cut off by the Sino-Japanese war. He reads of the developments of industries in Latin America with loans and expert assistance from the United States. But does he know that these are but isolated instances in a tremendous world-wide movement? To-

day India is about to become an important industrial producer. Australia and New Zealand are rapidly building up large-scale industries. In South Africa there has been a veritable industrialization boom since 1934. None of these new industrial countries has as yet built up a capacity that could be compared to that of the United States or Germany, or even to that of Belgium or Czechoslovakia. But in the aggregate their industries add up to a staggering total. Dispersed over the globe, often in small undercapitalized and inefficient units, the industrial capacity to be found today in raw-material-producing countries that were completely without industry in 1914 is equal to that of a first-class industrial power. Together with the new industries of Soviet Russia and Japan, the newcomers have today probably about the same capacity as the United States had in 1918.

The war has given tremendous momentum to this industrialization. It has also altered its direction. The industrialization programs of most of the raw-material-producing countries are no longer — as before 1939 — aimed primarily at the replacement of consumer-goods imports; they are directed toward permanent industrial independence through the establishment of chemical and heavy industries. The greatest impetus for this drive comes from Great Britain, who in her desperate fight is forced to finance the building of armaments plants in the dominions and colonies outside the reach of Hitler's bombers: tank factories in Australia and Western Canada, airplane and ordnance plants in South Africa, automobile and machine-tool factories in India. And it is established policy that every single one of these plants be easily convertible to the peacetime production of machinery and engines after the war is over. Nothing, indeed, seems truer than the remark made recently to this writer by one of the highest officials in the foreign section of the United States Department

of Commerce, that 'economists in the future will recognize industrial decentralization as one of the outstanding economic results of world wars.'

This rapid industrial development in what we still are wont to regard as 'primitive' countries is one of the main causes of the change in Europe's international economic position, which in itself is one of the major new factors in international affairs. It is not, as is often said, that Europe will necessarily lose its overseas markets once the raw-material-producing countries have built up their own industries; actually, all experience has shown that trade between two industrialized areas can under certain conditions be substantially higher than between an industrial and an agricultural country. But the market which the raw-material-producing countries offered was never their only contribution to the income and economic status of Europe; it was not even the main one. At least as important — and in most cases far more important — for the European economy was the income from services and jobs: economic services which the developed nations of the West had to offer to the undeveloped raw-material producers, and jobs in administration, army, and business open to and often reserved for Europeans, particularly in colonial possessions.

How important these service functions and jobs have been as sources of European income and as foundation for Europe's international economic functions is, of course, beyond accurate statistical proof. On the basis of his own personal experience as economist of a London merchant banking house during the early thirties, this writer would estimate that as late as 1929 about 25 per cent of England's total national income was derived from her traditional position as the industrial centre of a raw-material world that extended far beyond the political borders of the British Empire. About one third of this in a normal pre-depression year would come from the

sale of industrial goods overseas; another third came from jobs in colonies and economic dependencies and from the income on investments made in the past; and a full third — if not more — was the compensation for services such as shipping, insurance, banking, wholesale trade, and so forth. Yet by 1929 England's international position had become far less imposing, and her earnings from it far smaller than they had been in 1913.

In Holland and Belgium the income from services to overseas raw-material-producing countries and from jobs in the colonial empires was proportionately even greater than in England. Although Germany after the last war never fully regained the great position in the field of international services which she had occupied before 1914, a good 15 per cent of the pre-Hitler national income did still come in some form or other from the raw-material-producing countries outside of Europe. Some European countries like France hardly shared in these functions, and consequently had none of the income; others, like Norway and Sweden, had an amazingly high income from one single international service such as shipping or insurance. Altogether it can be said as a rough guess that about 10 per cent of the population of industrial Europe — some fifteen to twenty million people all told — used to live on the income from jobs and investments in overseas raw-material-producing countries, or from economic services rendered to such countries.

Whatever the other consequences of the industrialization of the raw-material-producing countries, they no longer require Europe for their service functions. Not so long ago a banker in Buenos Aires who wanted to make a remittance to Montevideo — not more than one hundred and fifty miles away — paid through his agent in London to the London agent of the Montevideo banker; and both he and the banker in Montevideo paid a service fee to the London

middleman. Today the two settle directly without intermediary. Insurance — one of the most lucrative and one of the most important of these services — is going native everywhere. It is a very backward country indeed that cannot today manage unaided the financing of the seasonal credit demands of its agriculture; twenty years ago the leading London and Amsterdam merchant bankers had an absolute monopoly in this field from Bombay to Lima and from Cape Town to Hongkong. And whereas the Calcutta jute mills — India's oldest industry — would have been unthinkable even fifteen years ago without a Scotch foreman and an English head bookkeeper, there are very few white men employed there any more.

If this analysis of a world-wide trend is correct, there is only one conclusion regarding its consequences for Europe. It was most succinctly put by a member of the British War Cabinet, the present High Commissioner for the Near East, Captain Oliver Lyttelton. Discussing the post-war prospects in a public speech on May 7, Captain Lyttelton, as President of the Board of Trade in charge of England's economic policy, said: 'For the first time in her history Great Britain (after this war) will be internationally a debtor country. We may consequently require to have after the war, just as we have in it, a selective export policy and a control of imports.' Translated into non-official language, this means, of course, that Great Britain may have to try to be as self-sufficient as possible, and that in addition she will have to direct whatever purchases she has to make to those countries that buy from her.

The loss of international economic function is not the only factor driving toward what might be loosely called self-sufficiency in Europe. Equally important is a political consideration. In the construction of the new Europe — whatever its forms — a repetition of the process by which Hitler obtained control of the Balkan countries between 1933

and 1939 must be prevented. Nothing has made aggression easier and defense more difficult than the strangle hold which Nazi Germany obtained over the raw-material resources of Southeastern Europe. It will, however, be impossible to prevent such a repetition unless the cause of Germany's Balkan ascendancy is removed: the inability of the Balkan countries to sell their agricultural products that forced them to accept the German offer to buy their crops. The only way to prevent the Balkan countries from selling their souls into slavery is to offer them a market for their goods. And, since Southeastern Europe cannot possibly sell its crops in competition with the far more efficient overseas producers of wheat and livestock, it will be necessary for political reasons to give the Balkan peasants preferential treatment in the industrial markets of Western Europe. The actual realization of such a priority position will be one of the most stubborn and difficult technical details of a future peace settlement; but that it will have to be accomplished can hardly be doubted. That Europe will have to strive for some form of regional economic unity and integration appears to be no longer a possibility of the future, but a necessity of the present.

II

Important though the developments in the colonial world and in Europe are, they are developments on the periphery of the international economic world. For the centre today is unquestionably the United States, as one glance at the newspaper headlines will show. And it is equally clear that this country will be even more the leading and central economic unit in any post-war international economic world — unless this international economic world itself should disappear as consequence of a Hitler victory.

Of course it is not news that the United States has become the strongest

and most important economy. It was an accomplished and recognized fact by 1919. It showed in 1929 when a New York stock-exchange crash released a depression reaching into the remotest hamlets of the earth. And during the last seven years this position of the United States has manifested itself dramatically in the accumulation of almost all the world's monetary gold in the coffers of the American Government.

But, though we have had twenty years of increasing American predominance, very few people — either in this country or in Europe — have yet understood what this implies. The shift in international economic leadership across the Atlantic does not simply mean that New York or Washington starts where London left off. It means a profound and permanent change in the whole basis of international economic life.

It was the unique feature of the nineteenth-century international system that its leading political and social power, England, was at the same time the one power *most* dependent upon overseas supplies of raw materials and foodstuffs. The insatiable English market for any and all raw material the outside world could produce was the driving force behind nineteenth-century economic expansion; it made possible the settlement of the wheat prairies in this country, the development of the plantations in the tropical jungles of Africa, and the opening up of the copper and nitrate mines in Chile. But in the international economic world of today — and even more in that of tomorrow — leadership is in the hands of the one power that is *least* dependent upon overseas supplies. The United States is not only the one industrial power that produces practically all the raw materials and foodstuffs it needs; it is also the one raw-material producer that can satisfy in abundance all its industrial needs within its own borders. Whereas the central power of yesterday could only exist on the basis of unlimited international exchange of goods

and services, the leading international power of today is to all intents and purposes a closed economy.

How little this change and its meaning have been grasped can be seen in the popularity of the argument that it was 'America's refusal to play the part of a creditor nation' that was largely responsible for the breakdown of the Versailles economic order. Actually, America did play the part of a creditor nation in the important respects as far as she could — and maybe a great deal further than she should have done. And the basic assumption of the whole 'creditor-nation' theory — namely, that a lowering or abolition of American tariff barriers would have resulted automatically in a great increase of imports of industrial goods from Europe — is not only unproved but probably false.

There are two kinds of international trade: complementary and competitive. Complementary trade — in which, for instance, England buys wheat which she does not grow from Argentina, in exchange against locomotives which Argentina does not manufacture — was the backbone of international trade up to 1914. But in this trade the United States cannot participate — at least not with a Europe that produces neither raw materials nor finished goods that are not also produced, and in greater quantity, in this country. Second, there is competitive trade, in which two producers of the same commodity compete for the same market on the basis of price, quality, appearance of their merchandise, and so forth. Such competition — whether national or international — is, however, possible only if the competitors are comparable in the level of their technical skill and in the perfection of their production methods. Just as it is impossible to talk of the 'competition' of a carriage maker in Detroit against the Ford assembly line, so it would be impossible to have any competition or any competitive trade between a national economy on the level of the carriage

maker against an economy on the level of Ford.

The most important fact in the international economics of the between-war period was that European industry as a whole in its relationship to American industry was in the position of the carriage maker. When the last war ended, this country was just entering upon its most rapid expansion. Modern mass-production methods and the tremendous expansions stimulated by Allied war orders concurred to make the United States the lowest-cost producer the world has ever seen. Europe, on the other hand, was engaged during the first post-war decade in a painful process of industrial reorganization after four years of destructive warfare and four more years of equally destructive demobilization, currency chaos, and labor unrest. How great the resultant discrepancy in efficiency was can be readily seen from the fact that Germany — technically the most progressive country in Europe — did not install an assembly line until 1931.

Europe's basic industrial inferiority after 1918 will hardly be disputed as far as heavy and durable-goods industries are concerned. In the production of automobiles, steel, tires, and machines, this country had undoubtedly a cost advantage which made it possible for American goods to compete successfully in tariff-protected European markets, and which would have made it impossible for European goods to compete even in a free American market. But in consumer goods the situation seems to have been different. That European textiles, china, glass, gloves, and shoes were cheaper than American was not only known to every American tourist of Europe but apparent in every five-and-ten-cent store throughout this country, where in the twenties the counters were full of imported goods which American industry could not then have produced at the same price.

Actually, however, this cheapness was

deceptive and did not represent a real economic advantage in European costs of production. Moreover, only very limited quantities of goods could be produced at the low prices; as soon as output had to be increased, costs shot up — usually far beyond American costs of comparative merchandise.

The explanation of this apparent paradox, which was widely discussed in the European economic literature of the time, is that European consumer goods in the twenties were produced largely on machines and in factories inherited from pre-war days and actually obsolescent in a great many cases. This pre-war equipment had been written off completely; what is more, the debts against it had been wiped out by the European inflations, as had also the book value of the capital stock. As long as a manufacturer could produce on this obsolete equipment, there was no need for him to charge anything for depreciation, amortization, or repayment of debt; he could regard everything above wages and raw-material costs as profit. In other words, the war and the currency inflation acted as a hidden but very substantial subsidy to consumer-goods producers.

But as soon as this subsidy ceased, as soon as a European manufacturer had to buy new equipment, for instance, he had at once to shift the basis of his entire calculation and take actual costs into account. And then his costs of production rose steeply beyond those of American manufacturers, since machines, capital, and building materials were all more expensive in Europe than in this country. Costs in Europe therefore increased sharply from 1920 to 1930, parallel with the installation of new, more efficient machinery; it was not until the depression that European costs began to decline.

The best example of this situation is the experience of a Czech textile manufacturer for which the writer can vouch personally. Around 1925 this firm, famous for its original designs and its good

workmanship, quickly gained a prominent position in the American market, as it could sell 15 per cent below the prices of comparable American merchandise. Orders increased rapidly; and by the spring of 1927 the demand from America had become so great that the producing capacity of the plant had to be increased to satisfy it. As soon as this was done, however, as soon as new efficient buildings were put up and new efficient machinery was bought and installed, costs went up by 40 per cent — considerably beyond the costs of the American competition. And the American market disappeared.

Even if Europe had been able to sell large quantities of industrial goods to this country, had there been no tariffs, — which, on the basis of the factual evidence, is extremely doubtful, — the benefits would have been confined only to the industrial countries of the Old Continent. No reduction in American tariffs would have enabled Rumania, for instance, to sell cotton goods, gloves, or sewing machines in this country, since Rumania did not produce industrial goods in any quantity; nor did any of the other peasant nations in Eastern and Southeastern Europe that had been made independent countries by the Versailles Treaty. But these new countries were the keystone of the Versailles system. Independent Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia had been the main innovations of the Versailles settlement; and the success of the post-war order in Europe was dependent upon their ability to develop into strong, democratic national states. Obviously the United States could not have bought any industrial products in Yugoslavia or Poland; nor could this country have bought Hungarian wheat or Rumanian corn — both a good deal more expensive than Kansas wheat or Iowa corn.

In such a situation the economic textbook rules for the behavior of a creditor country prescribe the giving of loans. This is precisely what the United States

did. In the seven years between 1923 and 1929 the United States lent more than three billion dollars to the European countries between the Rhine and Russia. Half of that sum went to Germany — to finance the economic reconstruction of the country. The other half went to the countries in the East and Southeast. But for the American loans Rumania and Hungary as well as Germany would have collapsed economically and socially long before 1929 or 1933. That the Versailles system lasted as long as it did is largely due to the fact that this country underwrote it through these loans, just as the American gold purchases since 1933 underwrote the economic system in the Western democracies in the years between Hitler's rise to power and the outbreak of the present war.

III

The economic order of Versailles collapsed in spite of the fact that the United States followed the traditional rules of a creditor nation as far as she could, and further. This should be sufficient proof that the rules which were developed when the world's most trade-dependent country was the leader are no longer applicable now that leadership has passed to the most self-sufficient country. Obviously the shift in the centre of international economics requires a new set of basic principles, institutions, and instruments of international economic life. What these principles, institutions, and instruments should be we have so far not even tried to find out. The study of the new conditions arising out of the shift of the centre of economic gravity across the Atlantic, the preparation of workable economic institutions for the new conditions, and the analysis of the changes which have already occurred as consequence of this shift are the most important economic tasks to be done in preparation for a future post-war world reconstruction.

It will probably be a long time before

such a study will yield concrete results — even if our best economic minds put themselves seriously to the task. Yet there are a few basic approaches and principles that are already discernible. The first is that free trade is not enough. In a world in which economic leadership rests with the United States, world-wide free trade cannot, as it did in the English-led world of the nineteenth century, provide a sufficiently strong basis of international economic relations. After this war Europe will certainly not be in a position to engage in competitive trade in industrial products with the United States; European industries, after the destruction of this war, could undersell American producers only on the basis of government subsidies and organized dumping, which, of course, would make normal trade relations altogether impossible. And after the war this country will almost certainly be even less able to offer a market for complementary trade, having become, if anything, more self-sufficient in raw materials than it is now.

An attempt to restore free trade as the basic principle of international economic life would thus probably be futile. It might even be a danger to the political and economic stability of a post-war world. The raw-material-producing countries that are now putting so much energy into industrialization might well regard a proclamation of free-trade principles as an attack on the part of Western imperialism directed against their prosperity and independence.

Yet there must not be a return to the economic nationalism of small economies which proved so disastrous during the last twenty years. And, since universal free trade seems to be inapplicable, it appears likely that the approach to the problems of the future would, at least in the economic sphere, lead to a definite bias in favor of well-integrated large regional economic units with sufficient raw material and industrial capacity within their own borders to be substantially self-sufficient. Perhaps the most

important development in this connection was the Delhi Conference last winter, where British India, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, New Zealand, and Britain's East African colonies came together to lay the basis for a regional integration of the countries around the Indian Ocean. It would, indeed, be only fitting if the shift of the economic centre from England to America were accompanied by a shift of the organizing economic principle from the Englishman Adam Smith's free trade to Henry Clay's 'American system'—the most comprehensive, most balanced, and most successful regional economic system ever developed.

Free trade, in spite of the rank accorded to it in economic theory, has never been the sole or even the main principle of economic internationalism. The free movement of capital and the free movement of men have, in actual practice, been just as important pillars of the international economic system of the nineteenth century as has the free movement of goods. This writer would indeed go so far as to say that for the past hundred years international credit and international migration have been considerably more important than international trade; and in particular I would say that nothing was more important in the pre-1914 scheme of things than the free immigration into the United States.

If trade should, indeed, as appears almost certain, become a matter of political and economic necessity and convenience, instead of a matter of principle, the free exchange of capital and the free exchange of men might reassume their character as fundamentals of international economic life. Actually, both seem far more needed in any conceivable post-war world than trade. And both have been abandoned to a far greater

extent in our actual present world than the exchange of goods. The nineteenth century could afford to disregard the free exchange of capital and of men; both seemed so commonplace and matter-of-course as to require no word of comment, while international trade, even at its freest, had countless obstacles to overcome. Today the situation is reversed. There is still a substantial volume of trade; but international capital movements and international migration have been completely stopped.

Yet, while neither Europe nor the newly industrialized raw-material producers will have much to sell or much purchasing power to buy with after the war, they will certainly need capital: machines, technical and chemical processes, roads and railways, and so forth. The first contribution to economic reconstruction would be to make possible the flow of capital to these areas. And to restore the freedom of migration in some way, to prepare the settlement of some of the surplus populations of Europe and Asia on new, free land, to finance such a movement and provide the machinery the new settlers will need, may well be the greatest contribution to permanent international economic stability that could be made after this war. Concretely, there seem to be two main areas of population pressure in Europe that would have to find release through migration: the British Isles, and the peasant countries in the Balkans. And there seem to be two possible areas of new settlement: Central and Western Canada, and Asiatic Russia—one reason why Russia will have to be in the post-war order. But the whole problem of migration and resettlement needs the most careful study, the most careful preparation and discussion, not only in its economic but also in its political and social aspects.

A PARTY ON FRANKLIN STREET

BY PHILIP GOODMAN

I

I WAS born in the house on Franklin Street. My father bought it when he married my mother and took her there as a bride in 1883 to start the business of marriage. The business thrived for exactly thirty years, nineteen of them in the Franklin Street house. They were years of laughter and no tears, of indulgences and no deprivations. For me they were a protracted playtime, made so by the easiest parents that ever a child had. Of the many sprigs of rosemary that will be interspersed in these pages, theirs will be placed with tenderness and love.

Of the houses in our block on Franklin Street the DaCostas' was one of the most imposing. Mrs. DaCosta was my father's sister. She was tall, erect, thin, childless, and had no prejudice against the possession of wealth. Her husband, too, was tall, erect, and thin; not only did he have no prejudice against the possession of wealth, but he believed in it.

When my aunt and uncle spoke of giving a big blowout for their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, my mother said it was an excellent idea. This she said audibly; what she probably said to herself was that the Deluge must be approaching when the DaCostas think of giving even a crumb to a carpet sweeper.

My mother, when describing an abject beggar that might come to our door, always used the same simile: 'He was as hungry as the DaCostas' mice.'

It was a simile without the similitude of truth. The DaCostas had no mice. Mice aren't that dumb.

The DaCostas' house had a side garden that united with a larger garden at the rear, and in this ample area the DaCostas raised weeds. Once Mrs. DaCosta invited some of us boys into the garden to play a novel game which she had thought up. It was to see who could uproot the most weeds, the winner to receive a prize the following Christmas. Unluckily for the winner, who was myself, Mrs. DaCosta didn't observe Christmas that year.

As for the DaCostas' promise of underwriting a grand anniversary shindig, it was my mother's opinion that it was 'all talk.'

'Seeing is believing,' she said to my father, with the skepticism of a rationalist.

My father was completely indifferent about the whole affair, except for one important provision: if the hoopla did actually come off, he would bring his own liquor.

'I'm going to go protected,' he said, with emphatic warning.

'Against what?' my mother asked.

'Against lemonade and root beer,' he answered.

'Wouldn't that be an insult?' said my mother, questioning the propriety of such an act.

'Not at all,' said my father, in mock defense of his brother-in-law. 'DaCosta isn't touchy about such things.'

The subject was dropped for the longest while, when, one morning at breakfast, my mother revived it by the remark that the DaCosta anniversary was but a month off.

'I suppose we'll have to give them a present,' she said, 'especially if they're going to give us something to eat.'

'A dollar'll buy a lot nowadays,' my father replied.

'How can you get anything in silver for a dollar?' my mother asked. It was always her pride that she could do more than anyone else could with a dollar, but the impossible was the impossible and she told my father so.

'Must it be silver?' he said.

'You can't give tin for a silver anniversary,' she replied.

'Who said you can't?' he shot back, with the special scowl he always reserved for the DaCostas.

An argument was averted when my mother said she would look over our own stock of discarded household silver to see what would 'respond' to a little polishing.

'You don't need to polish it,' my father said. 'Let's do the thing handsome and give them the tarnish as well.'

II

Mrs. DaCosta now began to consult with my mother over the inevitable perplexities: Whom should she invite and whom should she not? Where should the affair be given, in the DaCosta home or in a public hall? Was it necessary to engage a caterer or could the DaCosta kitchen — with the assistance of our girl Mary — handle it? Would cake and ice cream be sufficient, or would she have to furnish real food?

'The only trouble about having real food,' said Mrs. DaCosta, manifesting some fear, 'is that we'll get people we didn't invite. Food always brings out a crowd.'

'You won't get a corporal's guard if

you only have ice cream and cake,' my mother warned. 'When people send you presents they expect to use tooth-picks.'

Mrs. DaCosta meditated, moving her lips as if in a struggle with addition and multiplication.

'And you'll have to have liquor, too,' my mother said.

Mrs. DaCosta frowned at the thought.

'I wouldn't want any rioting and have the police come in on us,' she said.

'You're not going to invite hoodlums, I hope,' replied my mother.

'No,' admitted Mrs. DaCosta, 'but you know what liquor does once you start with it.'

My mother, indeed, knew. She knew all its tricks and antics and didos. She knew it as an eyewitness and, what furnishes deeper analysis, as an ear-witness. She knew it in that peculiar way a wife knows it, but, happily for all of us, she knew it best as a good companion knows it.

Anyway, my mother got the point of Mrs. DaCosta's words, illustrated by a pitying nod. She didn't bother to answer them.

On such visits Mrs. DaCosta would leave with all her perplexities intact, only to bring them up again on her next visit. She could never bring herself to the point of making a decision — though, as my mother kept reminding her, the date of the anniversary was drawing near.

'We don't have to give the affair exactly on our anniversary,' Mrs. DaCosta said one day, refusing to be hurried or jostled. 'When Fourth of July falls on a Sunday they always celebrate it on a Monday, don't they?'

It was a fine point, finely raised, and my mother was compelled to yield.

'If we're going to give away a lot of good hot food to folks,' Mrs. DaCosta went on, 'they'll take it when *we* want to give it.'

'You talk as if you were opening a

soup kitchen,' my mother frankly told her. 'You seem to forget that these people are spending money on you, too.'

Mrs. DaCosta's face tinted brightly at the thought. She said: 'I hope nobody will be foolish enough to send us *expensive* presents.'

'They can't give you tin for a silver wedding,' my mother said.

'No, that's very true,' Mrs. DaCosta agreed.

Finally the DaCostas made up their minds, and came in one evening to announce that they had engaged Haydn Hall for the affair and that Fred Heimgärtner, the Hall's caterer, would handle the banquet from beginning to end.

'Heimgärtner's a public poisoner,' was my father's immediate comment.

Mrs. DaCosta was taken back. Heimgärtner, she said, had shown her a variety of menus of his banquets, any one of which was fit to set before the President of the United States.

'Careful, there!' cautioned my father. 'That's treason.'

'He told us he raises all his own squabs,' chimed in Mr. DaCosta.

'He means all his own *sparrows*,' my father said. 'He raises them right out in front of his door.'

This revolted my mother and she asked my father to please shut up. Mr. and Mrs. DaCosta, too, were extremely annoyed.

My mother, to change the subject, asked what Heimgärtner was charging per head.

'Well,' explained Mrs. DaCosta slowly and uncertainly, 'he has a menu for one dollar and a menu for two dollars and a very fine menu for three dollars.'

'Take the dollar one,' advised my father. 'You'll get nothing and it'll taste better.'

Not to be brushed aside by interruptions, my mother asked again what Heimgärtner was charging, and Mrs.

DaCosta, with her customary direct evasiveness, answered her.

'We haven't decided yet which one of the three we'll take,' she said.

'I thought,' said Mr. DaCosta, 'he'd invite us to sample each of the three meals on three different days, but he didn't.'

'That's what he should have done,' said Mrs. DaCosta. 'Then we'd not be buying a pig in a poke.'

My father introduced a new point of view into the discussion. He asked: 'How can you decide on what to pay before you've formed some idea of the value of each guest's present — and what that present will likely yield when melted down?'

'Don't try to be funny,' Mrs. DaCosta said.

'I have another idea,' said my father. 'Why not have three different-priced tables and group the guests according to their gifts?'

'You'd better save your suggestions for mercenary people,' Mrs. DaCosta coldly replied.

Mr. DaCosta resented my father's insuavity as much as did his wife, but he was a man who shrank from turbulence of any kind and had once or twice in his lifetime run afoul of my father's bluster in controversy. He sat quietly, a tolerant smile lighting his face, as becomes a man of peace and meditation.

'I think you're going about the whole thing very sensibly,' said my mother to Mrs. DaCosta, a woman to whom encouragement or discouragement meant nothing, once her mind was made up to do a thing.

'I think so, too,' said Mrs. DaCosta, with the contentment of a deed well done. 'At least, everybody will go home with a good hot meal in their stomachs.'

Somehow, she could not rid her mind of the belief that what she was organizing was a beneficent undertaking — like Christmas dinners, with turkey and cranberry sauce, for the poor, or outings

to the seashore for crippled children. It was a kind of mesmeric operation that she performed on her egoism, enabling her to bask in the trance of a good act. Her husband, too, lost sight of the purely social basis of the function.

'Everyone,' he said, with a patronizing air, 'will be taken care of just as if he was paying for it himself.'

'Nobody must feel that they're getting charity,' added Mrs. DaCosta.

'Absolutely not,' agreed Mr. DaCosta.

'Yes,' said my father, 'to give without seeming to give is a great talent. The anonymous benefactor is the true benefactor. And there's an idea! Why don't you two make this an anonymous banquet and stay away?'

The idea was silently tabled.

My father continued his raking. 'One thing's important,' he said with very solemn warning. 'See that the champagne is cold.'

'There'll be no intoxicants of *any* kind,' replied Mrs. DaCosta with the finality of a police regulation. 'This isn't a jamboree.'

'What if a guest brings his own?' he asked.

Mrs. DaCosta was unprepared for the question. She and her husband exchanged glances and telepathically conferred for a moment. Then she said: 'Of course, we can't very well tell our

guests what to do, can we? If some of them want to bring their own liquor, I suppose we'll just have to close our eyes to it.'

Mr. DaCosta concurred and nodded in satisfaction over the solving of a problem that might easily have led to the broader one of personal rights and freedom of action, ending in something called *The People v. DaCosta*, with judgment and costs for the plaintiff. It was very fortunate that my father brought it up, though it only decided an academic point.

III

It was long, long afterwards — fully five months past the date of the DaCosta anniversary — that my mother one day mentioned that she had seen very little of the DaCostas since the evening of their last visit.

'Do you miss them?' my father inquired.

My mother didn't answer. She was having some interior merriment, for a smile broader than it was long lighted up her face.

'I wonder what ever became of that party they were going to give,' she said.

'It must have slipped their minds,' replied my father.

A LONG WAY TO GO

BY JEANNE E. WYLIE

[DURING the summer months the *Atlantic* conducted a short-story contest for writers in their twenties. A total of 1118 stories were submitted for the \$1000 prize. After two months of cogitation, the judges have decided that, since no one story stands head and shoulders above the field, the prize should fairly be divided between the two closest competitors — Miss Jeanne E. Wylie and Mr. John D. Weaver. The contest was designed as an incentive to new writers, and it is the *Atlantic's* intention to renew the offer in the future. — THE EDITORS]

I

ALEX said, 'I love you, Baby.' He stroked me under the chin with his finger. 'I'll send for you in a couple months. We'll get married, Baby.' He kissed me. Then he said, 'Go over and see Ma sometimes like a good girl, will you? She'll be lonesome.' Then he set off for Detroit to find himself a better job.

Not a word about how lonesome I might be!

Of course I went over to see his Ma the first Sunday I could. She's been like a real mother to me since I was sixteen and my own died and I left the farm for good. I put on my white sandals and my white piqué and my white cartwheel and walked the ten blocks on the shady side of the street. The ten cents for bus fare I'd already put in the tin box I keep in my room. I had fifty-six dollars there toward getting married. It wasn't bad, out of eighteen dollars a week wrapping packages in Sheffel's basement. What hurt me was that kid Alex making as high as a hundred and sixty dollars a month right here in town and never saving a cent in a tin box. He never saved enough to buy a tin box.

Three times in four years he's gone off

like this looking for better jobs. He says it's to get money to buy nice things for Ma and me. Ma says it's the gypsy in him and he can't help it, no more than he can help coming back home again when the moon is right.

I turned the corner onto Ma's street and got away from some of the noise and smell of Sunday traffic on Delancey Street. The tops of the houses shimmied in the heat, and the sky was so pale it was hardly blue, but I thought I smelled rain far off.

I rang the bell and Ma buzzed the door open. She was in a sateen slip with her hair in curlpapers. I ran up the stairs and she grabbed my hands.

'Rilla, you got a letter from him! Where is he?'

'No, Ma.' I shook my head.

She laughed. 'I find it myself.' She put her hand down my dress front. She felt under my arm. She opened my purse.

I said, 'Honest, Ma.' I was awful let-down. 'I thought you'd have one.'

'No.' She went in the front room and sat in the big plum chair he always sat in. She started fanning herself with a newspaper.

'If I only knew he's in Detroit safe, with still some money left,' she said.

'He can take care of himself, Ma,' I said.

'I know, I know.' She laid the paper down. 'He's *cygan*. Big and black, after his father. What is the word?'

'Gypsy, Ma,' I said. We'd been over all this lots of times before.

She got that far look in her eye. 'Geep-sies, yes,' she said. 'They come every winter down the Elbe to Mělník where it makes a joining with the Vltava. My Moussel and all the Vuhlpas and the cousins and the uncles. All winter they dance and make love in the square behind the markets of grain. Then, spring, they go, south by the Vltava with their wagons and music. The spring I was sixteen, when they go I go too, with Moussel. Then we come to this country.'

I sat down on the davenport, careful not to muss my white piqué. I was dressed up so fine because whenever Ma wrote first to Alex I wanted her to say that I'd been over and how nice and pretty I looked. There was an old pipe on top of the radio, and a picture of Alex. Mr. Vuhlpas must have been a handsome one if he looked like Alex.

Ma started fanning herself again with the paper. She liked me to pretend I hadn't heard her tell all this before.

She said, 'There was a woman on the boat, a Czech. She read the hands. The hand of Moussel made a shadow on her face and she would tell him nothing. But for me, she says we travel far before we stop. Then we have a son who goes farther and never stops. She says we carry him a long time. Then he will carry us.'

'You think he will, Ma?' I said.

She sat up straight. 'You don't think so? Moussel never sees it now, God soothe his hot blood. But you and me — we see. You wait.'

'But, Ma,' I said, 'he could write to us, at least.'

'Not till he's got the good news. Don't you go to cry, Rilla, now, or I . . .'

'I'm not crying. Not for him!'

She laughed till her chest shook. 'You should do like I do to stop the crying,' she said. 'Buy yourself a new dress.' She got up and pulled her slip down in back and up over her bosom in front. 'Come see,' she said, and I followed her into the bedroom.

She took a dress out of the cupboard and laid it on the bed. 'Two ninety-eight at Sheffel's,' she said. She stood smoothing it with her wide fingers. It was dark blue with embroidered holes in it. It had red buttons and a red belt. She began unwinding her hair off the papers. 'My grocery business ain't so good now. You think I am crazy?'

'Crazy nothing!' I said. 'We can't crawl off and die because he's gone again.' I fingered the hem of the dress. 'I bet this'll look swell on you with your blue hat. You'll have to go some place now and show it off.'

She stuck bobby pins in her hair behind her ears. She blushed a little. 'There's that circus,' she said, only she called it 'seerkoos.' 'Once in Praha I saw a circus. I never forgot.'

'Where's the circus?' I asked her.

'You don't see it when you come down Delancey Street — that big lot?'

'I didn't see anything. I was . . .'

'I know. You think of him all the way. *Ty parchantel*! My real son, but I say it.' She pinched my arm above the elbow. 'You're thin,' she said; 'saving your money and not eating enough. Put some more red on your mouth now and we go across to the circus and catch you a better man.'

I laughed and took out my lipstick while Ma climbed into her dress. It was always that way between us, pretending he was dirt and spitting him out all the time we rolled the salt of him around on our tongues.

I leaned at the mirror and worked my lipstick. I wished he could see me

now with my hair reddy brown from the vinegar rinse, and my straw cartwheel with the blue ribbon. It wasn't me ever drove him away with nagging or anything like. Saying good-bye tore at him same as me. But he always said he had to go, so he put the hurt from him and went. It hit me sudden a man was like the submarine I saw once in a newsreel, with watertight doors between the compartments. If one flooded he'd still be snug and dry in the other parts. But if a woman's heart sprung a leak she went down in no time. It must've been the storm in the air made me see clear like that.

Ma said, 'Can you make this little top button stay, Rilla? My fingers are so stiff.'

I turned and buttoned the neck of her dress. She had tears in her eyes. Suddenly I had tears in mine. She reached out and hugged me with her fat arms. We rocked back and forth and she cooed little Czech words at me I didn't understand.

Then she stood away and blew her nose. 'Such monkeyshines,' she said. She liked that word. She opened the dresser drawer and took out her purse.

'No, Ma,' I said, 'I've got money.'

But she said, 'No, I'm going to take you to the circus to pay a little for the heartache I bring you, birthing that gypsy devil Alex. We forget him a while and have ourselves a good time, eh?'

II

There were lots of people standing outside the big tents in wilted shirts and wrinkled seersuckers and voiles. There was a wagon where they were spinning pink sugar into balls like cotton on paper sticks, and a booth selling three dips of frozen custard in ice-cream cones for a nickel. That kid Alex would rather eat frozen custard than a T-bone steak.

Ma kept trying to see everything at once, squeaking and poking my arm and pointing. When I was little on the farm

we drove to town to see the circus once, too. I remembered it was something grand. But this was scraggy and noisy and dirty. I was dripping sweat down along my spine and down my breastbone in front.

A man outside the tent stood up on a box and began to shout, but we couldn't hear. Ma said, 'Let's get close.' So we wiggled up through the crowd. On the sides of the tent were posters in gaudy colors. One showed a dark lady winding snakes around her torso in a sensational Dance of Death. There were Siamese twins in tights and pink hair ribbons, Hawaiian hula dancers, and a picture of a man with his arms and legs tied in a bowknot over his stomach.

Ma hissed, 'Listen what that man says.'

I said, 'Ma, you don't believe all that stuff!'

She said, 'I believe anything to laugh.'

We stood listening. I squeezed her hand. The barker spat tobacco over his shoulder. He wiped his face with a dirty rag and then tucked the rag back under his suspenders.

He hollered, 'All for two bits, one fourth part of a dollar, fifteen colossal separate acts, starting now.'

The people had tramped the field grass dry and it smelled like good feed hay. There was a boy sneaking his arm around his girl's waist next to me, pinching up under her belt. Maybe that kid Alex was doing the same thing now, out in Detroit with some girl he'd picked up. When I was with him he'd always turn his thumbs down behind every other girl he saw. But he noticed things like legs and sweaters. How'd I know what he might do if he got lonesome?

Ma gave me a push. 'Let's go in the tent,' she whispered. 'I want to see the snakes and that man with rubber legs.'

I smiled quick and swallowed a lump. I said, 'O.K., Ma.'

We bought two tickets and went in-

side. It was hot and smeary with smoke. There was a Punch and Judy show going on, but me and Ma are both short. All we could see was the top of a green crocodile snapping its jaws at a stick. Next to Punch and Judy was a wood platform with a drummer and three hula dancers sitting. The hula girls were trying to keep their grass skirts closed over their bare thighs. Next to them was a colored band, and two black girls in front in yellow feathers. They tapped their feet and rolled their eyes, waiting for the music. Clear around the tent were people sitting on platforms waiting for their own acts to go on. So we walked away from the crowd and went looking at everything.

One place a tiny lady with a big swollen head was selling Bibles for ten cents, no bigger than a postage stamp. Ma had to get one of those and then she couldn't read it even with her glasses.

She said, 'Two years I was wine maiden at the castle on the hilltop at Mělník, picking grapes and mashing with my feet in barrels. I saved the money to buy a Bible like this, only bigger. Now he, Alex, has it with him in Detroit. He'll be a good boy if he keeps his finger on it.'

Neither Ma nor me believe what all is in the Bible. But we swear on it anyway, just to be on the right side in case there is some truth in it.

We walked and stopped at another place with chameleons for sale, twenty-five cents, tied to chains all over a pink screen.

Ma stood clucking at them. She asked the woman, 'What do they eat?'

'A little sugar and water.' The woman unfastened one and handed it to a fat boy with chocolate smears on his cheeks. The chameleon had its eyes closed and you could see its sides push in and out when it breathed. The woman said, 'They change color with every dress you wear them on. Ladies like them for chic lapel ornaments.' She took the

quarter from the boy and bent over the screen, straightening the creatures' legs and tails so they all hung down.

Ma said, 'Sugar and water. Is that all?'

The woman yawned and nodded. 'They'll catch flies to eat if you give them a longer chain.' She sat back in her chair and crossed her legs.

The fat boy pressed the sides of his chameleon with two fingers. 'Damn it,' he screeched, 'it don't change color!' He shook it by the tail.

Ma saw him. She reached and clapped him smart on the side of the head. 'There's one to make you change color,' she yelled. '*Chistova noho!* Hurting a poor lizard!' The boy backed off and started running, with Ma shaking her fist after him.

'Pig of a dog!' Ma shouted. 'That little shameleon will be dead by nighttime. It's a sin!'

We dodged four screaming kids and started on around the tent.

'Still,' Ma said, 'there's lots of people and children lying with their bones broke and their heads mashed in all over the world this minute. That's a bigger sin.' She took my arm. She was puffing again. 'But if that Alex was called to the army now, you think I would cry? I could sleep peaceful nights, knowing where he was, and his belly full.'

'Amen to that,' I whispered, and wondered right away why I'd said it. What would I do a year without him when two weeks was so bad already?

We walked past a man made up like Popeye. Ma nudged and I turned and saw the man wink and slop his lower lip clear over his nose so only half his face showed, with his pipe stuck out from the middle.

I pulled her along, but she walked looking back. She said, 'That man don't make faces like my boy can. You remember the time he made Hitler, and then Mussolini, and then that one with the nose, you know . . .'

'Snozzle Durante, Ma,' I said.

The night she was thinking of we popped corn in the kitchen. The kid did Scotch and Cockney and Jewish accents till we nearly died laughing. He used to say, 'Never a dull moment after you're married to me, Honey.'

Ma was stopped in front of a man with a saw and a violin bow beside him on the table.

She said, 'What is it he does with that saw?'

The man had a red nose and no hair. He stared without seeing us.

'He plays music on it, Ma,' I said, 'with a violin bow.'

'I sure as God don't see how.' She reached up and touched the man's toe. 'Play it now,' she said.

He looked down at her. 'It ain't time for me to play yet, lady.' She acted so disappointed he reached over to the table and handed her a pamphlet with his picture on. 'This'll learn you how to play one yourself — if you got a saw with you.' He laughed loud and short and then forgot us and sat staring again. I could see moth holes in the shoulder of his tux.

Ma giggled. 'Sit down this minute, Rilla,' she said. 'We see how this works.'

I peered over her shoulder. The front of the pamphlet under the man's picture said, 'Professor Harry Klunsch, international novelty and radio artist.' Below was, 'How to play music on an ordinary hand saw. Price fifty cents.'

Ma cried, 'Why, that good man gave it to us for nothing!'

She opened it up and began reading. It was all about how to hold the saw between your knees and make a double curve to play low C. Ma read, 'Grip the small end of blade with left hand. Pry upward with the fingers at the end of blade and downward with the thumb three inches from the end. The small end of the blade will make an angle of thirty-five degrees with the large end.'

Ma looked sad. 'Well,' she said, 'we get the saw first. Then we try. I keep

this for Alex. He understands real quick.'

I said, 'Ma, everything you see just makes you talk more and more about that kid. I thought we came to the circus to forget him for a while.'

She gave me a sharp look. 'Rilla,' she said, 'we forget that we breathe. We forget to eat, maybe. But you and me don't forget *that one*, never!'

'I bet he forgets us,' I said. My throat hurt, wanting him so that minute.

'You should burn in hell to say such things.' But she smiled and patted my hand and I smiled back.

III

The people were crowding away from the Punch and Judy show now, and the barker stood at the end of the tent by the man with rubber legs.

I said, 'Hurry, Ma, and we'll get a place close up before the others get a chance.'

We ran and got so close we could smell the sweat from the barker's shirt. The rubber man was all over pimples. Ma couldn't take her eyes off him. He wound his arms twice around his neck. Then he bulged his spine in a great camel's hump on his back. He kept talking along with it all, telling how he learned in India to go into a godlike trance and make his body the servant of his will. From the looks of his body, I'd've rather had a monkey for a servant.

Ma said, 'India's a far distance — farther than Czechoslovakia.'

I said, 'Ma, you don't think he was ever there!'

And she answered, 'Be silent, child. He says so, don't he?'

Then the man said he'd make his stomach disappear. He puffed and blew and heaved his chest up and down, and all of a sudden where his stomach was was only a big hole — nothing there at all but skin with his ribs and chicken bone like a skeleton around it and his

backbone pushing through. It spilled my insides and I gave a little shriek.

Ma laughed and said, 'Watch him now.'

The man turned and there was his stomach hanging under the skin over his hip, behind. It was awful. The band started playing 'Girl of My Dreams' fit to tear your ears out, and with a pop like a gun the man cracked his ribs, and his stomach was back in the right place. I couldn't find mine.

The crowd moved over next to the platform with the hula dancers. We watched, and Ma said once, soft to herself, 'These poor, sorry people.'

I said, 'I thought you liked all this.'

'I do.' She looked at me. 'It takes me from that flat and the store and selling groceries to friends who ain't the money to pay me, every day the same. I like to watch this. But they're poor, sorry people still.'

I remember the kid always talked that way, too. He got bored at home and went hunting new faces. But he never found a place or folks he liked as good as here.

Ma didn't fancy those hula dancers. She said they were no better than street women, wiggling their hips and shaking their busts. I wondered if she was worried too about who Alex might've found for company off in Detroit this afternoon. She was right, we couldn't forget him. He was with us all the time. We kept seeing through his eyes.

We moved on to a booth done up in gauze curtains and painted camels and palm trees. A woman with towels wrapped on her head came out, holding a crystal ball. I know enough about that stuff not to take it for true — like what the Czech woman told Ma on the boat to America. The stars are too far off to know what we're doing or care. As for spirits talking, I've always said, like Alex, when you're dead you're dead and can't come back. I've seen too many lambs dropped and lost in the spring blizzards and not found till they're

rotten blotches in the far pastures in May. People go the same way when they die, and I can't see a spirit rising from a mess like that.

The woman's name was on a sign over the tent. 'Madame Yarra. Your Past and Future. One Dollar per Reading.'

Ma was already into her purse. The woman was smiling.

I said, 'Ma, not a whole dollar! It's all bunk anyhow.'

She sucked in her lip. 'Bunk, yes. But I thought . . .'

'Don't think, if it's going to make you spend a dollar for nothing.' I knew what she wanted was to hear something about the kid, no matter what. But a dollar comes hard to Ma.

'Fifty cents for the lady, special today,' the woman with the crystal lisped. Her eyes held Ma's like a snake's.

I said, 'It's too much, Ma, for a lot of lies like that.'

It was the first time Ma ever spoke fretful to me.

'Maybe a lot of lies is worth fifty cents sometimes,' she said.

'But she may tell you things you won't like.'

'No one says I got to believe the parts I don't like,' Ma answered softly.

So I followed her into the tent. It smelled of hamburgs and sweet incense. The lights were on the floor under layers of gauze. The woman sat down behind a table and set the ball in front of her. Ma sat in the only other chair and I stood by her shoulder.

Ma took out her fifty-cent piece and crossed the woman's hand with it. The woman said, 'Ah, I see you're from the old country. Not an unbeliever, like this American child.'

'Bosh,' I said between my teeth.

But the woman had her eyes closed and her fingers pressed on her forehead. We waited. I looked at the grass stains on my white sandals and a dust streak along the hem of my white piqué. I couldn't get enough air to breathe. I heard myself whisper, 'Kid, if there's

anything to this spirit stuff, you listen to me now. Come on home where you belong. I don't want Venetian blinds or white leather chairs. Imitation maple's good enough for me. Honest.' I never once let myself dream he could find such a fine job in Detroit he could send for Ma and me and give us all those things. Dreams leave too big holes when you wake up, like that rubber man's stomach.

The woman started talking then. She opened her eyes and stared into the crystal. I could see the three of us in the glass, tiny and upside down.

She said, 'Your name is —' She bent close to the crystal. 'Anna — Anna — no — Vanya. Vanya.'

Ma gave my foot a little jog. It was her name, all right.

The woman said, 'You have a son. He is young yet. He has much in his heart for you and this girl.' Her finger pointed slowly at me. There was a great silver ring with a topaz on that finger. 'Much in his heart,' she said again, 'and little in his hand.'

Ma took a handkerchief from her bosom and wiped her nose. I felt queer myself.

The woman said, 'I see him far from home — East — a long way . . .'

I swear Ma and me and the woman started fading in that crystal. It got cloudy, smoky, like factories, like Detroit.

'He's a wild boy and you are afraid,' she said. Then she shouted, 'Don't be afraid!' I jumped. She went on, more quiet: 'He has a long way to go. He'll never stop. Some day you'll be proud. He'll send for you.' She closed her eyes. 'I see a letter — it's on its way now. It says —' She stood up suddenly. 'That's all I can see. For fifty cents more I can tell you what it says.'

But Ma had my hand and was pulling me out of the booth.

'Me let her read my son's letter to me, a stranger like her!' Ma laughed and straightened her blue hat and ducked her head so I wouldn't catch the tears. She pulled me after her clear outside the tent. There were black clouds over the sky in the west. The sun was gone. Dust and papers were whirling in a little wind around our feet.

Ma whispered, 'Rilla, you heard that? Like the woman told Moussel and me twenty-five years ago? He has a long way to go, that Alex. And he never stops.'

My voice was shaky. 'I heard it, Ma,' I said.

There was a rumble of thunder just then. All at once I felt beautiful and tall, tall enough to see across the prairies to Detroit. But I said, 'Don't you want to see the rest of the show, Ma? The snakes . . .'

'What show? What snakes?' Ma set her hat straight again and tugged down on her skirt front.

'What are you going to do, then?'

'You make fun with an old woman now,' she said. She started off across the dry grass, pushing against people and shrieking children in her way.

'Don't you even want a frozen custard cone?' I shouted from behind her. 'Or some of that spun pink sugar?'

When I caught up with her she was smiling, with a tear mark down the powder on her cheek.

'You talk such foolishness to tease me,' she said. 'Candy, custard, when maybe there's a letter.'

'But it's Sunday.'

'There's been special delivery before now, hasn't there?' she said. 'We could miss it already, waiting around that crazy circus!'

'Well, come on, then,' I hollered. 'Let's hurry.'

I took her arm and we started to run.

CLOUDS OF GLORY

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

I

MARTY went on whittling an elm switch, pretending not to notice Joe Briggs wheeling a new bike out into the street. Joe climbed on the brown leather seat and zigzagged toward Marty, staggering the front wheel.

Marty still didn't look up. Joe rang the bell. Whitish elm strips curlicued up from the steel blade of Marty's penknife.

'They just brought it,' Joe said.

Marty nodded.

'For my birthday,' Joe said.

Joe straddled the red and white bike, his left foot on the pedal, his right on the curb. Marty smoothed the point of his switch. Joe blinked the red taillight, but Marty didn't notice. The light was too faint in the summer-day brightness. Joe polished the handlebars with the rolled-up sleeve of his shirt. He could see his face, drawn thin and wavy, in the silver shine.

Joe was smaller than Marty, scrawny, his white arms thin as rake handles, his face pinched and pale. Joe had something the matter with his bones; he kept breaking his arms, and once he'd fallen from the parallel bars at school and broken both legs. That's why his people were always buying things for him, anything he wanted, almost, because he was sick so much of the time, lying in bed reading paper-covered books.

Marty played mumblety-peg with his penknife. Joe shrugged. He spun the pedal of the bike with the toe of his canvas tennis sneaker. He wasn't so excited

about the new bike now. It was just a bike.

Two girls, Joe's sister and the next to the oldest Sheehan girl, began batting a tennis ball back and forth in the middle of the street. Marty grinned at the clumsy way they'd toss the ball up, then lunge at it with their rackets, missing it half the time. Marty made a razzing noise with his lips. Girls.

Joe crouched low over the handlebars, clutching the rubber handgrips. He was roaring down the track in the big million-dollar race. Lightning Joe Briggs. A whole lap ahead of the others, his tires spitting dust in their faces. Everybody yelling, 'Come on, Joe!' Whirling around and around, hitting seventy, eighty, ninety. Crowd going wild. Throwing straw hats, programs, pop bottles. Sweat smearing his face, wind slapping his goggled eyes. Girls all shrieking, so afraid he'd hurt himself; men all saying, 'That guy sure can take it.' Burning up the track. 'Come on, Joe!'

Marty drew himself up, slivers of elm sticking to his brown corduroy pants, worn tan and smooth at the seat. Marty looked the bike over.

'Keen, ain't it?' Joe said.

'It's O.K.'

Marty brushed Joe aside. He sat down on the bike seat, bouncing, jiggling the handlebars.

'I'd rather have a jalopy,' Marty said.

'You wouldn't know how to drive it.'

'Hell I wouldn't,' Marty said, turning the handlebars like the steering wheel of a car, pressing his hand down on an imaginary horn. 'The old man lets me steer every Sunday when we go out to Aunt Lou's for eggs.'

The girls' tennis ball dribbled toward Marty. He scooped it up in his freckled hand, and flung it at the Sheehan girl, frightening her.

'Last Sunday I had her up to fifty-five,' Marty lied.

'It's nice like for going to the store,' Joe said, nodding toward the bike.

Marty laughed. He suddenly shoved off from the curb and sped toward the Sheehan girl, making her jump. She squealed and struck at him with her racket. Marty circled her, then feinted at Joe's sister. The Sheehan girl threw the tennis ball at him. It bounced off his back. Marty grinned; he coasted down the street, then pedaled back, stopping under the shade of the big tree.

'Smooth, huh?' Joe said.

'It's O.K.'

A thin man with stooped, bookkeeperish shoulders carried a short ladder up on the porch of a yellow frame house down the street. He climbed up and fitted a bulb into the porch light socket. The new people had just moved in that morning; the van had come while Marty's mother was doing her breakfast dishes. She'd left them in the sink and gone down to sit on Mrs. O'Donnell's porch and watch.

'You seen the new guy?' Joe said, nodding toward the yellow house down the street. Marty shook his head, then asked how big the new guy was. Joe showed him. Smaller than Marty.

'Oh,' Marty said. 'Just a kid.'

Joe's mother called him in to run an errand for her. Joe raced down the street. He was the great Doctor Briggs rushing medicine to Alaska; he was Dick Tracy, Superman, Buck Rogers. He was Ace Briggs, the famous Yankee pitcher, and he'd just escaped from the cellar where a gang of crooks had locked him

up, hoping to make the Yanks lose the deciding game of the Series. He had only ten minutes to make the ball park. Everybody was counting on him. He had to make it. He had to!

'Punk,' Marty muttered to himself, staring after the small, crouching shadow disappearing around the corner in front of Kassel's Grocery. 'Just a punk.'

The street was quiet again. Pigeons pecked at the curbing, sparrows fluttered in the big trees, rustling leaves that had dried and curled in the July sun, crinkling at the edges like partly burned paper. It was a street of white and yellow frame houses, cottages, duplexes, and a few larger houses with 'Room for Rent' signs tacked out front. A street of clerks, semi-skilled workmen, minor salesmen, old couples with pensions and boarders.

In the drowsy quietness Marty could hear shouts from the vacant lot in back of the houses on the east side of the street. The older fellows would be choosing up sides. Bert Sheehan, Jack Conwell, that red-headed guy who lived in the house where the Daughertys used to live — they'd all be out on the lot playing ball.

Tubby Daniels and Bill Fenster came out of Bill's house, Tubby swinging a baseball bat. Tubby started knocking out grounders to Bill, the two girls moving from the street to the sidewalk, the Sheehan girl showing off in front of Bill Fenster.

'Punk kids,' Marty mumbled.

He belonged with the guys out on the lot. Les Hillman had been playing ball on the lot all summer, and Les wasn't more than a few months older than Marty. Les hadn't even started smoking yet.

'I'll hit out some flies,' Marty said, taking the bat from Tubby's hand.

Marty batted out short flies at first, then began to swing harder. The ball shot up high above the thick-branched trees and house roofs, bounded in the street six or eight yards behind Bill and

Tubby. The new guy sat on the porch of the yellow frame house, watching. His mother, a plump, red-faced woman, her head wrapped up in plaid gingham, shook her broom at Bill.

'You're gonna break a window sure's shooting,' the new guy's mother said. The boy on the porch slunk into the house.

Marty laughed and waved Bill and Tubby still farther down the street. He wanted to slug. He hit the ball as if he hated it. Slugger. Couldn't those guys out back see what a slugger he was?

'Butterfingers,' Marty jeered at Bill for letting the ball plop through his cupped hands.

Les Hillman crossed the street, heading for the back lot. He was swinging a fielder's glove. He barely nodded at Marty. He was whistling.

Marty tossed the ball up jauntily, swung and missed. He spun around, almost tumbled, braking himself with the bat. He grinned foolishly, reaching out for the ball trickling down the sloping street. Les disappeared behind the O'Donnells' house. Marty had a feeling Les was laughing at him.

Marty dropped the bat in the street and walked away. He was tired of kids. Tubby went back to knocking out grounders to Bill. Marty sat on the curb. Les Hillman. He'd beat hell out of Les Hillman.

'Guess what I just got,' Joe Briggs said, padding up behind Marty, holding something behind his back.

Marty said he didn't give a hot damn.

Joe brought out a new first baseman's mitt. The yellowish leather made a crackling sound when Joe worked his fingers in it.

'My married sister just brought it over,' Joe said, slapping the mitt, bending down to scoop up a hot grounder, then throwing the runner out at second for a neat double play. Nice work, Briggs.

'I asked her for a catcher's mitt,' Joe said, 'and this is what she got.'

'Ain't bad,' Marty said, slipping the mitt on, cupping the soft leather, banging his right fist into the hollow by the base of the thumb.

'It's better'n Jack Daugherty's, even,' Joe said.

'Yeah.'

There hadn't been a first baseman's mitt in the neighborhood since the Daughertys moved away.

'I'll break it in for you,' Marty said.

'No,' Joe said, trying to take hold of the mitt, 'I want to break it in myself.'

'Maybe you don't hear so good,' Marty said, clenching his fist in the mitt, thrusting it up like a boxing glove.

'It's my mitt, and I'm gonna break it in.'

Marty shoved him back against the trunk of the big tree.

'It ought to be broke in right,' Marty said.

II

Marty cut across the Schiffmans' yard, ducked behind the O'Donnells' house, then followed the footpath down to the narrow brick alley which separated the back-yard fences from the vacant lot. He clambered up the embankment, heading toward the crude, unmarked diamond. He wasn't striding along so cockily now.

He slapped the mitt. He stuck out his chest so hard he almost coughed. Once he got in with the older guys he'd be all set. Bert Sheehan was a good guy, Bert would take him in. Just wait till they saw how he could slug. He heard the bong of a clean base hit, the shouts from the sidelines. His mouth was so dry he couldn't whistle.

He tried to walk like that new outfielder the Yankees had found somewhere down in Texas, the one everybody called the Texas Ranger. He swung his arms loosely from his shoulders, squinting away from the sun, like the Ranger getting set for a high centre-field fly. He was taking his time. That new guy from Texas sure could hit. Marty wished

he were as tall as the Ranger. Then he'd lick the world. He'd lick Bert Sheehan.

Bert's side was in the field, Bert pitching. Les Hillman was playing first — with, Marty noticed at once, an outfielder's glove. Marty grinned to himself; he slapped the new mitt. From now on he was gonna play ball every day with the fellows. He could almost hear Bert and Mike Connors choosing up sides, Bert winning the toss, picking the first man. Marty, of course. 'Marty's on first,' Bert would say, patting him on the back.

Marty drove his right fist into the cup of the new mitt.

The batter, some big guy Marty hadn't seen before, grounded out. Les sent the ball whirling to second for a pep-up. Bert stood in the box, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Bert called out something to Jake Kassel, the short-stop. Jake nodded. Bert never had to tell anybody on the lot twice.

'How'ya, Bert?' Marty said, trying to say it like that Golden Gloves fellow that came to see Peggy Sheehan.

Bert was winding up. He didn't pay any attention to Marty. Les was grinning.

Bert's side had only two outfielders, Marty noticed. Bert could put him on first and Les in the field. Marty rubbed dirt over the mitt; it was too new-looking. He ground spit and dirt into the leather with the knuckles of his right hand. He ought to have some linseed oil.

When the teams changed sides, Marty sauntered up to Bert and, rubbing his right hand nervously over the mitt, asked if he could get in the game.

'Full up,' Bert said, pushing past Marty, nodding toward the tin water bucket. One of the kids on the sideline brought him water in a cracked coffee cup.

'You need another guy in the field,' Marty said.

Bert shook his head. He drank half

the water, poured the rest over his black hair.

'I could play first,' Marty said.

Bert, noticing the mitt for the first time, reached out his hand, and Marty gave it to him.

'Pretty nice,' Bert said, and he motioned Les over to see the new mitt.

Les tried it on, pounded it with his fist. It felt like a million dollars, a big-league feel.

'You try it out, Les,' Bert said, and they walked off, leaving Marty on the sideline with the kids.

Marty hadn't sat with the kids on the lot, just watching, for nearly three years, not since he was new to the neighborhood, a punk kid shooting marbles and playing 'run sheep run' with the girls. Maybe Bert didn't know how Marty Seacrist ran things on the street. Just ask Joe Briggs or Bill Fenster, ask anybody who ran things. Just ask.

Marty swaggered away from the kids.

Les had an old ball, broken loose at the seams. He tossed it to Marty.

'Throw me a few,' Les said. 'Want to get some of the stiffness out of the mitt.'

Marty's right hand closed over the ball, pressing down the loose flap. Bert Sheehan was swinging a bat just across from Marty, warming up. Bert said something to Les about playing deeper next time Lefty Orme came up. Les half turned to answer Bert. Marty hurled the ball at Les's legs, striking his right knee. Les staggered back, sinking to the ground, his arms wrapping around the hurt leg. Bert caught hold of Marty and slapped his cheek.

'You did that on purpose,' Bert said, gripping Marty's upper arm, shaking him like a puppy with an old shoe in its mouth.

'I did not,' Marty whined. 'He told me to throw it. He told me.'

Les stood up on his left leg, his right bent at the knee. He kneaded the soreness with his fingertips. His lips were trembling; he was trying his best not to

cry. But he hurt. He wanted to be home in his own room, in his own bed. Then he could cry and no one would know. He hurt all up and down his leg.

The older fellows closed in around Bert, Marty, and Les. The kids crept up behind the older fellows, peeking between them.

Marty shivered in the summer heat.

Bert waved his arms, moving the older fellows back until they formed a large oval, giving Marty and Les plenty of room. Bert told Marty to wait until Les could stand up straight.

'You tell him when, Les,' Bert said.

Les began to walk around the lower end of the oval, jogging the soreness out. Marty's throat was like withered raisins. It hurt him to swallow. His hands were cold and damp, like fresh fish.

'O. K. now, Les?' Bert asked, and Les nodded.

Marty hung back. Bert pushed him toward Les. Marty guarded himself against Les's first feeling jabs. Les, trying to put most of his weight on his left foot, twisted around, shielding himself with his right forearm, feinting with his half-open left fist. The crowd jeered Marty into attacking; Marty struck timorously at Les, clipping him once on the mouth. Les's teeth ripped the skin from Marty's knuckles. The older fellows kept shouting advice to Les, calling Marty names, while the kids held their breath, afraid to say anything.

The sweat and dust in Marty's panting mouth made a sticky, salty taste. His left temple was bruised, his hands raw. When Les began to close in, Marty tried to grapple with him, but Bert pried him loose. Les caught Marty's right eye. Marty yelped. Les aimed again at the eye, his fist glancing off the bone of the upper jaw. Marty bawled; he groped out for Les, hoping to lock those flailing arms in his, but he couldn't find Les. Everything was cloudy, and his head spun like a flipped coin. Les came up from the ground with a blow that made Marty yell, then dou-

ble up on the sun-cooked clay. Marty clapped both hands over his eye, whimpering.

The older fellows led Les over to the shade of the big oak tree across from third base. They brought water for his face, and Les stretched out on the bench, resting his game leg.

The kids didn't move. They stared down at Marty. Always before it had been the kids who were down, staring up at Marty. Curled up on the red-yellow clay, moaning, he looked different to the kids. He looked smaller.

III

Marty sat on the curb, shaded from the afternoon sun by the big elm. He picked bits of grayish skin from his raw knuckles. His eye was like a bruised pulse, swollen, yellow and purple, the lid shut like a drawn curtain.

Tubby and Bill Fenster went by without speaking to him.

Damn little punks.

Marty sat with his right temple resting in his cupped palm, hiding the puffy eye. The punks must have heard. Marty flung a rock at a gray-blue pigeon with brilliant sea-colored neck feathers.

The two girls were sitting across the street on the Sheehan front porch, shelling peas into an aluminum pot. Marty saw Joe's sister point at him, and then the two of them snickered. Marty spat out the word his father used to describe his brother's wife.

Joe Briggs pedaled hurriedly up from Kassel's Grocery. Injun Joe Briggs out to save the Pony Express. He had to beat the pony rider to the gulch and head him off from the bloodthirsty band of red critters waiting just over the mesa.

'Where's my glove?' Joe said, reining in his sweating horse.

Marty nodded back toward the lot.

'Let's see the eye,' Joe said. He'd heard about the fight from Tubby and Bill,

'The whole gang of 'em hopped me at once,' Marty said. 'Wouldn't fight fair.'

Joe stared down at the eye, purple and yellow like a pansy. It made him swallow hard to look at it.

'They better not come anywhere near this street,' Marty said. 'Unless they bring the whole gang.'

Joe said he was going to ride over to the lot and pick up his new mitt. The old Indian fighter bent low over the flying mane of his spotted horse, digging in his spurs while arrows whizzed past his head with a sound like angry hornets. 'We been through worse than this, Pinto,' Injun Joe murmured, and the horse galloped on across the sage. Suddenly an arrow struck Injun Joe's shoulder. His arm dropped like a heavy sack; the old frontiersman raced ahead, sagging in the saddle, half crazy with poison and pain.

Marty humped along the curb away from the tree. He opened his penknife and practised throwing it at the thick trunk. He couldn't make the blade stick in. The two girls across the street had brought out a portable phonograph. The music was sad; it whined like a hurt cat.

Tubby and Bill came back with the new boy down the street.

'Here's the new guy,' Tubby said.

Marty sneered at the little punk. Marty asked him what his name was, and he said, 'Bob.' Marty said, 'O. K.' He drew the knife back over his shoulder, aimed with narrowed eyes, then hurled it at the tree. The butt end of the knife hit the trunk. Marty motioned the new guy to go fetch the knife.

The music was got-the-blues music, crybaby music.

When the new guy came trotting back with the knife, Marty suddenly stuck out his foot and tripped him. The new guy sprawled face down in the dry, yellowed grass.

'Just don't get smart, see?' Marty said.

The girls were watching him. The Sheehan girl was winding the phonograph, and they were both watching him across the white porch railing.

The new guy got up, brushing flecks of dirt and dead grass from his pants. His elbow was skinned.

'After this,' Marty said, 'you watch your step.' He grinned. He'd made a good joke. He frowned at Tubby and Bill until they laughed, too. He stood up, his bad eye away from the new guy. 'Watch your step.' That was sure funny.

Joe rode up with his new mitt slung across the handlebars. Joe said the mitt was dirty and torn. Marty said, 'Whatta you want it for, anyway? Beanbag?' Marty told him to take it to a shoeshop and get the torn place sewed up. Joe liked the way the new guy was staring at his bike — like it was something swell.

'Just got it this morning,' Joe said. He let the new guy ring the bell, take hold of the rubber handgrips.

'It's a honey,' the new guy said.

Joe got off and let the new guy straddle the bike, getting the feel of it. The new guy kept shaking his head and saying, 'It's a honey.' Joe told him to try it out, ride around the block. But, just as the new guy started to push off with his right foot, Marty grabbed the handlebars and jerked his head back toward the sidewalk. The new guy climbed off and Marty bounced down on the leather seat.

'I told him he could ride it,' Joe said.

'Dry up, wet spot,' Marty said. He'd heard Bert Sheehan say that once to Jake Kassel.

'It's my bike and I said he could try it out.'

'Who you telling what to do?' Marty said, hopping off the bike, backing Joe across the grass on to the sidewalk.

The girls ran out in the street, shouting at Marty. The Sheehan girl caught

hold of his arm, and Joe's sister tried to kick his shins.

'You leave go of him,' the Sheehan girl said, tugging at Marty's sleeve. Marty broke away from her. 'I'll call Mr. Dugan,' the Sheehan girl threatened. Mr. Dugan was a detective. He lived next door to the Sheehans, and he got passes to all the big shows downtown.

'Joe just got out of the hospital last month,' Joe's sister said.

'Just so he won't forget again,' Marty said, ducking away from the girls, slapping Joe's face. Marty wheeled around, thrust his foot out behind the new guy, shoved and tumbled him in the stiff, wiry grass. Marty glared at Tubby and Bill. They backed away from him.

Marty climbed on the bike, resting his feet on the pedals.

The two girls took Joe home. Scarface Joe Briggs hid his face between the shoulders of his two bodyguards. The Killer was after him. 'You can't quit the rackets, Scarface,' the Killer had said. 'You know too much.'

Marty pedaled down the street on the new bike.

Scarface ducked the spray of the sub-machine gun as the Killer roared past him in his black sedan. Scarface clasped his shoulder. The Killer had winged him. Scarface's two molls dragged him into his new hideout. He staggered up the

steps, clenching his fists. He'd square things with the Killer. He'd choke him with his bare hands.

Scarface's mother told him to lie down on the sofa. She brought him a chunk of fresh gingerbread, and while he turned to his place in *Pirates in a Sea of Blood* his molls made lemonade for him.

Marty pedaled as far as the grocery store, then turned around and headed back up the street. There was no one in sight except old Mrs. Schiffman, sweeping her porch. Marty looked around for Tubby and Bill. They must be in Bill's house playing on Bill's homemade ping-pong table. Even the new guy had gone. Marty watched Mrs. Schiffman waddle back into her cottage. He shut his ears on the roar that thundered in from the back lot, the roar of a home run or a neat double play. To hell with the lot. He pedaled away from the sound of shouting; he swung around in a leisurely arc and coasted down the street. His street. Marty Seacrist's. He'd shown the new guy who ran things, and if Bert Sheehan or Les Hillman ever had the nerve to come around, he'd show them too. Marty's face had the fighting fierceness of a dictator parading down a street silent as the rubble of a shelled and beaten city. Silent, and, except for the small, huddled figure on the red and white bicycle, quite empty.

A YEAR OF IT

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

I

THE morning light on the upland is so free and cheerful that night's ambiguity is cleared. The heights stand firm, with the sea as eternity under them. I notice also that time is at work on the war. Its quiet attention to the affair is becoming visible. The raw rim of the crater where the bomb fell behind the house is already softened by sprouting thistle, ragwort, and sorrel. In the innocence of morning, the shadows of old fears — of the disquiet of that night, for instance, when for seconds out of the universal noise we heard one brute coming for us, and miss — are all but gone. Today I don't remember much about it, only that the house made an effort to go, but changed its mind. The man we really want, to remember and to tell us later what it meant, is Dante; failing him, time had better work over it, and the grass grow.

Glad of the assurance that time needs no encouragement, I went up later to see the cavity. It used to be a dead and ghastly warning, but it is being persuaded, it is beginning to agree with the landscape. Its bouldery depth is steep, but it possesses a pool now, a bright eye, so I clambered down. At the bottom the air was warm and still, the air of generation. Where the huge explosion was, life has begun. The water was tepid, and stirred with creation. A frail water spider, the first I have seen, has ventured in after the bursting steel. And in the rubble about the new pond, associated with a dance of today's gnats, were

scattered numerous fossils of the Lias — Rhynchonella, Terebratulina, and ammonite. Those shells of a sea which flowed here æons before the earth was ready for us and our goings-on, when only the dragons of the prime were active, are looking up again at the same old sun, brought out of the dark backward by the violence of a young Nazi — whose own name is lost, for he then plunged into his contemporary sea.

Take the hour and the latest news, take only what is important at the moment, and a sense of frustration amid general lunacy will get you down, if you let it. There the damned impediments to a rational existence still are, and more of them. They pile up. Where is a way out? There is no escape. The worst of war is the imprisoning monotony of it. Even in quiet interludes vigilance must be kept against the coming of you don't know what, though sea and sky are empty, and the smoke of soldiering is only that of the cooks. You feel like a fool, but it is expedient not to be one. Stoop in the garden, forgetfully, for an inspection, the day being deceitfully windless and blue, and the chill of the shadow falls from a cloudless sky. The abrupt utterance of multiple machine guns is of extreme ferocity.

I climbed out of the crater, and stood watching a flock of starlings on the turf among the cattle; birds and beasts ignored the roaring overhead of a squadron of our fighters. And I paid the less attention to the flying engines, except to

admire the close geometrical pattern of their formation. The nerve and skill of those men of the air make no concession to prudence, not an inch. I do not watch the men aloft in concern, as last year, for I have seen them in action, and know they have mastery. There is no apprehension today when they pass. We know they can do it. Yet at night, when the radio recites the day's work in war, you will find the other listeners lifting their eyes to you when, at the end of a recital of tasks accomplished, the voice falls, and adds, 'Twelve of our bombers have not returned.'

A year ago today I should have watched those aeroplanes in anxiety. The contest for possession of us had begun. We stood in the streets, in the fields, and looked up. Many invisible engines patterned the sky with a delicate lacework of white lines slowly evolving and increasing in graceful loops and spirals, all you could see of battle, and from out of it a shape would form and grow, and fall headlong flaming. A year ago, this trifling island was much too close to a continent occupied by triumphant enemies. From North Cape to Finisterre we were beset. The Atlantic was at the back of us, and that was all. Our army was rescued from France, but its guns were not; and, though you face it, destiny makes no sign. Yet I suppose destiny is not in the stars, and absolute, but is subject to will. If challenged, it must change. A year ago we were alone. Aid was out of sight, except for what went on in the clouds, and that was all but viewless, as a rule, though heard well enough. No other aid would come till too late. Yet somehow, out of the conspiratory blue, out of clandestine occasion, aid has come, as decisive as judgment.

Whence came it? Well, whence come fellowship and generosity? We see humanity's affairs displaced, and rioting to an unknown end. Appeals to what is cruel and hateful bring response that dismays reason, earth's fissures and the

dark corners of the mind erupting lies everywhere, as if the devil's runes had been read. But how miraculous also can be the defiant word! Baffled men look up. By an inadvertent sign, despair is stayed; for men do not want to die in chains. Hope may sink to a faint glim, but it will resist all blasts of the facts, a principle of undying life. In secret, its cherished point refutes midnight. Though wrongs so change a land that familiar landmarks are false, and all intercourse is heartless, here and there a clod will hide the beginning of resurrection and revolt.

I recall only now that more than a year ago, when rowboats and launches were getting the British army out of France, a wrecked land, I met nobody in London who questioned what had to be done next. The only doubt was, in a day or two, whether the French fleet was against us as well as the German army. We learn today that away from our shores it was judged we would recognize downfall, and make what terms we could with the conquerors. What else was there to do? Yet at home I never heard a word about it. Nobody saw it. Nobody could have heard of it. Barricades in the streets did not suggest it to our people. They did not even know that they were not thinking of it. There were no heroes, either, and no heroics. Men departed, without saying why, to the nearest recruiting office. Our people do not see, to this day, that it concerned anybody else when they looked out, noticed disaster as if a wet day were setting in, and went on doing whatever the job was. It was a generous word in a broadcast from London by Dorothy Thompson which drew my own attention to the curiosity. It appears that all the time we were being watched.

Is there not a deal to be said, after all, in favor of simple faith? Though it be all unconscious in the ordinary man, it can animate. It is true that our pride, or plentiful thick heads, or both, and a recollection of ships and the sea —

all that may have helped to fix an attitude to fate which had a miraculous outcome now clear for all to estimate; but that outcome was no more devised than the unpredictable ever is. Nevertheless, it is now seen that in that simple acceptance of destiny, to do the best with it, Fascism was defeated.

II

As for the distance a little candle will throw its beam, I doubt, for another thing, whether we see yet the full range of Roosevelt's counsel to 'cut out the dollar sign.' That was more than an instruction to ease the difficulties of a debtor. It has never happened before. We may be sure that sour and sterilizing comment will do its worst, for bigots we have always with us, that daft compound of ignorance, conceit, and mischief. No nation is free from them, nor ever can be, for dross in the gross is natural. Yet a new thing is certain. The head of a great state abolished with a contemptuous gesture the most gnarled and ancient of the bars to friendship. The cash nexus went. It was an instant release of power. In that revealing of unity in a cause above the claims of the countinghouse, the old jealous bickering and thwarting vanished from between two peoples. They were no longer apart; anyhow, say they are now close enough to feel the troubles of each. Sympathy had a chance to flow freely. A word did it.

The art of diplomacy hitherto has been devoted to the ancient game of crabbing. It studied to increase the odds. Its part in affairs has been a fastidious endeavor to check the vulgar circulation of life about the globe. For the advantage of human intercourse, it believed inhumanity to be highly beneficial. Now we have seen with what ease an enlightened statesman can liberate the instinctive trust and good will of his fellows. It is with relief we see it is not more dead lumber we need piled

up between us, but less. Since light is released, and we view each other better, let us make no mistake about it, as we did in 1919, nor allow our politicals to make it.

In that year a door for the deliverance of men, found not without cost and difficulty, was opened, but at once shut. It was, in fact, slammed. The echoing finality in its bang depressed us into apathy. We retired, petulant and rather abusive, each to his old national designs within the jealous bounds of privilege. The consequence of that folly is our present preoccupation. Men perish daily, and in hosts, because of it. And it would be gentlemanly not to regard death and mutilation as an historical abstraction, distant, dry, and innocuous, and no more disfiguring our own doorstep than the drainage of plague in Tibet. Blood can be seen issuing, the desolation stinks, and the cries of personal agony are heard. Do not doubt that this infection, this poison from decaying life and labor, will enter our abodes and touch our bones. The fault will spread to its origin. Each one of us is answerable, and should accept. We had forgotten that democracy means us. Each is responsible for all. Cowardice in government is our own. The wheel comes full circle; and the wages of cynical indifference is death.

Another chance for us is here, after twenty wasted years, and this time it arises in urgency out of the tumult. That means, I suppose, it is a last chance, for one can but guess the date of another is in the Ides of March. If we lose it, then we are lost; it is as well to be plain, while there is time to save ourselves. The separating ocean is this day our communication, part of a common order, kept by two ensigns with one purpose — the safety of peaceful men. That is a rational act, when it benefits everybody but evildoers. Exclusive privilege kept by guns is as spurious as plenary inspiration, but an agreed protection of commerce on international

highways is as ordinary and necessary as a policeman on patrol; and is there no reason to safeguard our inheritance of the things of the spirit? But whether it be shop or temple, or both, if our peoples are of one mind about it, then their purpose is unassailable by any conspiracy of envy. And battle is but transient.

It has been my own emotion, so I suppose other travelers have felt it, but the sight of the American emblem in strange waters has always affected me as if it were next to my own flag. Do we not know, though we grudge admitting it, that this war, with its corrosion by substantial and mental filth from Shanghai to Bordeaux, would never have begun had others been aware that American and British ships, as sure as sunup, would have orders for common action should any power hoist the skull and crossbones? Of course we know it. Then why not admit it? Is not taking care that peace be kept an object suitable for intelligent men? Predatory rulers hungry for more control do not hesitate to take it, when confident they can hold it. What is the use of friendly peoples' having a better ability if they fear to use it till the ability is lost? The truth is, except to the atrabilious, that by not doing what easily we could have done we have allowed the wilderness and pestilence to invade civilization and destroy culture over half the earth. Casuists could raise well-informed and intricate answers to that, and they will, for no man enjoys taking blame for what is bestial; but the direct minds of ploughman and mechanic, better used to observing cause and effect, will own to it that what we asked for we have.

III

What we have, what we see, is the murder of the life we knew. Let us keep the original salt in words for this. But there is far worse in it than murder. The very memory of what was good

flies in the wind with the dust that was habitations and orchards, and the desert replaces the university. Even language decays. Men fear to use the right words, so the rot in the tongue speaks with the authority of disease, and names as Order the obliteration of the humanities. I know this European reality is unbelievable, because I am a witness, and it tangles and dismays all I had supposed was established by ancient law and custom as proper to man's sight and understanding. You know how the vagaries of a portentous dream make no sense, for, though it appears to have information and logic, the thing seen is outside space and time, with implications sombre and dubious.

The sights of this war are the same. You must doze off in a London shelter on a raid night to know that we are shadows, and circumstance phantasmal. You arouse, puzzled by impossible chiaroscuro in a confined space, smelling the smell of the grave, unbending with difficulty to overcome what perhaps is rigor mortis, while hearing the blaring of Tartarus. The profile of a stranger, a kneeling girl, — when did she descend to join us? — shows dimly, and she is laughing quietly. You hear her telling someone unseen that she woke, put up her hand, and felt the earth close to her nose. Did he hear her scream? She thought she was buried alive.

A man mutters. There is a space of silence, until come another series of volcanic bursts. The grave shudders. The girl still kneels, apparently in a shroud, and she is still laughing quietly, to herself now, or else sobbing, maybe both. The bass of the man mumbles, 'Forget it.' 'I can't,' she whispers; 'I want to — can you find this pin at my throat?'

To make sure you are not underground forever, you crawl up, and out. It is not easy. There is brilliant light without, but it is intermittent, alternating with blindness, and the tortuous upward way by which you arrived

leaves you uncertain of direction. This is what used to be the open air. Here you are again. Nothing can be made of it. Uncertain lights disclose momentary shapes you do not recognize. You stand amid flashes from nowhere, as if numerous metallic doors were opening continuously to release a subterranean incandescence and were thundering back on their hinges to be at once burst open again. It is London and its guns. A red glare far away holds in one area a tier of clouds. There is a groaning out of night that increases to an overwhelming roar. You have no time to dive underground, but the bombs erupt some streets away. You thought it was your knees that shook, and do not blame yourself, but it was only the earth in repugnance.

The first sight of the scene under the sun next morning rebukes you. Then it was but a nightmare? No. It is advisable not to go into that doubt. Explore it, and you may uncover enough to perplex views that you had supposed would abide all questions. There was a shipping parish I knew, and its past, somehow, was mine. I had felt myself actual there with the adventurous days of the great trading companies, the frigates, and the clippers. I went into that place recently, having a doubt. Home and school had been there, but soon I saw I need not look for them. These my familiar ways? I was appalled. 'And the places that knew him shall know him no more.' But how if he remain, and the places not? What then? It is a reversal of the natural. Or perhaps centuries had trafficked past while I was quiet, and I was only a ghost returned to wander among the relics of a forgotten life. Here I could see that the work of mortals, and the things they love, cannot be kept by affection. The dust will have them. There must be more ghosts in London than ever now, wandering unseen and alone, seeking what they knew, but will never find.

It will not bear thinking about, not yet. Dolors must ease, and the mind

be at rest. Reconciliation takes time. Meanwhile, as a beginning, I am trying to be a forgiving man. It is necessary to forgive before we begin to think anew, and there is much to forgive. For one thing, one hard to forgive, do you see the reason why so much of Europe is ashes and shambles? The reason is simple. It has nothing to do with politics, imperialism, economic necessity, living space, nor any of the muddles which fine theories declare land us in conflict; nothing at all. It is simply because in all European communities except one there was no will to war. That is the reason. Our fault was that we were peaceable; and worse, that we let it be known. Our enemy's confidence that he could take what he wanted came not of his strength. It came of his knowledge that his neighbors were so humane that they shrank from violence. He thereupon made greater uproar with his ironmongery to shock them. He saw they were reluctant to fight. They had had enough of that — too much of it; and he invested in Europe's horror of more dead bodies.

His neighbors, for their part, persuaded themselves that it was safe to dismiss as an orgy of self-indulgence this new outbreak of German glory. It would pass with exhaustion. They hoped — therefore they believed — that those melancholic processional hordes, with banners, trumpets, and drums, meant no more than that the Germans across the road were enjoying themselves in the way Germans oddly prefer. Most of us had weakened, too, in an old faith, had all but lost it, though Thor lived on. We had forgotten that god, with the rest of divinity. Hitler knew that he and his like had caught everybody else at a juncture in human progress when we were irresolute while considering what we had better do with our earth, so vastly improved by new knowledge, yet worsened for men. While we hesitated, with more concern for welfare than for war, the Nazis

struck; their tribes erupted, and smoke was billowing from their line of march. It is hard to forgive murder and destruction made the easier through using the natural trust men have that decent instincts are shared by all.

IV

A year ago the smoke was heavy over much of Europe, and the savage rejoicing of the plunderers was all we heard out of the smother. The turn of our islands was next, and we were waiting. The great decisive battles in the sky which followed over London and its suburbs, 'from Hammersmith to Dunge-ness,' when Hitler's imperious air squadrons were showered down to further rejoicing, but not his, told everybody concerned that civility had a chance now, if honest men would take it. This they began to do, though slowly and doubting, because falsity in long use had so rotted language that life and its defilement looked much alike. The ambiguity in words and opinion had gone far to paralyze wit and good intent. Recovery of faith was slow, though old cities and their treasures continued to burn, burn with their inhabitants.

One Sunday morning last June — a deceptively calm and bright morning, in nature's ignorant way — we went to the wireless box to release the news from everywhere. We did not expect either gladness or grief; we had no expectations; a beleaguered garrison becomes hardened to all but the great shocks. The first word we heard brought us up all standing. At dawn, that day, Germany invaded Russia.

The wild surmise of Cortez was nothing to ours. What did this mean? Did Hitler know more about the Russians, to their disadvantage, than had come our way? It might be so. His malign cunning has become a legend. Either he was sure he could do it, or else he was committing suicide. We remembered falteringly that Stalin had

shown undue haste and anxiety to please the Nazis, after the Balkans and Crete were submerged. That Hitler was shooting his friends so soon after declaring, before his own people, that eternal peace was established between the Russians and the Germans was nothing whatever, not even treachery. He has no rule but lycanthropy. You might as well censure the doings of the plague on moral grounds. One thing only was clear: Hitler must have judged he could safely turn east, and leave our execution to a more convenient season.

It was as if destiny had sounded a loud trumpet. But with what purport? The tranquil Sunday morning made no other sign; only a peacock butterfly was sunning itself on the Buddleia by the window, and it vanished as someone in the room began to wonder aloud. Was another country going the way of Germany's neighbors? If it were, and all Russia's wealth from as far as Vladivostok should flow to Berlin, what then would happen to us? Did this mean war in perpetuity? An answer was not ventured. We were told only that our leader would speak to us about it that night. I did remember, as one remembers in awe the large repose of antiquity, that Russia, like China, like the Himalayas and the sea, has managed so far to survive all changes in the weather.

Now my faith in Winston Churchill as a leader in this war — it fits him perfectly, this particular war — is as old as Stonehenge. It is hereditary. But, while waiting for his message — there were many hours to wait, for I had counted them — it was impossible not to recall the evidence of an antipathy in our midst, probably invulnerable, for everything Russian, except its old literature, ballet, and a few dishes.

I have never been to Russia, and can claim no firm knowledge of it; but, perhaps because I am an old propagandist myself, I was never able to feel the fashionable antipathy for Moscow. The invasion of Finland, though it was

excused by Communists using the arguments of imperialists, was infamous; and that we see afterwards the reason why a crime was committed never justifies crime. That act was the more startling because until that year the business of the Russians had kept them indoors, strictly attentive to their own affairs; as well as we could read Stalin's ideas, one was that Naboth was welcome to his vineyard. But there remained always the Russian people, despite the spoiling of Finland, and it was easy to retain the belief that there must be wit and character of the highest order prevalent in a folk that gave us Tolstoy, Chekov, Dostoevsky, Gogol, and others of that order, and so recently. Nor does it require more than a trifling recourse to the intelligence to see that a people who from nomadism and pastoral ways jumped overnight a full century of industrial progress, measured by the Western scale, could not all be docile half-wits, requiring our pity.

Moreover, one gets to know the expert interpreters of other nations from the vehemence of their dislikes. A fairish experience has taught me that it is not unusual for an observer of a strange spectacle, however spacious and reserved it may be, to respond to little in it except the oddities which conflict with his own habits and prejudices. That is why I read the stories brought back from Russia by my contemporaries as I did the *Thousand and One Nights* when a boy; there is truth in it all.

All very well for me; but how about the august clubs in Pall Mall? And our Premier's associates? What a gorgeous mess we shall be in tonight, I thought, if prejudice has more to say of this new aspect of reality than understanding! And America? You never can tell how a full moon will affect the tides of human emotions. Fate depended, as ever, on choice. But for mankind the choice now was final. We were at the last pass; whether back to the void of old night, or to continue in reason in our adventure

towards a kingdom that might be? It depended on a word.

If we have not thanked Providence for it, let us do so now, that at nine o'clock that night of June 22, 1941, we heard a man speaking. Winston Churchill swept away all but the essentials. He called to the Russians to hold; we were with them. As we listened, we could hear the barriers fall between two estranged peoples. It was certain, before that day was out, that if Hitler could not unriddle the Russian enigma before the snows met him — and no man has done it yet — then he would join the company of great conquerors in the coldest deep of Hades.

V

It is still far from winter, as I write. The swallows are here, and the harvests are not yet gathered in. Yet, as for those Russians, if ever again I am called a bolshevik I shall not protest my innocence; I shall accept the insult as a garland. The Russians die for us without complaint. For us, I said. For you, for me. What greater sacrifice could men make? It is true they cannot help themselves, but when challenged they made the answer of free men, and it was for us also they made it.

The pattern in events is emerging. This war, we see now, transcends the defense of democratic institutions. It is above self-interest and national interest. It has no concern with frontiers. All social, economic, and political divisions, the miserable signs of personal and national ascendancy, have vanished, since it is manhood itself that is threatened. Monarchs, hierarchs, presidents, and premiers come down in it to the same choice as the nobodies. Their souls are no more valuable, and that is the simple value which must be defended or go. This challenge is to manhood. This war is the last phase of the war which began in 1914, and is for mastership or fellowship, as was prophesied long ago.

Who is for the fellowship? Whether or not our earth, when this tribulation is past, will become the place which the dreams of good men have told us it could be, at least here we are, free to make it so if we will it, and to decide whether we shall be subject to the gun, instead of keeping to the order to which men have attained, free to pursue our quest of the city not made with hands.

All the doors of the mind are open. There is no return. It is too late for regrets, reproaches, recriminations, and recourse to precedent. The past has lost

arguments, claims, and privileges. We have no power to go back. There is no authority now but the trifling voice of conscience. And what is conscience, without fealty to our neighbor? The Chinese dying in his unseen mountain, the Russian peasant on his prairie watching his home burn, are our neighbors, and to be aware of that, in full understanding that one's own body is hurt, is a release of the spirit with greater power for good than is in all the systems of politics. We have lived a century, and witnessed its events, since last autumn.

TOMBSTONE INSCRIPTION

1941

BY LEWIS THOMAS

NEVER tell the end of living things.
Never fear the long disastrous days.
Though the sands and seas be bright with blood,
Death is fallible, with careless ways.

Death comes nervously, in sudden starts,
Moves around the corner, glancing back,
Standing taut with ear against the wind,
Leaving swift but indecisive track.

Death is never sudden-all-at-once.
Death is weary. Death is never done.
Death must deal with each reluctant cell.
Cells go down in sequence, one by one.

Always anxious, always incomplete,
Always almost-finished-now is Death.
Though the world be thin, explosive stuff,
Always, on the mirror, there is breath!

'IS THIS YOUR FIRST VISIT?'

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

I

BEFORE Mrs. Roosevelt started to write 'My Day' a lecturer's life was simpler than it is now. Finding yourself alone in a strange town, you could look up an old friend and while away a lazy afternoon in talk. Or feeling tired, — yes, tired, — you could take a nap.

To a bench in the park or public square you could, weather permitting, carry a book. In a more energetic mood you could visit the zoo, browse in a bookshop or two, inspect the collection of arrowheads at the Public Library, or spend an idle hour in the local museum, art or otherwise. You could go to a movie and then saunter aimlessly up and down Main Street in the neon-light area.

But those indolent days are no more. Mrs. Roosevelt's example has brought them to an end. It is she who in her charming person has effected an Industrial Revolution in the lives of all of us who also lecture. No longer can any of us claim to have seen a town if we have encircled the Civil War monument. An interest in art is not now enough.

If we would pattern our day on hers, we too must dash from Picasso to the picket lines. We too must vary Goya with the garment workers. We too must go down to the waterfront again and rejoice that morning's at seven. We too must inspect the settlement houses, the Post Office murals, the clinics, the Federal Housing projects, and the local handicrafts.

We too must wake up — and stay

awake. And, unless we wish to be recognized for the weaklings that in comparison we are, we too must dervish through our days, interested in every living thing, even if we have to deliver our lecture from a stretcher.

If, as lecturers, even now we dare to be lazy, often people can be found who are kind enough to lead us into activity. Should we falter as we fall off the train at dawn, should our beds at the hotels call us, should sleep be on our minds during a free day or indolence beckon, these good people are prepared to steer us down the First Lady's path of virtue.

Sometimes they meet us at the station — in twos or threes. If they look tired, ten to one it is because as members of the Welcoming Committee they have not as yet recovered from that breathless, wonderful day they spent earlier in the week trying to keep up with Mrs. Roosevelt when she spoke before their forum. If we look tired when they have done their town for us, it is because they too are readers of 'My Day.' The strenuous life is something we all thus master.

As a lecturer you never know, of course, when you are going to be 'met.' This means you have to drop off the train in a fair state of order — shaved, eyes open, hair brushed, wearing a suit that was once pressed, and with a simpler of salutation on your face. When, on the platform or at the gate, you spot two or three people as sheepish in appearance as you feel, who clutch a photograph between them, and when you no-

tice that they keep looking up from this photograph to scan the features of everyone who has left the train, like Federal Agents about to pick up a bank robber, you can be fairly sure the Welcoming Committee is before you.

Needless to say, it would be easier for all concerned if lecturers wore white carnations in their lapels or carried yellow tickets. They really ought to. Because the only certain thing about lecturers is that they will never bear the slightest resemblance to the photographs — off or on the circulars — which their managers have sent ahead of them. This is the surest proof of their wisdom.

The young ones, wanting to be old as only the young do, are usually represented by scowling portraits, executed by one of those phrenologists of light who excel at making Penrod look like Von Hindenburg three days after death. The older ones, wishing to be young as only the old can, would send their baby pictures if they thought they could get away with them. Instead they forward either some misty and forgotten profile à la John Barrymore or pictures taken two weeks after their graduation.

It's all very confusing, and can lead to humiliations, as well I know. Only last winter, for example, I found myself arriving in a strange town. The train was an hour late. No one was on the platform, but at the gate I did notice three people wearing that telltale look of welcome. I smiled vaguely in their direction, the kind of smile which shows itself in the eyes but does not dare to take possession of the mouth. One by one they looked intently at me. But as there was no sign of recognition, and as once I had approached just such a group and coyly whispered, 'I am Mr. Brown,' only to have the three good people composing this group say, 'What of it? You're not H. G. Wells, are you?' I hurried on to a taxi.

At the hotel twenty minutes later there was a knock on my door. And the same three people trooped into my room.

'So you *are* Mr. Brown,' said the spokesman, smiling amiably. 'I'm sorry we missed you. We saw you at the station, but did not recognize you. You see, your circular said you were red-headed, and though we looked hard at you, we all decided you couldn't be you because your hair was so gray.'

II

Once they have recovered from their natural surprise at discovering how little you resemble your photographic self, and once they have come to understand the wisdom of the policy that makes this difference necessary, they can be charming, these good men and women who have had wished upon them the duty of inquiring, 'Is this your first visit to —?'

They love their towns, and want you to love them, too. You may be bewildered by the stone bridge which they assure you is the longest stone bridge in the world. Among the wonders of this structure is that, though seemingly so immutable, it is migratory. It crops up in city after city, galloping ahead of you, you finally suspect, like a courier. If you cease to react to it quite as breathlessly as your guides desire, it is because (though you dare not say so) any loyal citizen of Pennsylvania's capital will tell you that the longest four-track-stone-arch bridge in the world is the one that spans the Susquehanna. After much ardent research devoted to this subject, I have convinced myself — and been convinced — that Harrisburg is at any rate this bridge's point of departure.

Lover's Lane in the local park, where the state bard wrote that poem which you say you have read after one of your hosts has recited it, may not appear as romantic when you rush through it in a car with a committee of strangers as it did to the boy who used to stroll through it at twilight in those far-off days, forty years ago, before it became a highway surfaced with cement and was so broad-

ened that the sycamore bearing the heart-encircled initials of those swains had to be cut down.

Except for Huey Long's skyscraper at Baton Rouge, Nebraska's proud tower at Lincoln, and the gold-domed old structure in Boston, the state capitols may in retrospect become at times as hard to tell one from another as are the Mesdemoiselles Dionnes. Your scalp may ache as you try to keep clear the tribal distinctions of the Kiowas, the Sauks, the Onondagas, the Blackfeet, the Flatheads, the Shoshones, and the Tuscaroras. The battlefields of the French and Indian War, the Revolution, and the Civil War may merge like the Seven Cities of Troy in your itinerant mind. Your head may reel as, passing through the beautiful residential sections that fringe American cities, you try to remember who lives in the huge house behind this fence or hedge, and what it was that its owner's great-grandfather stood for when he was a defeated candidate for the Vice Presidency. State histories and local legend may at times prove more adhesive to themselves than to you, as nightly you hopscotch across state lines and daily change towns.

If city-bred, hence country-blinded, you may be surprised, when being shown through a course in animal husbandry at a Western university, to discover it has nothing to do with divorce. If you have forgotten your geology, you may, as a happily married man, be a little shocked when a respectable lady asks you without blushing if you wouldn't like to drive out to the edge of town and see a butte.

III

But you do learn. More and more you realize what a giant delusion is the self-sufficiency of those proud towers which are New York. In spite of its fascinations, Manhattan, you come to see, is no more than a man-made delta deposited at the mouth of the endless

river of enterprise and hope, of energy and defiance, which is America. It is the biggest of our towns — indeed, a huge anthology of friendly villages-within-villages brought together to make the largest and seemingly most impersonal of our cities. But, great as New York is, America is its absentee landlord. And we who proudly call Manhattan our home prove ourselves to be the greatest of all provincials when New York tempts us to forget this, as it often does.

Up, down, and around the country are millions of things to see, if your curiosity is not dormant and your energies are not drained. Jostling with the strivings of the present — with gasoline stations, hot-dog stands, hideous road signs, and tourist camps where Cupid no less than motorists can rest; with eating places doing their best to look like dining cars, grounded battleships, brown derbies, or anything but restaurants; with the shacks of shanty towns, the neglect of forgotten sections of cities now pushing into wooded suburbs, the roar and smoke of factories, or the greater competition of natural wonders of the out-of-doors — are reminders of the past. Old houses, instructive plaques, charming reconstructions, historic shrines — these are the sudden spokesmen for different days, for conflicting civilizations, forgotten issues, and those arduous battlings, inch by inch, which have made possible the way of life so many of us, in our unearned softness, now take for granted.

If these places with conjuring names from a past incredibly near are neither as numerous nor as old as the ones that beckon in Europe, it is because the greatest monument of them all is the country itself: the country and its people.

As you listen at every turn to those countless accents and vocabularies that color the voice of Uncle Sam; as each morning brings a new landscape as easily before your Pullman window as a fresh backdrop is lowered on the stage; as

elms turn into palms and palms into oranges; as wheat changes into cotton and race horses into cattle; as the snow by the Northern lakes melts in a few hours into spring in Texas; or as you leave behind you the East's cool, manicured green to cross the great muddy inland rivers and traverse the granaries, and the Rockies suddenly rise from the plains, you cannot help sensing the differences in race, class, and region of those millions who have either become or are becoming that new people, the Americans, and marveling at the miracle which is their country.

You cannot help thinking of the bent backs, the raised axes, and the sweat which every house and cleared space and humming railroad tie and car-filled highway and proof of ease represents. You cannot help being amazed at the patience and the impatience, the bravery and the sacrifices, the huge geyser-like burst of energy which, beautiful or hideous in its æsthetic results, the whole conquest of the continent stands for. And you cannot help having a fresh faith in America's new frontier, which is the future.

Above all, you are bound to wonder how all these diversities in nature and in man, in interest and tradition, were ever fused into a union or have been held there. But the more you see of the United States, the more you realize that the greatest reality of the American dream is the vague common hope which has enabled all of these people and all

of these sections to speak of themselves as 'we,' and mean it.

The Welcoming Committees do not hymn America when they meet you. They are not wrapped up in bunting. Their spirit is anything but Rotarian. They are pleasant people, delegated to do a job, who in the kindness of their hearts seek to make a stranger feel at home. They want to fill your empty hours, to have you see what you should see and should want to see.

Their hospitality does not end with history or with sights. They also want to share their houses and friends with you. So genuine and warm-hearted and amusing are most of these men and women you have met shyly at the station in the early morning that for you America soon becomes people no less than places; people you look forward to seeing again because, with reason, you have come to count them among your friends. From them you learn as much as from the places, if not more. They give you the country's temperature better than does any Gallup poll.

It is only when they are too arduous readers of 'My Day,' or when you have tried to build your yesterday on Mrs. Roosevelt's plan, that the sight above all sights you crave to see in a strange town is your hotel bedroom. It is then, and then only, that sheer exhaustion can give you the courage to say to yourself (and others), regardless of what Mrs. Roosevelt might be doing, that bed is the heaven which is your destination.

HOW A NOVELIST BEGINS

BY JULIAN GREEN

I

THERE are many things which a novelist learns by writing novels, and the pity is that this knowledge does not seem to be a transferable value; it is something that has to be acquired at a great cost and cannot be left to anyone else in a will. I have often wondered why. If I were a watchmaker and talked to people who happened to be interested in watches, I suppose that I should derive some pleasure from taking a watch to pieces, metaphorically at least, simply to show those people its inner structure, but nothing of the sort can be done in the case of a novel, because a good novel is not a piece of machinery with wheels and springs, all producing the desired effect at the right moment; a good novel is a living organism, and when you take a living organism apart and put it back together again, all you have is something dead.

Of course, some novels can be dealt with as clocks and watches. An expert critic can pick them apart, name all the intricate little bits of steel and explain their movement, then readjust all the hairlike springs and infinitesimal wheels, wind up the watch, give it a shake or two, and the watch, being constructed according to rules, behaves the way a watch is supposed to behave: it ticks, and the critic feels proud because he has made clear the secret workings of that particular watch, and the author feels proud because his watch is being noticed, and the watch runs, and the book sells, and everybody is pleased.

I believe there are infallible methods of constructing such books as the ones I have in mind in a way that will prove commercially lucrative, but I do not think that a born novelist can really be interested in these mechanical feats of ingenuity. Few novelists have been as awkward as Balzac, or Emily Brontë, or Conrad, or Marcel Proust. They proved more than once indifferent watchmakers, but this distinction can be made between their novels and, let us say, 'clever' novels: the latter emit a thin, regular, and to some ears immensely satisfactory ticking, whereas the former throb from page to page with the beating of the human heart.

A curious sound, the beating of a heart, a sound which cannot be imitated in books and which only living books can give, nor can I think of any rule for writing a living book other than 'Be alive and your book will live.' It seems to me, however, that something a little more definite can be said on the subject. About ten or fifteen years ago, a French journalist interviewed a certain number of writers and asked them the following question: 'Why do you write?' It was an impertinent question, and, like a great many impertinent questions, a very penetrating one. Dr. Johnson said on one occasion that nobody but a fool would write for anything but money. No such answer was given by any of the writers interviewed, although quite a few, I believe, might have endorsed Dr. Johnson's bold and clean-cut statement.

They thought of pleasing intellectual reasons which they dressed up in fine words, and, having successfully evaded the question, mentally mopped their brow. But the question remains, and should keep any man awake who is about to begin a novel.

Very few could give the only possible answer, which is: 'I write because I was born to write, and if I do not write I cannot live. To be sure, I can breathe and sleep and overeat like other people, but I cannot really live if pen and paper are taken away from me forever. It matters little whether I be rich or poor; I carry something in my heart which must be expressed.'

If all living authors were suddenly presented with very large sums of money by, let us say, prosperous lunatics, there would be a dearth of novels in the coming years. This, I am afraid, would be the test of many but not all spurious talents. 'Would you write if you were rich?' is a question which should turn away droves of authors from the literary pastures, but I can think of another question which should be asked the obstinate few: 'Would you write if you were alone, for instance on a desert island, with a lot of paper and all the ink you needed?' Or 'Would you write if you lived among people who could not read? Would you write if your writings were invariably jeered at?' And this last and more searching question: 'Would you write if you could never get into print?'

To write without any prospect of ever seeing one's writings in print would no doubt be as tiresome as perpetually talking to one's self for lack of anyone else to talk to. We need an audience, we need appreciation and criticism, we need a certain amount of opposition (a lot of that is given free). The welcome, warm or cold, extended to an author's first book is bound to have some kind of influence on the second book. Should the welcome be too warm, the second book stands a fair chance of being born lame or constitutionally weak. Should the re-

ception of the first book be rude and unfair, a loud, defiant second book may come into the world.

I suppose vanity is at the bottom of all this. The urge to write is very fine in itself, but the urge to write without being admired, what of that? Does it exist? We may doubt it, and yet a man can write a book simply because he feels that if he does not he will burst, and he may write it knowing very well that all the public he can ever count on having is himself; or he can write a book which will demand years of toil and burn it, like Gogol.

All of which, however, does not mean that great books have not been written for the sake of money or for the sake of admiration. Balzac produced a number of novels to pay his debts, and Racine proudly said that he wrote for fame; but Balzac would have written as much had he been a millionaire, and Racine had he been totally unsuccessful, because they had in them this driving force which produces plays, novels, and poems. On the other hand, I believe that if Balzac had been prevented from writing he would have been, as the saying goes, fit to be tied, whereas Racine under the same circumstances would have died of melancholia; but I do not think that there are many authors in this or any other country who would run the same risk, should, let us say, unhappy circumstances compel them to give up their profession.

II

A writer is not a loafer; a writer works as hard as any business man; a writer toils; a writer feels sometimes, like Carlyle, that his brain is made of mud, yet he must go on because that which is in him must be expressed. I take it for granted he has something to say and if he is not allowed to say it he is going to feel wretched; and the longer he waits, the worse it will be, so he may as well begin at once and reach for his pen.

There is something very exhilarating

about writing the first lines of a novel. They contain a promise which may or may not be fulfilled, the promise of a good book. Five or six lines more, and the promise may be broken then and there, and the author not know about it until the whole book is written. The importance of these opening sentences can hardly be overestimated. In a way, they are the nucleus of the book, and all the other sentences in the book are somehow the continuation of these initial words. Baudelaire once said that you could really begin a novel at almost any point, but that you had to begin with what he called *de très belles phrases*, very beautiful sentences. This is the point of view of a great artist who knew the importance of giving tone to a piece of writing by striking the right note at the outset. However, the real difficulty does not begin until after the opening sentences have been written, because a number of people are capable of writing two or three good sentences which may serve as a fair beginning, — although, goodness knows, it is difficult enough to write a good sentence anywhere, at any time, — but precious few are capable of following up those sentences with other sentences that will, if I may say, justify them.

So we must beware of that feeling of elation which takes possession of us as we embark on a novel, but we must bear in mind that the opening sentences of our book are those which probably stand a better chance of remaining in the reader's memory than almost any other. They are like the first glimpse we catch of a face: the face pleases or repels, and more will be found out about it later when it is more closely studied, but what catches our eye in the very first seconds is what really counts — that hasty but deep and all-informing impression will seldom be revised in its fundamentals; and if, on closing a novel which you have just finished, you remember the way it begins, it may strike you how strangely prophetic of the whole book those opening sentences were.

I can illustrate what I mean only by giving an example or two taken from famous books. One of my favorites is this: 'For a long time I used to go to bed early. Sometimes, when I had put out my candle, my eyes would close so quickly that I had not even time to say: I'm going to sleep. And half an hour later the thought that it was time to go to sleep would awaken me; I would try to put away the book which, I imagined, was still in my hands, and to blow out the light; I had been thinking all the time, while I was asleep, of what I had just been reading, but my thoughts had run into a channel of their own, until I myself seemed actually to have become the subject of the book: a church, a quartet, the rivalry between Francis I and Charles V.'

We may know nothing about Marcel Proust and never have read a page he wrote, but these opening chords warn us that we are listening to a man who has a great deal to say and is going to say it with infinite complexity, and with such a feeling for nuance and such a hatred of the obvious that we shall soon be wondering at the mysteries of everyday life. It is very characteristic of him to begin his huge work with the word *longtemps*, 'for a long time,' because in no other book that I know has time ever been so magically brought to a standstill and the duration of things treated as a sort of element which allows as much exploring as the space in a room. So here we have a man with an almost infinite quantity of time on his hands because he is ill in bed and will be ill until he dies. A certain dreaminess is induced by this condition — not a haziness of the mind, but a new and marvelous faculty to see the world from the inside, as it were, to get at the substance of things which we glance at absent-mindedly. With this man, we stand on the threshold of a strange new world, and, if you will follow him through the ten or twelve volumes of his extraordinary novel, you will realize that the whole work was, as philosophers say, *in*

fieri in the first half page of the first volume.

I should now like to quote the first sentence of a book which I should perhaps have mentioned before. It is a very plain sentence, but it is connected in my mind with early childhood memories. When I heard it for the first time, I felt a vague and indescribable longing to make up stories of my own, to write stories, to write a book. I was about nine, and the book from which this sentence was taken was a French translation of the most famous novel in the English language. It began as follows: —

‘I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull.’

What I read into this sentence, I cannot recall. Probably I was taken by the names of cities where I had never been, and also by the date, which carried one back to exciting times. Now I like the sentence for different reasons: it is bare and it rings true; it is precise with no desire to please, but rather with a wish to convince the reader of its veracity by its very artlessness. If this man is going to tell us lies — as indeed he is prepared to do during five hundred pages, because he is the most magnificent liar that ever wielded a pen — he is going to tell them in such a way as to make us stare and gape like children, for, try as we may, it is difficult to outgrow *Robinson Crusoe*.

III

To go back to our modern author who is enjoying the bliss of turning out a few pleasing sentences at the top of page 1 of his new novel, I think it may be as well for him to stop after having written ten or twelve lines, call it a day, and go to bed with the happy thought that he is perhaps embarking on a sensational best-seller, or even on a masterpiece. His troubles will begin on the following day when he rereads what he has written

and wonders how he is going to follow it up.

Being interested in technical questions of this kind, I have asked a number of novelists to tell me how they proceeded. Some of them write out, usually at considerable length, not only the plan of their book, but the detailed plan of each chapter, so that the actual writing of the novel means no more than piecing together a large quantity of notes and polishing them up in order to give them what is called style. The polishing, I may say, takes considerable time and all the talent one can afford. Most authors, however, are content with a sketchy plan which leaves more freedom to the imagination; and some authors — but very few — go nervously ahead with no idea as to what their characters are going to do and follow them as best they can until the last page is reached.

Racine, when he had written the outline of a tragedy in about a page and a half, used to say, ‘I have written my play,’ meaning, I suppose, that writing out the speeches in verse was the easier part of his task. I am quite aware that there is a large percentage of excellent authors who believe that to begin a book without first having carefully thought out the plan is, to say the least, rash and unreasonable, and I allow that it is dangerous. Should an author be too unmindful of the way in which his book is to be constructed, he might very well find himself in the plight of the Italian architect who hastily built himself a house and only when the roof was up, and each door in place, realized with a pang that he had forgotten the staircase. And yet there is much to be said for those who are averse to plans and who prefer to make up their story as they go along, not knowing what the morrow will bring or how the book may end; and here, I believe, we are reaching a very essential point in the study of the novel.

It has always been my opinion that too careful a plot can kill a book, for the simple reason that it is apt to turn the

characters into automatons; their task is to carry out a plot, whether they like it or not. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die, and they usually take their revenge by behaving like animated dolls. Some books are obviously written for the sake of the plot, and the characters are made to fit in as best they can. If the plot is an exciting one, the faulty or superficial psychology will not be noticed except by a few fussy specialists. The average detective story, for instance, stands or falls by the quality of its plot. The same is true of Dumas Père's novels: adventure is the theme of all his books, and characterization — a hasty, childish, Punch-and-Judy-like characterization — is thrown in like a dash of pepper in a ragout. To borrow one of E. M. Forster's phrases, his characters are flat instead of being round.

It seems plain enough, then, that the plot of a story should serve to express what is going on inside the characters. A plot by itself is as gratuitous as a fairy tale, and can be just as charming, but, in the last analysis, it is not the essential part of a book. To be sure, a novel without a plot is apt to be tiresome, and after all 'What is going to happen?' is a very natural question to ask one's self when reading a story, but it is a fact that the plot can dwindle to almost nothing and the story remain a good story.

The problem of thinking up a plot is one of those false problems over which much valuable time is wasted. The question is not, 'Can I invent a story worth writing?' but 'Can I create characters capable of actions worth recording?' It is not the novelist who should be the author of the plot, but the characters to which the novelist's brain has given birth. Let the novelist create characters worth creating, and the plot will take care of itself — that is, the characters will take care of the plot. The book is their book, not the author's. If they are constitutionally strong, they will try to wrest the book from each other, or, as we

say, to steal the show. Thus it happens that characters that were meant to be of secondary importance come to the fore, by sheer vitality, and remain there in spite of the author. An excellent example of this is Sarah Gamp. The other characters and the plot of *Martin Chuzzlewit* may fade somewhat from your memory and entirely disappear in time, but Sarah Gamp will ever remain among the ruins, with her bottle of gin and her strong language.

When people describe the characters in a book as the children of the author's brain, they are seldom aware of the truth hidden in this figure of speech. I have always found it a singularly apt phrase, because it seems to me that most authors treat their characters exactly as some parents treat their children — that is, they bring them into this world and expect them to obey them until they, their parents, die. It is naturally to be expected of children that they obey their parents, but if the parents live long enough, and the children grow up into men and women with ideas of their own, conflicts are bound to occur whenever parents try to enforce their views on the younger generation. As a rule, parents do not attempt this; they usually resign. Now authors are very often like unwise parents who will not realize that their children are no longer children. 'After all,' they think, 'whose characters are these? I'll make them do exactly as I say.' So they write a nice, detailed plot even before the characters are born.

But suppose the author is really talented and, instead of creating people made of paper and ink, actually creates living people, — I mean characters that breathe and have human hearts that beat and don't tick like watches, people who think thoughts of their own and want things, — something very curious is going to happen. These characters are going to obey the author for a while, until they are fully equipped mentally and physically, and then they are going to revolt and tear the plot to pieces, and

nothing more fortunate can happen to any author. They are going to live their own lives because they don't care for the destiny which has been mapped out for them.

How is this going to happen? At what point of the plot will they begin to get out of hand? Only the author and a very subtle reader could say, but it may also happen that the author himself cannot tell.

IV

I have said that nothing more fortunate could happen to an author than to see his plot taken in hand by his characters. This means that, instead of just adding another book to his list, he has actually brought living people into this world. His characters have blood in their veins, not ink. When we have turned the last page, well, the characters walk out of the book and go on living with us. I need not tell you that this happens very seldom. The very great can bring it about, sometimes, and once in a while a second-rate author does it too, just as we see a second-rate actor who night after night plays his part wretchedly and one evening — when no one is paying attention, probably — is suddenly transfigured and for a few minutes seems to own the world. This is not a trick. People call it vaguely, but not inaptly, inspiration. And what is inspiration?

We are all familiar with the stories about Gustave Flaubert's agonies when he wrote his novels, and in particular *Madame Bovary*. Just a few miles from Rouen, in an old house facing the Seine, he would sit from morning until night in front of a sheet of paper on which, sometimes, only a few lines had been painfully written. We know that, occasionally, several hours would go by without his stirring as much as a finger, absorbed as he was in a gigantic struggle for expression, or lost in a sort of inner contemplation of his characters. It took him five years to write his book, but time seems grateful to him for the long weary

months he spent on this work, which we still read with interest and emotion.

Madame Bovary, which may well outlast almost every novel written since, affords a good example of a novel constructed around a character rather than around a plot. If you reread the book and bare the plot of all nonessentials, you will see that it is an extremely simple one, so simple that it might well be summed up in two or three sentences. Of course, its very simplicity was one of the elements in the lasting success of the book, but the book was not written for the sake of success. Flaubert was too great a writer to confuse, as so many people do, success and fame; he wrote, like Racine, *pour la gloire* — that is, for the sake of fame. He knew his ability to write sentences which could not die, but he was a genius, and, like many geniuses, he fell short where writers of ordinary talent would have excelled. It is quite possible that a man of ordinary talent, had he had the idea of a plot like the plot of *Madame Bovary*, would have made a better story of it — that is, a more exciting story, a story with a more ingeniously complicated action; but it is also possible that his book would be today as dead as a Bulwer-Lytton romance. Other novels by Flaubert suffer from — or should I say benefit by — the same lack of plot inventiveness.

Is it that he lacked imagination? But who would dare say that one of the greatest novelists of all times lacked imagination? No, it means simply that his powers of imagination were directed toward creating characters rather than developing a plot. If a child had asked Gustave Flaubert to tell it a bedtime story of his own invention, I have an idea that the novelist would have had considerable trouble in pulling through the test. Yet it was this man who probably gave away the secret of all great stories when he said of his best-known character, '*Madame Bovary, c'est moi!*' — 'I, Gustave Flaubert, am Madame Bovary!'

How can such a thing be? Isn't it rather funny to think of Gustave Flaubert, with his bald head and long red moustaches, pretending that he is Madame Bovary? He was the son of a surgeon who had given him something of his own professional toughness. There was nothing maudlin about Gustave Flaubert. He was a man of violent passions and enormous appetite. What affinity could exist between this person, who prided himself on looking like a Norman pirate, and the provincial lady whose story he told so convincingly?

If you have read his letters, you know how strongly opposed he was to anything like a literary attitude, how ready to laugh at poseurs, how ferociously honest with himself and others. Words were not things to be used in vain; to Flaubert they were, in a way, sacred, each one to be weighed with almost fanatical care before it was spoken or written down; so that '*Madame Bovary, c'est moi!*' is not an utterance lightly to be ascribed to literary excitement. What he meant, presumably, was that by concentrating on his character he had succeeded in identifying himself with it.

This is a process well known to novelists who deserve that name, and also to actors whose methods are sometimes so curiously linked with the methods of novelists. We are all familiar with the story of the second-rate actor who has so often played the part of Napoleon that he finally comes to believe, or half-believe, that he is Napoleon, and carries on this tiresome impersonation in his everyday life until a home is at last provided for him by the medical authorities. But the characters that actors have to deal with are necessarily static. Napoleon on the stage knows that he must be rude to the Pope, amorous with Josephine, and that he must eventually die in a narrow bed murmuring names of battles. His business is to put life into a gray coat and a black hat, whereas the novelist who is creating a character of his own lives a sort of second life which

may be full of surprises. He is not simply animating a part; he creates with his own flesh and blood a being capable of suffering, and what happens to the character is primarily experienced by the author.

All this, I realize, is more easily described than explained. Flaubert tells us in a letter that, when writing about Emma Bovary's nervous fit, he practically had convulsions himself. To work one's self up to such a pitch requires, need I say, such enormous concentration that very few novelists are ready to face the ordeal. Most novelists are lazy, and therefore inattentive to the inner vision which they should try to call up. They do not *see* what they are writing about. They delude themselves by writing clever sentences that serve as mirrors in which they can admire their own wit, but it is impossible to read a page they have written without feeling that they never saw what they endeavor to describe. I do not mean that they never saw it in what is called real life — I mean that they did not see it whilst they were writing. In consequence what they write is a mere pretense, or, if you please, a lie; and lies are just as tiresome in books as they are in everyday life.

In the popular conception, genius is something more or less equivalent to facility; uncanny facility, as they would say now. If a man is capable of playing ten games of chess simultaneously, he is a genius. If he can paint a complete picture in thirty minutes, he is a genius, provided he sells the picture for a good price. If he can write thirty pages a day for thirty days and win a prize by doing so, he is a genius, at least for a little while. But if we read the lives of the very great we see that genius is almost always synonymous with effort, and that, more often than not, it is unaccompanied by any kind of facility.

The result of intense concentration on the part of the novelist is the bringing up of that inner vision which I mentioned before. The born novelist is a

seer, and the more he believes in what he sees, the greater he is. This leads us to a very interesting point. What truth is there in fiction? Fiction, from a certain point of view, could well pass for a series of gratuitous statements concerning people who do not exist, and I am afraid that this definition would fit a staggering majority of novels, ancient and modern. But why quibble? The truth of fiction depends largely on the accuracy of the author's observations.

So deeply convinced of this were the naturalists of the nineties that they accumulated great masses of notes before daring to begin their novels. Whenever they saw something which they thought they might use, they scribbled a few words on a slip of paper, or, if they had none, on their shirt cuffs, and that was observation number 55 concerning the way the heroine carried her sunshade or blew her nose. So, piece by piece, the portrait was made up, and the extreme accuracy of every detail persuaded the author that it was as true a portrait as could be painted. Yet we all know that, of all novels ever written, few can be more artificial than some novels of that period. This is very strange. Can it be that life is something which we are not able to photograph? Why are certain books lifeless in spite of the fact that they present a perfectly correct picture of life? Why is it that the more accurate they are, the more they seem to be telling lies? Why is it that certain novelists succeed in getting at psychological truth when they make up a story whereas they fail disastrously when they report on something they have actually witnessed?

This is a revenge of the gods. You identify fiction with lying; therefore lying — that is, inventing — will be your only means of creating something like truth. You can't empty a bagful of facts in a novel and expect them to remain true to life; they have to be transmuted into something with life in it. You can't just take a heavy portion of reality,

dump it in a book, and expect it to live: it will be as dead as something fished out of the river and put on a marble slab. Life in itself cannot be copied and imitated in books; it must be re-created. A real novelist is neither a photographer nor a dreamer indulging in idle fancies; he is a man with a strange power to substitute himself for life and to create destinies. Or, if you prefer to reverse the terms of the problem, you might say that life itself is the greatest of all novelists; we cannot successfully imitate her novels, but we can learn a great deal by studying her methods.

A very uneven novelist is life, at times a very poor one, using unnecessary repetitions, heavily insisting on obvious relationships, proudly dragging in coincidences by the hair as if to say, 'Ha! You didn't expect that, did you?' But, at other moments, what superb flashes of genius, what a way of sending you back twenty-five years in the space of a second and casting light on a whole destiny by referring to an incident which the reader had utterly forgotten! '*Quel roman que ma vie!*' said Napoleon at Saint Helena. Most of us can say as much, and if, for a moment, we try to think of ourselves as characters in a novel, we realize that the working out of our destinies is in the hands of a very great artist. The book may not always afford very good reading; I allow that much of it seems tiresome; but there are moments when a glimpse of the general plan is caught and the secret meaning of a dull chapter is brought to light.

V

Almost any writer with moderate cleverness can make up personages and endow them with speech of a kind, but it takes a little more than mere talent to convey the impression of an unseen force perpetually at work in the lives of these characters. This is a gift, and a rare one, not something that can be acquired by dint of hard work and de-

termination. It is something as gratuitously bestowed as an ear for music or an eye for color. It is akin to religious feeling. Sophocles had it to an eminent degree, and in our times Tolstoy. It is a sense of what is really permanent behind what passes, and we can only feel like school children in the presence of the great novelists who are possessed of this knowledge. We cannot imitate them, — that might be dangerous, — but we can at least try to see things from their point of view, and a glimpse may be afforded us of what we desire to know. What is genius but a knowledge of what is going on behind the stage while the play is being performed? What is a higher form of intuition but genius? This intuition cannot be acquired any more than a gift can be acquired, but surely concentration must be a step in the right direction. Intuition is not the reward of long and patient efforts to concentrate, but concentration awakens the dormant power to understand what is hidden from most human beings.

It is sometimes said, and I believe this is true, that childhood often shows traces of genius which education causes to disappear, because the object of education is to help a percentage of minds to reach a certain level, whereas some children are virtually above the average level and are, in a way, being forced down instead of being helped up. They could ascend much higher, but their innate superiority is not taken into account and they are slowly and patiently fashioned into average human beings, and by the time they are seventeen or eighteen whatever originality was in them is stamped out unless they are strong enough to fight and assert themselves. This is no fault of education. Education is made for the many, not the few.

If we study the lives of great writers from this point of view, we shall be struck by the fact that much of the child remains in the man, when the man is really great. He is so dependent on his childhood that in spite of his experience,

in spite of his technical ability to write a book and fulfill his career, he is a child. He has retained the intensity of feeling of a child, he believes in his own stories as completely as a child believes in the stories told by a grown-up, he marvels at things or is repelled by them with the same whole-heartedness as a child. This is particularly true of a man like Charles Dickens, who went through life with the soul of a boy and was able to the end to draw on the magnificent imagination of childhood.

I have often wondered what kind of books Dickens — or, for that matter, any great novelist — might have written had the memory of his childhood been completely taken away from him by some freakish accident. Very artificial books, I am afraid — books lacking in anything like spontaneity and freshness. One of the most interesting traits of childhood is that it is constantly being surprised by what it sees. There are cries of admiration and wonder on the lips of every child that is taken for a drive to some new place: he is perpetually discovering the world. So it is with great novelists. Most grown-ups can yawn at the finest landscapes, whereas a born novelist will describe a tree as if he had never seen one before and will make you share his joy. When D. H. Lawrence describes a lake in Mexico, you wonder whether you have ever looked at water before. When Conrad describes a typhoon, you feel like stopping up your ears. When Victor Hugo talks about the sea, you realize that you had hardly noticed that there was such a thing in our world as the sea. Do not be deceived: this is the vividness of childhood which has been retained by man.

VI

As a rule it is not so much what a writer puts in his novels that surprises him as what he leaves unexpressed. In a way, you might compare a novel to an iceberg: one third above sea level and two thirds in the water; one third emerg-

ing to the light, two thirds plunging, as it were, in invisible depths. I think the proportion is just about right as far as the novel is concerned. The main part forms a sort of floating mass below the surface of — well, the surface of the page.

A good novelist is a novelist who, consciously or unconsciously, chooses what he is going to say. He can't say everything, for lack of time and space, if he wants the story to move on, and what he does not say is sometimes as significant as what he does say. The very essence of his talent lies in the quality of his choice. We are endeared to certain writers by their reticences; nor do I mean by 'reticence' timidity or squeamishness. There is an exquisite sense of reticence in Stevenson, and a world of unexpressed thoughts and emotions in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, for instance. Another example, and perhaps a better one, is Henry James's *Turn of the Screw*, a book made dreadful by what lurks unsaid behind the characters, a book of sinister intimations; but of course it is impossible to suppose that such an experienced and self-conscious artist as Henry James was not aware of what he left in the dark when he wrote this appalling story. In the same way, we are bound to admit that Stevenson knew precisely what he was doing when, closing the door on Mr. Hyde, he omitted to tell us many things which curious readers might like to learn concerning that character.

To go back to our iceberg floating blindly on what a psychoanalyst might call the sea of the subconscious, I believe there are many such icebergs floating on exactly that kind of sea in the present-day literature. Some are made impressive by their size, some gleam and sparkle in the sun like diamonds, some are simply big lumps of frozen water, cold, heavy, and colorless. All, however, have this in common: much of their bulk is made up of something which we cannot see but which we know is there. What is it?

Let us try to find out. When an author writes 'Chapter I' at the top of a blank page, he is starting out on a strange and often dangerous adventure. Without knowing it always, he is going to tell us all about himself, but he feels perfectly safe because he masquerades as a dozen different people and never credits the reader with enough perspicacity to find him out. What he wishes to do or say himself, but doesn't quite dare, he makes his characters say and do in his stead. This acting by proxy gives him a great sense of freedom. At the same time, it betrays him in the eyes of those who really know how books are written. Curiously enough, an author is much more difficult to get at when he is deliberately writing about himself, because, of course, he is then on his guard. The most sincere and outspoken confession can turn out to be the most impenetrable of masks. Only when the author pretends to be someone else does he really give himself away. He is in the situation of the Emperor in Hans Andersen's tale: everybody believes that he is fully clad, and he does too, perhaps, when he is really walking through the streets stark naked.

I believe it was Montesquieu who said that no man knew how to write well unless he knew how to skip intermediate sentences, and I remember that saying each time I look at one of the 900-page novels which are turned out nowadays. Be that as it may, the main bulk of our iceberg is made up of intermediate sentences; although these sentences are not actually written out on the page, their presence must somehow be felt — that is, the book must convey the impression that the author knows more than he says. An author who tells you all he knows is a bore. For that reason I shall stop now, having given away some of the secrets of my trade, but confident that they can be of use only with the help of that magic and apparently gratuitous gift — talent.

ART IN EDUCATION

BY GEORGE BOAS

IT has frequently been observed that whereas the history, appreciation, and production of literature have been an integral part of American education for generations, the other arts have been singularly neglected. Many colleges have had courses in archæology, some have even ventured into the history of music, but to think of painting, sculpture, and architecture as necessary parts of higher education is still far from common practice.

The determination of what composes a college curriculum has little logical basis. Curricula are usually determined by historical accident. Thus in most of the Eastern liberal colleges the nucleus of the courses was composed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when education seems — whatever the reality — to have existed mainly as training for the ministry. Clergymen needed Hebrew, Latin, and Greek for reasons which are too obvious to mention; they needed logic and apologetics and ‘moral philosophy’; they needed, in other words, whatever would train them to read and interpret the truths of the Christian religion. The writer of these lines in 1909 entered a New England university where Greek and Latin were required for the Bachelor of Arts degree, where economics, political science, and sociology were all lumped into one three-term course, where one year of any natural science was sufficient for the degree, and where art was relegated to a sleep course about plaster casts of Hellenistic and Roman statues, a course taken largely

by football stars who needed a rest, and music was given by an itinerant professor who arrived from somewhere for an hour or so a week and then disappeared. But when it came to literature, we had a large department which had courses running from Anglo-Saxon to the Age of Victoria. We had courses in French and German and Italian. We had a department of history with courses considered almost as respectable as those in the department of Greek. In fact, if all the courses given in the university in any department which dealt with the past were classified as history, then fully ninety per cent of the courses sufficient and necessary for the A. B. degree were historical. But neither painting nor sculpture nor architecture was history.

There are still colleges whose curricula are as strangely unbalanced. In fact, the colleges whose purposes are clearly and intelligibly set forth and whose curricula are honestly devised to achieve them are the exceptions, not the rule. But where is the school which, recognizing that the arts are the one lasting contribution which a society can make to history, sets as part of its task their understanding and appreciation? You will find high-school girls with wrinkled foreheads trying to ferret the meaning out of *Il Penseroso* and college men turning Ovid into something more strange than ever appeared in his *Metamorphoses*, but how often do you find their teachers thinking it essential for them to understand the paintings of Rembrandt — or even to see them?

I am not attempting to argue that no man should go to his grave without having understood and appreciated the artistic masterpieces of the past. We know, of course, that there are no rules by which we can define education for all. One cannot be just educated; one must be educated in something. There are too many purposes to be achieved by men and women, for which training of a highly specialized nature is required, to permit one to describe in general terms the educated man or woman. One does not simply teach; one teaches subjects to people in different sorts of schools. The purpose of teaching German to boys in a technical school is justifiably different from that of teaching clay modeling to girls in a normal school. It is precisely the existence of those three variables — the subject, the pupil, and the school — which makes so much discussion about education and its aims profitless and abstract. Hence it would be foolish to argue that all people in all schools need training in the fine arts. At the same time it is possible and desirable to indicate what place such training should have in certain institutions.

I

All the arts seem to have had their origin in utilities. As late as the thirteenth century, the subject matter of painting and sculpture was their main *raison d'être*. These arts existed to teach a lesson. This does not mean that people did not enjoy the beauty of frescoes and miniatures and stained glass and statues; but I doubt whether it would ever have occurred to anyone to paint a fresco — or, better, to order one painted — simply for the fun of looking at its pattern. We know from the researches of the members of the Warburg Institute how even later, well into the sixteenth century, the meaning of paintings was of primary importance, and how that meaning was often so subtle and so recondite that only observers schooled in, for example, the

platonism of fifteenth-century Florence could decipher it. Many of these paintings, including some hanging in American galleries, are still unread, and many of those which have been read, such as those of Piero di Cosimo, no longer can mean much of anything except to scholars. Whether a painting be called 'Hylas and the Nymphs' or 'The Finding of Vulcan' must seem a purely academic question to most visitors to the Hartford Athenaeum, since few of them can tell the difference between Hylas and Vulcan. The best proof of this is the fact that for years everyone was satisfied to call the picture by the former title.

Whatever the primitive purpose of a work of art, history shows us that when that purpose becomes obsolete or forgotten the work of art, instead of dying a natural death, goes right along being admired (or disliked) as if nothing had happened. Nothing is commoner than the shifting of character from one thing to another, sometimes from one extreme to its opposite. We have all seen plays which were written as serious social tracts or melodramas played with great success as farces, and we have reason to believe that at least one play, *The Merchant of Venice*, changed from being a comedy to being a serious drama. But what is still more astonishing is that when a tool loses its utility it frequently takes on beauty, and instead of being thrown away as useless it is treasured as an *objet d'art*. This sounds like a naughty paradox, but if one wishes evidence that it is not let one look first at the modern living room with its candlesticks, fireplaces, and electrified oil lamps, and second at the museums with their collections of old watches, swords, suits of armor, ancient costumes, metal cooking utensils, keys, even fragments of architecture and textiles. One might without too great loss of sense define beauty as obsolete utility, and, though one would know little about its essence, one would at any rate know something of its history.

In the third place, it must never be forgotten that at no time, even during the so-called 'aesthetic' period, were the arts divorced from the rest of civilization, but on the contrary they were so intimately a part of it that they gave it its characteristic temper and color. From the Age of Pericles to the Age of Victoria, it was the artists, poets, sculptors, architects, and, when they existed, painters and musicians, who made their times and not the times which made them. If you remove Browning and Tennyson and the Pre-Raphaelites and Sir Edwin Landseer and Ruskin and the Albert Memorial and the Crystal Palace and Tenniel and their fellow artists and works of art from the middle of the nineteenth century in England, you have left the empty shell of a culture, textbooks in science and philosophy whose interest, ironically enough, is largely aesthetic. For when a scientific or philosophical theory is superseded it survives only as a work of art, as evidence not of truth but of the working of a human mind.

But what is more, one can read the science of the past more truly in the light of contemporary art than in the light of logic. For when a theory is false, and yet the work of a great mind, one is forced to wonder how so intelligent a being could have been so blind. How could Aristotle have believed that the velocity of falling bodies was a function of their weight, or Darwin have believed in the inheritance of acquired characteristics? Why did Newton spend so much time on the interpretation of the Book of Revelation and Saint Thomas uncritically accept stories of animal behavior from Plutarch and Pliny and Aelian? Why did John Locke not see the weaknesses in his theory which Berkeley was so quick to point out, and why did Berkeley assert without uneasiness what Hume immediately showed to be an inconsistency? None of these men were morons after all, in spite of some of the histories of ideas, and, if they thought as they did, it was because their thoughts made sense

to them. Unless one locates these men in the totality of their ages, one has no idea of what was taken for granted by their contemporaries and what seemed problematical, or, as it is more stylish to say, what was the intellectual climate of their times. Descartes and Poussin were almost strict contemporaries and Corneille was born when Poussin was a boy of twelve. Poussin painted his 'Parnassus' about 1635; the *Discourse on Method* appeared in 1637; the *Cid* was first played in 1636. Which of these three men determined the character of his age?

Very few artists are original thinkers in fields outside their art. If one were to go through Shakespeare looking for original thoughts, in the sense of scientific or philosophic thoughts, one would be forced to the lamentable conclusion that Bernard Shaw was right about him. But who would dream of doing so, except a man who was very naïve? The same thing is true of Michelangelo. We know enough of his mind to see that he had read his Plato and understood a good part of what he had read, but his Plato is now fossilized in his sculpture and poetry and one who wants to understand Renaissance platonism would do better to read Ficino than Michelangelo. He contributed nothing to the history of philosophy; his contributions to the history of civilization need no appraisal here.

But when one reads Shakespeare one sees beyond the glorious poetry and the drama and the insight into human mentality, the suffering and the joy, the music, the voluptuousness of the sounds, the intensity of the emotion, an age when Plutarch was still a biographer and Montaigne a philosopher. Here is the funnel through which philosophy and science were poured into the public mind, transformed into language which would never be forgotten, though the origin of its thoughts would be so lost that it would have to await some patient candidate for the Ph. D. to be found again.

When one sees the 'Last Judgment,' one sees not merely a theological statement, but that statement in a form which was to become standard for generations afterwards, though it concealed details — such as the relation of the Greek philosophers to the Evangelists — which were to be forgotten until recent times. What such artists have done for civilization is not to invent new thoughts, but to present history and philosophy and religion and even science in such form that later ages will accept them as the culture of their times. The Age of Elizabeth is largely the age of Shakespeare, for when we think of that age we think of it in Shakespeare's terms: it was an age of adventure, of personal greatness, of loyalty to sovereign, of poetic fury, of lyric strength. We can no longer think of it in any other way. So when we think of the Age of Augustus we inevitably think of it in terms of Vergil, Ovid, Horace, and the architects who rebuilt a nobler Rome for the Emperor. Augustan Rome contained statesmen, generals, economists, engineers, astrologers, and other men of science and philosophy; but when the Italian Renaissance and the first French Empire tried to revive it they revived what they thought were its architecture and its sculpture.

II

If what has been said is true — or at any rate probable — it would seem that the best reason for including the history of the arts in a college curriculum is that it is the truest cross-section of the history of civilization. The non-aesthetic activities of mankind which have meant anything to human life are preserved in them in the form in which their significance was deepest. They show us not only what was permanent in the past but also what changes the past underwent as it progressed into the present.

Let us take a single example.

All of us who have had at least the remnants of a classical education have heard

some such phrase as 'the Greek way of life.' It might have been suspected by someone at some time that after all there were a great many Greeks from the time, let us say, of Homer, to be conservative, to the time of Theocritus. These Greeks lived all over the Mediterranean, on the Greek peninsula, on the islands, in the Asiatic colonies, in southern Italy, and in northern Africa. At home they split up into four main states, according to the books, — Sparta, Corinth, Thebes, and Athens, — each of which had its own way of life and no very warm feelings for any of the others. The differences therefore were certainly as great as the similarities. But we still hear of the Greek way of life.

Some of this talk comes from those Greeks who make a contrast between Greeks and barbarians. But even they look upon other Greeks as profoundly different from themselves. Thus Plato, who had little use for barbarians, didn't think of Greeks as all of a piece; he knew that Spartans had a kind of civilization which was fundamentally different from that of Athens, and as for Aristotle, one has only to read his *Politics* to see how diverse he knew Greek cultures to be. Hence, if one asks where we derived the idea of a Greek way of life, one has to look for it among non-Greeks. If one begins such a search for the Greeks as an ideal, one finds them first in Alexandria, then in Rome, then in the Middle Ages, then in Renaissance Florence, then in classical France, then in neo-classic France and England, then in the nineteenth century everywhere. We find that the Greeks were a pastoral group of lyricists, were primitive Christians, were bestial idolaters, were great philosophers believing especially in self-knowledge and moderation, were above all sculptors of nude bodies, were graceful and very clean-looking English undergraduates, were semi-savage bipeds whose poetry was rationalized myth and whose religion was bloodthirsty ritual. Greek art has been the art of the fifth century B. C.,

the art of the Hellenistic period, the art of Roman copyists rubbed smooth by eighteenth-century restorers, the art of archaic islanders.

Every age, in short, has had its own Greeks, but — and this is what I am driving at — the Greeks of every age survive only in the arts of each age, so that from the archaizing Romans through the mediæval sculptors who put Aristotle and Pythagoras on their cathedrals, through Michelangelo and Canova and Leighton down to Paul Manship, we find a series of Greeks as *the* Greeks, and the choice they made and the types they fixed were made and fixed not through some inexplicable caprice but because numberless influences flowed into the minds of these men and others and emerged as the style of an epoch.

Similar remarks can be made about Greek architecture. It is only in recent times that archæologists have dug up enough ruins of Greek buildings to generalize about them. The rest is tradition. But when Alberti tried to revive Greek architecture, he set a type which was no more like any real Greek building than Monteverdi's *Orfeo* was like an Æschylean tragedy, and yet it became Greek architecture for several generations. I can still remember the shock I received when I first thought of comparing Greek drawings on vases with Flaxman and reread Andrew Lang after being able to read Homer. My generation was brought up with the idea of 'æsthetic' Greeks, and we got the idea from Alma-Tadema, Leighton, Moore, 'The Earthly Paradise,' 'Marius the Epicurean,' plaster casts of the Discobolus and the Parthenon frieze, Keats, Puvis de Chavannes, with overtones of Matthew Arnold and, oddly enough, Swinburne. I am sure that many a child in America thought of the Parthenon as something resembling the First National Bank in his home town, and it might not be an exaggeration to say that the architect of the First National Bank would probably have agreed.

It is easy enough to say all this, but no student will believe it until he has seen the evidence. A course in the history of art could be so devised that by means of lantern slides alone a teacher could easily untangle the various traditions which are twisted together to make our own and show their antecedents in visible form. Would that not be more impressive than a mere verbal account?

To see with one's bodily eyes the history of the human mind in all its intricacies is, however, only one reason for giving to the fine arts a more prominent place in our programs than they have usually had. Another reason is that for which we study great works of literature. One doesn't expect a student to read Shakespeare simply because Shakespeare had certain dates during which other people of importance lived. If he were just a symptom of Elizabethan England, Sir Francis Drake would do as well or any one of a score of minor poets. For one cause or another Shakespeare happened to produce plays which have continued to interest the reading public, plays in which almost every generation has found some nutriment. It is true that the nutriment found has varied from generation to generation and that each has had its favorites and its own way of appreciating them. By now at any rate Shakespeare is a poet who has become 'great' and his very greatness makes him transcend his dates. One does not have to know why Shakespeare is great to know that he is great, and if a literature is lucky enough to have writers to whom successive generations have turned for inspiration, if for nothing else, we naturally feel that our students should know them as intimately as possible.

For, by perhaps an inexplicable desire to consolidate a tradition, men turn to the past and reinvigorate it year by year. They feel the need of an historical basis for their contemporary values. Even the men who like to overthrow the accepted standards will dig about in the

past to find precedent for their new standards. Thus the French romanticists turned to Shakespeare as their predecessor and the classicists turned to Seneca. The Pre-Raphaelites turned to the pre-Renaissance painters for models to replace Raphael and his school. The Post-Impressionists turned to El Greco as a kind of early Cézanne, and now the Surrealists turn to Bosch and Arcimboldo as primitive Surrealists. So in the nineteenth century the founders of new religious sects maintained that they were going back to the Gospels. And in our own time it is not unusual to find political radicals proclaiming that their most revolutionary theories go back to the Constitution.

III

It is particularly in architecture that the æsthetic tradition of a country is most permanently fixed. Not only are buildings because of their very stuff inescapable memories of the past, confronting you on every hand, recalling to your eye the aspirations and failures of your forefathers, but there seems to be less of a tendency in architecture to experiment with new forms. One has only to think of the survival of the Gothic, even when functionally unsuitable, to see how true this is. There is, I venture to say, no functional reason why colleges should be built in the Gothic style, — particularly in America, where the first college buildings were in red brick 'colonial,' — but Gothic continues to hold such power over the builders' imagination that many people would not recognize a college if it were not Gothic or derivative of Gothic.¹ It may be weak-mindedness which does this, a lack of imagination, or a kind of superstitious reverence for what has been. But calling names does not solve problems — however persuasive it may be — and it is

¹ The first Gothic college buildings to be erected in America are usually said to be those of Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio, which was founded in 1824. — AUTHOR

probable that human beings simply like to believe that they have authority for their novelties and are merely adding to a tradition when they are innovating.

Americans who have been born and brought up in New England or parts of the South and Middle West have before them a visible record of architectural tradition. They know what the form of American architecture was at least as early as the Federal period. The churches and mansions of their villages are a frame into which they fit, a background against which their lives can be painted. These buildings are like proverbs, a kind of homely unquestioned wisdom. But when men begin to move about into scenes which are unfamiliar, against backgrounds with which they have no historical relation, they hanker for evidence that they are still at home. So a traveler going into a church finds the words of the ritual comforting by their very familiarity, as when he sees his flag in a foreign port.

In America about the only external evidence of spiritual unity, besides our language, is our architecture. This is sometimes deprecated as standardization. Apart from the fact that most nations are much more standardized in speech, costume, law, and education than Americans are, we have been, one feels at times, somewhat intimidated by this form of criticism. The standardization of our urban architecture, even when it fills no useful material purpose, has the spiritual purpose of creating an American environment in which Americans feel at home. No further justification ought to be required. That is our language, and naturally it seems barbarous to foreigners. But most of us are in the condition of children who speak English correctly without knowing any English grammar. If the fine arts were an integral part of our curricula, we should understand why our æsthetic idiom is as it is and our great builders, from the anonymous carpenters who constructed the village cottages and

churches of New England to Frank Lloyd Wright and beyond, would be looked upon as our Franklins and Emersons and Poes and Whitmans. The books of the latter group are more often than not covered with dust until a professor puts them on the list of required reading; the buildings of the former are seen and used in the daily lives of thousands.

We are, moreover, constantly complaining that our youth has no taste, that our cities are allowed to degenerate into slums, that our walls are covered with hideous reproductions of bad originals, that our magazine covers are vulgar, that our furniture is ugly, that our posters are banal — and most of this is true. But at the same time few raise the question of how a nation in which only the smallest fraction of the total population ever sees any first-rate paintings and statues or has been taught to understand the masterpieces of architecture which dot its cities, in which almost the whole body of students in the colleges can get a Bachelor's degree without ever hearing the names of men and women who have produced the masterpieces of art, could be expected to be otherwise. It has been said that our fathers talked sound English because they were brought up on the English Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*. They absorbed into their speech the best speech of the past. They did not consciously try to imitate the style of the King James Version. It became part of their spiritual substance. In the same way the village carpenter could build a house which was beautiful because he had acquired an architectural idiom which he never questioned. But young men and women who have no æsthetic idiom cannot be expected to do more than jabber like imbeciles when they are faced with a work of art. One painting is as good as another, so long as it is striking. They are no more made unhappy by ugliness than they are by bad grammar.

The pity of it is that we have an æsthetic idiom in America as we have a

linguistic one. Like all idioms, it has grown out of the experiences of many peoples, adapted from traditions which have been twisted together to form a new and perhaps more resistant rope. To some of us with European training, educated in the older universities whose faculties looked to Europe for approval, this idiom seemed provincial, a kind of æsthetic patois. But Tuscan was a patois until Dante wrote the *Divine Comedy*. Any language remains a patois until people begin speaking it without shame. There can be little doubt that most exhibitions of contemporary American painting look like collections of imitations of Cézanne, Renoir, Picasso, Salvador Dali, and the Mexicans. They differ from European paintings only in subject matter. But that is as it should be. The sedulous ape is not a peculiarly American phenomenon. Manet looks like Goya at times; Goya looks like Velasquez. Raphael in some of his pictures looks like Perugino. Even El Greco in some of his pictures looks like Tintoretto. To be sincere does not mean to be eccentric.

The weakness of American painting is not its similarity to European painting; it is its aimlessness. The sensibility of most Americans is not so developed that they will want to peer at a picture over a long stretch of time just to let its beauty sink into them. Few of us, moreover, ever stay home long enough to peer at anything. As for illustrations, our books are usually without pictures and the scene of our business life changes so rapidly that a contemporary event becomes quaint over night. The Mexicans faced a different problem: they had a population that apparently felt the need of intense images of social struggles. We get our news over the radio. We get our pictures at the movies. What purpose could a painter have, then, if he is painting pictures for no place? His purpose might be that of the poet, to clarify life for himself first of all, with the pious hope that by doing so he may be clarify-

ing it for others. But that will only happen if he speaks sincerely in the language of his people. Judged by world standards, it is unlikely that painters like Mount and Bingham would stand comparison with Daumier and Pieter Breughel. But, judged by American standards, they presented clearly a vision of American life which now seems more important to us than the allegories of Blashfield or John Alexander. We may, of course, turn away from them in the future.

IV

Twenty-five years ago it was considered singular to advocate the study of American literature in colleges. Part of this was due to snobbishness, but part to the natural feeling that one doesn't study what one knows. After all, the study of English literature was not carried on at Oxford until fairly recent times. But a normal curiosity about the literary past not only made American college students better informed about the traditional literary figures, like the New England poets, but also helped them discover less well-known figures like Melville. Nowadays it is the exception to find a professor who is skeptical about the value of teaching American literature. To advocate the study of American art, and by 'art' I mean architecture, sculpture, and painting as a minimum, will seem singular now to some readers, but there is every bit as much reason for our young men and women to be familiar with that as with literature. It is no more nor less important.

We have produced few if any poets who are read by Englishmen and Frenchmen as they read their own writers. So too we have produced very few artists whose works are known and cherished abroad. But that is irrelevant. If we were to study only the great, in the sense that *Æschylus* and *Phidias* are great, we could lump all the arts into one course and be hard put to it to make it last out a scholastic year. But I am

not advocating the imposition of a teacher's taste upon his students. To begin with, it would be futile; besides it would tell the students more about their teacher than about art. I am advocating more understanding and less judgment.

We who have lived during the last half century have seen so many systems of education rise and fall that we are a little skeptical about proposing new ones. The way to reform education is by gradual pruning and cultivation, as one reforms a tree. Even President Eliot's reform, which had unusual prestige behind it, disappeared in time. Hence I should not like to be thought of as a proposer of another educational reform. This paper is proposing an extension of the curriculum in order to satisfy a need which is expressing itself in the rise of new museums all over America, in the increased sales of books on art, in the spread of art departments in the universities, in the attention which popular magazines are giving to art. My hope is that this need has been clarified herein and that it will be satisfied in the most useful way, so that the love of art will be encouraged and that the arts will not simply open another field for pedants to devastate.

The Ph.D.'s have pretty well disgusted everyone with literature by their isolation of writers from the general current of history. They study them as a boy studies birds' eggs, by blowing out the life that is within them first. To avoid this, it is necessary that the fine arts become an integral part of education from the lower school up, and not something that you take on Fridays for an hour. But that can be accomplished only if the teachers of history and of literature include the arts as a natural part of their courses. The growing popularity of museums will to some measure make that a normal development, but meanwhile the present generation of teachers and parents would do well to become at least aware of the current of history.

FARMING FOR FUR

BY MONA GARDNER

E-g-g-s used to spell pin money for the suburban wife. Today *c-h-i-n-c-h-i-l-l-a* is the de luxe way of spelling it. Only, instead of yielding pennies for the bank on the kitchen shelf, this new farming has been known to pay for the farm itself, since two young chinchillas bring as much as \$3200 and three litters a year are not unusual.

Ten years ago, raising these exotic rodents in captivity was practically unheard of. This year something like six thousand of the lustrous, downy-furred little beasts are placidly — and economically — munching corn and alfalfa on lowland and upland farms here and there in the United States. One woman is even raising a pair in a penthouse twenty floors above New York City.

And, by these tokens, more than one mother calculates that by the time her daughter is a debutante — say in early 1955 — a flattering chinchilla coat will be in the mink price range. Today a full-length *new* chinchilla wrap costs in the neighborhood of \$60,000. Some furriers quote \$85,000, *if* and *when* they can assemble the pelts.

Chinchilla has been an 'oh-may-I-touch-it-just-once' fur only since 1918. Before that, especially back around the turn of the century, it was just another fur. Made up into chunky tippets and muffs, it was the sort of thing an indulgent uncle gave his well-bred young niece when she got to the leggy age.

But suddenly, in 1918, Peru, Chile, and Bolivia put a frantic and decisive ban on its export. High up in the snowy

Andean provinces of these three countries, where the chinchilla made its home, the tiny twenty-ounce creatures were almost extinct. And when they became extinct in the Andes they would be extinct in the world, biologists said, for chinchilla is purely the South American version of a squirrel. Its size and shape are those of a squirrel; so are its ears and eyes and tail. But the fur — well, to say it is the finest animal fibre in the world is a bald way of describing incredibly soft spider-web tendrils that spread a black veil over dawn-gray down.

Ruthless trapping had led to this near extinction. From 1895 to 1910, the pelts exported from Chile alone averaged about 300,000 annually. In 1899 these Chilean exports reached an all-time peak of 435,000. Naturally, by the time 1918 rolled around, it was taking the Indian hunters a year to bring back the bag they had formerly obtained in a week.

Meanwhile in Chile, it seems, there were numerous Englishmen engineering for English companies. After hours and on week-ends they were homesick. And, as homesick men of England will do anywhere they go on the globe, they brought a bit of England to South America. In this case it was long-legged hunters, hounds, and European red foxes, to set up the institution of fox-hunting.

What the Englishmen didn't foresee — nor did anyone else, for that matter — was that the alien vixen and her litters would like nothing so much in the way of food as a tidbit of chinchilla along about midnight. The result was that the

immigrant fox thrive and multiplied in vast numbers during the next few years, while the chinchilla disappeared, completely in some districts.

The species being raised in this country are Costinas, and the first ones were brought here in 1923 by an American mining engineer, M. F. Chapman. But it wasn't as simple as that sounds.

In the first place, it took twenty-three native trappers, working from camps 17,000 feet high, a full three years to capture eighteen of the nocturnal creatures alive. Then there was the matter of inventing a cage (since there were no models) which would approximate a rocky burrow and into which enough ice could be stuffed to maintain the chilly temperatures of the Andes.

This, it seems, was all preliminary to the matter of acclimatizing the midget animals to lower altitudes. It was done by stages — one or two thousand feet at a time, and a month, perhaps, spent at each stage. This stretched into another year before they were at sea level.

During all this time, too, there was the matter of diet — learning that the friendly but timid little creatures were entirely vegetarian and that any moisture was fatal to them. Starting out from the high reaches with eighteen chinchillas, using a great deal of ice and keeping electric fans blowing on the cage twenty-four hours a day, Mr. Chapman finally reached Los Angeles with eleven, only four of which were females.

The original farm at Inglewood, California, to which Mr. Chapman brought his chinchillas, is now chinchilla headquarters in the United States. From this mother colony breeding pairs have been purchased to set up some thirty other substantial chinchilla stock farms in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Kentucky, and New York.

Until three years ago none of the Chapman animals were killed for their pelts. They were considered too valuable as breeders. A pelt (about twelve by eight

inches) in the present market brings anywhere from \$85 to \$250. A live chinchilla sells for \$1600.

Mr. Chapman's worries weren't over, though, when he landed his odd cargo in California in February. There was a still more difficult task of acclimatization ahead in realigning the lives of the chinchillas with the calendar of the North Temperate Zone. In February the chinchillas were just putting on their heavy coat in preparation for an Andean winter. By May, when the days in California get really hot, the chinchillas were fully dressed for subzero weather.

The tiny beasts were miserable. Ice was piled in the cages. But the chinchillas continued to lose interest in eating and, what was more alarming, all interest in sex life. By the time cool weather rolled around, the little animals began to moult. Precious fur that was worth three times its weight in gold came off in large chunks. Then, instead of ice and electric fans, blankets and hot-water bottles were called in for the shivering and naked little bodies.

Somehow they got through that winter, and by the spring of 1924 there were babies frisking about the pen. No more than two inches long, they weighed about one and a half ounces apiece.

All this while Mr. Chapman was experimenting with food and houses. He knew that, despite their delicate fur, the chinchillas were extremely hardy little beasts. The Indian who had brought the first one to him had put it in an old oil can and carried it over his shoulder for seventeen days, without water and with little food, in altitudes varying from 11,000 to 17,000 feet. In other words, the animal had survived in the can which was an oven in the daytime and a refrigerator at night, in varying altitudes, and with the minimum of food.

The trial-and-error method was the one used in the early experiments. Since the chinchillas in their native habitat live on rocky ground, on cliffs and hillsides, or on high plateaus where

shrubs grow sparsely and the ground is soft enough for burrowing, it was assumed that they would do best in captivity if they were allowed to burrow. Chapman dug burrows in the California hillside. That idea was no good. The chinchillas would have none of the burrows, huddling outside them in a disturbed manner.

Exactly a dozen different kinds of houses were tried out. Only the last one proved workable, and, ironically enough, it is the simplest of the lot. It is a pen four feet by six by six, with a flooring and roof of oven-dried timber. All four sides are screened and open to the fresh air. In the centre there is a small timbered nest, with a sort of covered runway and hinged trapdoor. Apparently this is all that is needed to satisfy the chinchillas' burrowing instincts, which, after all, may have been no more than a desire for privacy.

Hitting upon a balanced diet was achieved in much the same manner as the best housing arrangements were discovered — by copious experimentation and detailed observation over a period of years. To confirm his own findings, Chapman took several pairs to St. Louis to the Ralston-Purina Company, which puts out the prepared foods largely responsible for the high standard of silver-fox and mink pelts raised in captivity.

Between Mr. Chapman and the food specialists a mixture has been worked out which seems to take care of all food requirements. This mixture includes such items as irradiated yeast, molasses, wheat germ, oat middlings, beet pulp, peanut-oil meal, brewers' dried yeast, soybean-oil meal, corn-meal germ, yellow corn meal, chopped alfalfa, bone meal, and mineralized salt.

The list sounds overwhelming for such tiny animals, but they consume no more than two ounces of the mixture a day. Supplementing it are carrots three times a week and orange juice on alternate days. Two dollars a year buys everything a chinchilla can eat.

Chinchillas are monogamists. Once mated, they remain so for life. To maintain domestic peace, each pair is housed in a separate pen. The mating season for those in captivity is not restricted to any season. Young have been born every month of the year. The mild California climate and a liberal quantity of fertility vitamin E in the diet have considerably stepped up the matings; two and three a year are usual now. Babies in a litter vary from one to four. A few quintuplets have been born, but the average is two.

The gestation period lasts 111 days, rarely longer. During this period the pregnant mother is fed some greens and lettuce, and about ten days before whelping an electric bulb encased in aluminum is turned on under the nest to provide a slight heat until a few days after the young are born. An hour after birth the one-and-a-half-ounce babies are up and doing for themselves. They are fully furred and their eyes are open, although, like their parents, they can only see things at night.

During the forty-five days the mother nurses the young, the father leaves her side only at short intervals. The babies are never left alone. When the mother goes out of the nest to the food dish, the father takes her place with the babies. Although the babies are weaned at forty-five days, the parents do not consider them mature enough to fend for themselves. For another thirty days they are tended and pampered.

At the end of this seventy-five-day period, however, the young are separated and put into pens with chinchillas from other litters. Great care is taken to prevent inbreeding, and brothers and sisters, even first cousins, are no longer placed together. Once together, the young chinchillas indulge in a considerable period of courtship, which seems to be a definite part of their scheme of things. Then, when they are anywhere from five to eight months old, they mate. Usually the first litter is born before the

female is a year old. Her bearing span is eight to ten years, and during that time she produces constantly.

Next to karakul sheep (the Persian variety now being bred so successfully on ranches in the Southwest), chinchillas are the least laborious of all stock on fur farms. They are never nervous and high-strung like the fox and the mink, nor are they subject to pulmonary diseases. Although somewhat timid, they are docile and very friendly, as easily handled as pet rabbits.

They seldom bite humans, but they are inveterate snake-killers. The snakes, lured by the prospect of what they evidently take to be fat mice, find themselves no match for the incredible speed of the chinchilla.

On all the large farms there are charts, like those outside hospital rooms, which hang on each pen. Keepers check four important points each day and make their notations accordingly. First of all, the keepers look to see whether the large ears are standing up erect and perky, as they should if all is well. Then the beady eyes tell their story: they should not be watery. The tail is the next indicator, and always curves in a bushy arch when vitality is high. Last of all, the droppings tell the state of gastro-intestinal health.

The present stock is approximately twenty-nine generations from the original Costinas brought from Chile. Each is tattooed, however, for identification and has its complete pedigree. The animals are sold with a veterinarian's certificate of health and are guaranteed to litter within six months or they are replaced with another pair, which have littered within that period, and with one of the young of this last litter.

The purchase price also entitles the new owner to bulletins on chinchilla care and forthcoming data on future experiments.

The quality of the fur raised in this country is exquisite. It far surpasses that of the wild chinchilla. One factor is

the rancher's ability to pelt when fur is at its thickest, what the furriers call No. 1 Prime. This is in February. No wild skin was ever taken in its prime because the native trappers didn't have the feet or the stomach to go up 17,000 feet after chinchilla during the fierce and bleak Andean winter. Instead, they took skins in midsummer when the fur was thinner and the hide weaker.

It has been found that the fur is not so dense on animals raised in coastal and lowland regions. Three to six months in a cold climate, however, will put on a long and lustrous coat that is more like down than fur. Since the warm Southern climates noticeably stimulate breeding activity and interfere in no way with health, chinchilla farmers are talking about a future that is not very far off, according to them, when there will be breeding farms at one altitude and pelting farms at another.

Killing is done with a monoxide gas which puts the animals to sleep quite painlessly and doesn't injure the fur in any way.

The first pelting of the captive chinchilla was done three years ago at the Chapman farm. This pelting was a little early, according to Reginald Chapman, son of the founder, but it was done to show furriers the exquisite texture of the home-grown chinchilla.

Like orchid raisers and diamond miners, the present group of chinchilla farmers have no intention of glutting the market with this precious fur. They distinctly do not anticipate a day when it will be an ordinary fur any more than the ranch-raised mink or the silver fox is. Nearly 99 per cent of the silver fox is raised in captivity, and it is not exactly cheap. Mink comes from more than a thousand mink farms about the country, and yet the price of a mink coat isn't confused with that of rabbit. So, even with chinchilla a new and flourishing industry, the chances are that you'll never get a coat of it at bargain-counter prices.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOFTEST OF TONGUES

To many things I've said the word that cheats
the lips and leaves them parted (thus:

prash-chai

which means 'good-bye') — to furnished
flats, to streets,

to milk-white letters melting in the sky;
to drab designs that habit seldom sees,
to novels interrupted by the din
of tunnels, annotated by quick trees,
abandoned with a squashed banana skin;
to a dim waiter in a dimmer town,
to cuts that healed and to a thumbless glove;
also to things of lyrical renown
perhaps more universal, such as love.

Thus life has been an endless line of land
receding endlessly. . . . And so that's that,
you say under your breath, and wave your
hand,

and then your handkerchief, and then your
hat.

To all these things I've said the fatal word,
using a tongue I had so tuned and tamed
that — like some ancient sonneteer — I heard
its echoes by posterity acclaimed.

But now thou too must go; just here we part,
softest of tongues, my true one, all my
own. . . .

And I am left to grope for heart and art
and start anew with clumsy tools of stone.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

WE GIVE ALL FOR EMPIRE

THE first faint turning of the autumn leaves
marks the beginning of my Christmas season,
not as a reminder to shop early this year if
never before, but as a hand-at-the-throat
realization that the little something should be
on its way to Hong Kong; and after that
deepest Africa, and, by the time the pin oaks
are bronze, India. Being married into one of
those large English families that feel an in-
herited allegiance to the far corners of the
earth ensures a grounding in the study of
geography and transportation, but it induces
a pre-Christmas satiation and repugnance
before early December. By the time I have

taken care of Christmas in distant corners
where it means something just to get a letter
in the mail, I can regard even little cards to
fatted friends at home as an unnecessary
elaboration, if not a downright flogging, of
the Christmas spirit.

And there is the different attitude of Eng-
lishmen and Americans towards the mails to
be considered. To me the whole postal sys-
tem is romantic and miraculous. I aim a
letter from my desk through a slot in our post
office at some swamp in Nigeria, and months
later I receive warm thanks and a cheerful
anecdote of making peace between two
warring tribes by letting them settle it with a
canoe race on the King's Birthday. I am
grateful that my letter was not wasted and
impressed by the age in which I live.

On the other hand, if I were English I
should command the post office. From my
desk, complete with little weighing machines
and an infinite assortment of stamps and
stickers, I should look up everything in ad-
vance — ships, planes, routes. Even in war-
time, when I should not know about depar-
tures, I should keep in mind the days Harry
and Michael say their runners leave the
port, and direct my letter with that in mind.
The resolution of this British attitude that
the mails are there to be used like a beauti-
fully functioning machine, even when in the
last and finest intricacies it may involve
barefoot runners over mountain passes or
paddle-wheel steamers in muddy shallows,
shows in my own mail here at Christmas
time. In the last week before Christmas,
when I am still struggling with little notes
that will now have to say 'Happy New Year'
to Cornwall, the foreign letters and packages
arrive, direct hits from China, South Africa,
and some lonely coconut palm.

Even in the usual family mails all through
the year, even in wartime, nor tide, nor
bombs, nor submarines can stay, for instance,
my mother-in-law in her regular letters to
each member of the family. Where others
take to the air and doubt how even that gets
through, my mother-in-law writes calmly on
by sea, and not once has she failed to get her
firm and friendly eighty-year-old assurance

that all goes well into our peaceful letterbox. Her letters even arrive on Mondays. Don't ask how. That is the way she is. That is the way the English are.

But this year, when, just as the first tinge of crimson in the swamp maples made me catch my breath and remember Hong Kong, a photographer telephoned, it seemed as if Providence had settled things for me. Last year I had sent everyone chocolates — a long list of addresses that had given pause to the lipstick-stained pencil of the girl who waited on me: Mahabaleshwar, Kowloon, Upanti . . . Every thank-you from England had rather defensively spoken of the abundance of food, so that there was really no need — although, of course, they had enjoyed the thought. . . . And Upanti wrote that the messenger had opened the chocolate all over the green baize desktop. And in Mahabaleshwar . . . It seemed as if an attractive picture of us all might be a solution.

The photographer arrived, and the minute he stepped over the sill I realized how wise Nature is to make us forget life's most difficult and messy moments, such as childbirth and having one's picture taken. The photographer was dapper and handsome, humorous and friendly — just the person to captivate a family group. He flung himself into an intimate man-to-man relationship with the nine-year-old John and affected to show him exactly how to take a picture, so I felt he had only himself to blame when John helpfully brought him a lot of plates which turned out to have been exposed during the last seance. The photographer had applied progressive-school methods to a child with an old-fashioned upbringing, making him feel he could be a photographer in his own right after a brief inspiration.

Tim came into the room very cautiously and set his ten-year-old face to look as nearly as possible like his father. Diana arrived with her curls and skirts crisply expectant. The photographer brightened perceptibly and announced the moment was upon us. But when I saw his first act was to stoop to cross Diana's ankles I hastened to make our position clear. I had telephoned the office, I said, and explained to them that with my husband away for two years in the war, and many relatives to remember, I wanted just a picture of us all as we were, not a work of art. I said I liked uncrossed ankles and people simply sitting about as themselves.

The photographer looked as if he had met me before and won, so he knew it would not take long now, but it was a nuisance.

'Parallel lines,' he said softly. 'You can't have parallel lines . . . just two straight legs. The ankles should be crossed, but —'

He arranged the small black patent-leather slippers in what used to be called the first dancing position, or maybe the second — anyway, only the Frog Footman looks well in it.

I said I *liked* straight legs. He sighed, threw all legs to the winds, and took a fresh tack. He gathered us all by the fireplace, which was full of ashes left for the rose bed and the winter's fire base, but no fire. I pointed this out, and he said they would paint a fire on top of the ashes. I was not reassured. When I found him ushering me into a big chair with a boy behind and beside and Diana trying to share the seat of the chair with me I spoke again. A pyramid of mother love with everyone trying to read one book at the same time before a painted fire would, I promised him, be merely wasting everyone's time. I suggested letting us sit in a simple line — a row. He was very near to tears, and so was I. A row, he tried to tell me, is not a composition. It is worse than parallel legs. He could never go back to the office with parallel legs and everyone in a row. . . .

Obviously they had sent me the wrong man for my purpose, and his career was at stake. One could see there was a rule for each combination: a mother and baby in an oval, mother and two in a triangle, and mother and three in a pyramid. I wondered what he would do with more, and considered getting rid of him at once by insisting our golden retriever be worked into the picture, but the thought of Christmas all in one click stayed me.

We all tried, straining in our pyramid. The boys stood and leaned and stretched, and Diana and I looked here and there and let little smiles flicker on command. We were all miserable. Then, with one final snap of the fingers and a ringing laugh, the last plate was exposed to us, and in a twinkling the children were off upstairs, and the perspiring artist was drinking ginger ale. We parted politely but with no hope in either heart.

A week later the proofs arrived, all pyramids. In every one John's left cheek bulged over an all-day sucker. He confirmed my guess and was terribly surprised to find that his secret actually showed. He had certainly kept it hidden from all but the camera. We

had to send the proofs back and speak of another meeting, perhaps in time for Easter in Africa, but in the meantime I lined the children up myself, parallel legs and all, and sent off the results with pride.

I. LEIGHTON

THE ARMY WIFE

THERE is no career, except that of a minister's wife, in which a woman can be more of a help, or a detriment, to her husband than that of an army wife. She lives practically at his place of business and sees his associates daily, and, if she is a shirk or a gossip, she is known as such throughout the service. Her reputation begins at her first post and sticks to her as closely as her skin until she dies. I have known several able officers to be ruined by malicious, gossipy wives.

The three little monkeys — See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil — should be accompanied by a fourth: Feel No Evil, the key to all the others. It is impossible to live kindly with your neighbors unless you feel kindly toward them. I have told my daughters that there are only two sorts of women in the army, of one of whom it is said, 'Mrs. A. is coming to the post. I *know* her,' and of the other, 'Mrs. B. is coming to the post. I *know* her.'

Army women are drawn from two sources: girls born and reared in the army, who are supposed to know their stuff, and girls recruited from civil life. Owing to the present emergency, these last now far outnumber those brought up in the army tradition, yet that tradition is still so strong that they are shaping up into army wives as quickly and proudly as their husbands shape up into uniform. All over the United States today women who have never washed a dish or been a hundred miles from home are making homes for their husbands wherever they can unpack a suitcase, and pretending it is fun. During the past year I have met at least a thousand such and have yet to hear a complaint from one of them.

Many years ago I myself was a recruit from civil life. I came from a family of seven, so devoted to one another that my mother used to accuse us of behaving at parties like birds on a telegraph wire. I must have been a very outgoing young person, for her advice to me when I married was 'Remember, you are

going among strangers. Be friends with everyone, but confide in no one.' I took this seriously. One morning, when I had been several months at my first post, the doorbell rang. I was wearing a dress from my trousseau which no longer met around the middle, so I threw on a shawl and went to the door. My caller was the oldest lady on the post, who came in, sat down, and said, 'My dear, the ladies of Fort Sheridan have asked me to call on you, as they are very much concerned about you. We have decided you are going to have a baby, and, since you have not confided in anyone, we wonder if you know it.'

Army life is very like the Gulf Stream, which, made of the same watery element as the ocean through which it runs, has no boundaries; yet its temperature and its tempo keep it distinct and separate. It is not only a different color from the rest of the ocean; it supports entirely different fish. Army officers are highly educated professional men who are content to get along with little of this world's goods so that they may live the life they love; and the women who join up must be of the same sort to be successful and happy, for the lines that prescribe our lives are as definite as the boundaries of the Gulf Stream. An officer must be well dressed; that is part of his job. I know officers' wives who not only make their own clothes but make their husbands' uniform shirts and breeches as well as any tailor; and that is not because the men have married tailoresses, but because they have chosen women who are good at anything they put their hands to.

It is an interesting thing to notice that in this common life of ours, in which we move about from post to post (I have been married thirty-one years and had nineteen major moves), we still preserve our local differences within our families, carrying our background with us as a turtle packs its shell. In any army post, if you go into a row of houses exactly alike on the outside, you will find the Boston people using the broad *a* and eating fishballs on Sunday morning, while the family from Mississippi next door eat hot bread twice a day in the atmosphere of the Deep South. We are all fish in the great common life of the Gulf Stream, but the dolphins are always dolphins and the amber jacks are amber jacks no matter how Uncle Sam moves us about. This is because each family unit is a home in a much more con-

centrated sense than the same family would be in a neighborhood where one had grown up and had all the relatives to fall back on. Wherever we go, whatever background we have goes with us. We must be homemakers in our own right without benefit of our families, and usually with only the sketchiest of local talent as help in the kitchen.

When my daughter was about to be married, I found on her desk a huge blank book labeled 'Mother's Thoughts on Marriage.' Heavens! What had I said, and what pearls had she culled unknown to me? I opened it. Across the first page was a single entry in her tiny writing: 'To see if he is fresh, look in the fish's eye, but feel under the chicken's arm.' The rest of the book was blank. I wrote under it, 'Recipe for a successful marriage: The army travels on its stomach,' and tucked it in a trunk where she would find it when she reached her first station after her honeymoon.

When I joined the army, the thing that impressed me most about the older women was their gayety. According to my ideas, they led terribly serious lives, many of them doing their own work and pinching and scraping to help with the life insurance, the savings account, and to meet the Commissary bill, which must always be settled by the tenth of the month. And the way they figured when they decided to give a party! Coming from a family in very comfortable circumstances, I felt that their lives were pretty hard. There didn't appear to be a great deal in their past, either, to make them so debonair. One woman had lived through a cholera epidemic in the Philippine Islands. Another told me, as if she were telling a story about a perfect stranger, how she once sat on the stern of a tugboat in the Yalu River watching the corpses float past and wondering whether she could identify her husband's. Gradually I came to realize what they were doing. These wives of the Old Army were inoculating me little by little with the store of courage which is the legacy of every army woman and which we hand on from one generation to the next.

I joined the army in 1910 — the piping times of peace. But the older women knew. Before my first child was born I had seen my husband's bedding roll at the front door, ready to leave if the regiment went to Mexico. Since then I have seen him off to two wars. He has led troops in battle, been gravely wounded, and been decorated for extraordi-

nary heroism. Now I belong to the older generation of army women who preach, 'Be happy today; who knows what tomorrow may hold?'

There is one branch of the service whose wives face this lesson every day: the Air Corps. I should like to take you to an Air Corps party. It is half-past four in the afternoon, and the room sounds like a barnyard. A sudden hush falls: the planes are coming in. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . The women count them as one counts the beat of a beloved pulse . . . not missing . . . not missing. . . . O. K., everybody! Once more he is coming home safe. I take my hat off to the Air Corps women who do not break under the strain.

This is the army undercurrent — the thing that colors all our lives. We are reminded of it throughout our waking hours by the uniforms, the drills, and most of all by the bugle calls: Reveille, when the junior officers' wives get up to cook the junior officers' breakfast; Mess Call, at twelve o'clock, when our husbands come home to lunch; Retreat, when the flag is hauled down and folded for the night, while the children at play on the parade ground stand at attention in imitation of their fathers; and last of all, at eleven o'clock, Taps, the soldier's good-night. We have heard it at West Point when the lights in Cadet Barracks blink out; our sweetheart's light is there somewhere . . . one day we may be watching our son's light go out in that same window. We hear it filtering through the band music at the hop . . . time to run home and pick up the baby! And Taps is the call that is played over every soldier's grave, the last good-night.

The bugle calls regulate our lives. We set our watches by them, but they do not sound for us. There will be no Taps at the army wife's funeral.

In my part of the country, domineering women are called captains. To be a successful army wife, the only captains must be the men. And what men they are — a band of hereditary patriots.

A friend of mine who was engaged to an army officer was urged not to marry him, as her informant assured her that, in her rôle of army wife, she would merely be the tail of the kite. She asked her fiancé if this was true. He answered with another question: 'How high can a kite soar without its tail?'

BEATRICE AYER PATTON

THE DOCTORS MAYO

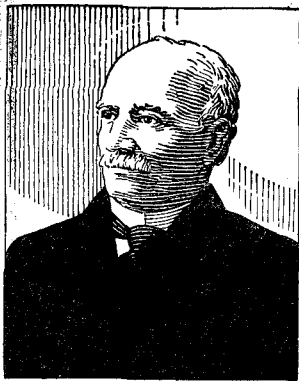
TEAMWORK IN MEDICINE

BY *Helen Clapesattle*



THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

CHAPTERS XXI-XXX



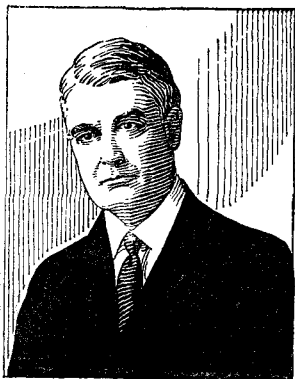
DOCTOR MAYO
(Father)

THE DOCTORS MAYO

TEAMWORK IN MEDICINE

BY

Helen Clapesattle



DOCTOR WILL



DOCTOR CHARLIE

THE *Atlantic* counts itself fortunate to be able to publish *The Doctors Mayo*, by Helen Clapesattle. That this great American story would be told sometime was inevitable, but in strict conformity to medical ethics neither the Doctors Mayo nor any of their staff were willing to undertake it during the lifetime of the Mayo brothers. Eventually the source material was turned over to Miss Clapesattle, a trained historian and editor of the University of Minnesota Press. After five years' work she has produced a definitive biography that will take its place on the shelf of American achievement.

In the opening chapters the reader learns that there were three Doctors Mayo — William Worrall Mayo and his two famous sons. The father was born on the outskirts of Manchester, England, in 1819. He passed his impressionable years in the little town of Salford, then in the tumult of the Industrial Revolution, and what he there learned made him a defender of the underdog. He studied chemistry under John Dalton, worked for a time in the hospitals of Glasgow, and then emigrated to America in his twenty-sixth year, keen to acquire his medical degree and try his luck on the frontier. While his wife, Louisa, ran a millinery shop in St. Paul, 'the little doctor' explored the Indian country for an ideal home. The couple settled in Rochester in the 1860's, and there the two sons were brought up.

The two boys were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming. They drove out in their father's buggy or cutter, watched his diagnosis, applied the anæsthetic in the farmhouse operations, and from their father's books and table talk learned the firm truths of a pioneer in surgery. 'It never occurred to us that we could be anything else but doctors,' Will Mayo insisted again and again. Will completed his medical studies at the University of Michigan, Charlie at Northwestern, and almost before the town knew it the boys were back home and practising in double harness. Legends about the skill and integrity of the three Mayos began to circulate in Minnesota, but not until a tornado swept through Rochester, leaving some forty people wounded or dying in the Convent of the Sisters of St. Francis, did it occur to the Doctors Mayo or their townsfolk that a hospital was needed in their town. . . .

THE DOCTORS MAYO

BY HELEN CLAPESATTLE

XXI

It is not surprising that old Dr. Mayo did not at once enthusiastically agree to the idea of a hospital in Rochester; he may well have thought Mother Alfred a visionary to propose such a thing. Hospitals ranked low in public favor then. Maintained for the indigent by a government agency, by some charitable foundation, or by a medical college for the purpose of providing material for clinical teaching, they were usually grim and gloomy places in which care was intermittent and sometimes entirely lacking. When trained nurses were few, the hospital could in no wise match the personal attention and interest of good home nursing. Then too the records of even the best hospitals in the days before antisepsis fostered the general impression that one did not go to a hospital to get well, but simply to die. Not long since, surgeons themselves, in reporting their mortality rates, had asked allowances for 'the disadvantages of a hospital atmosphere.'

What hospitals there were in Minnesota in 1883 were concentrated in the Twin Cities and were not of a sort to attract paying patients. There was not a hospital worthy of the name, even by that day's standards, in the whole expanse of southern or western Minnesota — nor beyond in Dakota, although two or three Sisters of St. Benedict were offering care to the sick in a few hotel rooms in Bismarck.

As it turned out, that very fact provided a large tributary area from which a Rochester hospital could draw its

patients, but this possibility seems not to have occurred to Dr. Mayo. Considering only the immediate vicinity, he thought building a hospital in so small a town was a very risky venture — as of course it was.

For nearly four years the hospital remained just an idea, but it was not forgotten. It could not be. The tornado had scarred the mind of Rochester, and for years afterward every approaching storm raised the awful fear of another catastrophe. Frightened women made their husbands dig cyclone cellars and hurried their families into them every time the wind rose, and such recurring alarms kept alive the thought that it would be well to have a hospital before nature struck again.

Meanwhile by hard work and frugal living the Sisters of St. Francis were accumulating funds. Every cent the missions could save was sent to the Motherhouse, and to send more the Sisters encouraged donations of food and clothing and took in extra work for pay, spending their scant leisure in giving music lessons or crocheting and embroidering linens to be sold. Thus, by constant labor and stint, was the building fund for St. Mary's Hospital raised.

At last there was money enough to proceed, and Dr. Mayo chose the site, nine acres just west of the city limits on Zumbro Street. Mother Alfred approved the choice, and in November 1887 the purchase of the property was concluded, the sisterhood paying \$2200 in cash for it.

Now it was time for Dr. Mayo to

present his plans for the building; the hospital must be the best and most modern that the means allowed. He and his sons pooled their knowledge of hospitals elsewhere and found that it was not enough, for they had observed more of surgical technique than of hospital construction or management. So the Old Doctor and Dr. Will made a special tour of Eastern hospitals to study such matters as floor plans, lighting arrangements, and administrative organization.

XXII

St. Mary's Hospital of Rochester, Minnesota, was on its way, but that way promised to be rough.

According to a policy repeatedly announced, the hospital was open to all sick persons regardless of their color, sex, financial status, or professed religion. It was neither solely a charity asylum nor exclusively a nursing home for the wealthy. Persons of all classes were to be received and given the same care. The accommodation of paying and charity cases in the same institution was an innovation in hospital management.

Finally, there was no intention of reserving the facilities of the hospital for the patients of the Mayos. True, it had been understood from the beginning that Dr. W. W. Mayo was to be in charge and he and his sons had planned the building and supervised its construction, but that was no cause for surprise. Though the Mayos were not Catholics, they had long worked closely with the priests and the Sisters. Dr. Mayo was to be merely the 'physician in charge,' however. Neither he nor Mother Alfred had any thought of excluding other doctors from St. Mary's Hospital. In all public announcements it was made clear that a patient could choose any doctor he wished, and that the hospital doors were 'open to all physicians who wish to put their patients in the institution.'

But when Dr. Mayo tried to organize

a staff he met with evasions and refusals. Although the men he approached were personally friendly to him and collectively welcomed the hospital, individually they refused to join in a venture that seemed already doomed — doomed because religious fanaticism was breeding antagonism to it.

Increasing immigration was causing a resurgence of nativism in the United States, especially in the Middle West. The American Protective Association, successor to the Know-Nothings, forerunner of the Ku Klux Klan, and the most rabid anti-Catholic movement in the history of the nation, had been organized at Clinton, Iowa, in 1887 and had spread into the states immediately to the north and east. Seeing the bogeyman of papal imperialism behind the door of every Catholic home and institution, the A. P. A., as it was popularly known, fanned Protestant and nationalist bigotry to a flame by forged documentary evidence of Catholic plans and falsified reports of Catholic strength in American politics.

The A. P. A. was strong in Minnesota, particularly in Minneapolis and Duluth. Its existence in Rochester is nowhere evident in the local newspapers, but its being a secret society may account for that. The Mayos remembered that it was present and ascribed much of the early opposition to St. Mary's Hospital to its influence. Ardent Protestants would have none of an institution that was managed by black-robed nuns and in which there was a chapel set aside for the exercises of popery, and they viewed with suspicion the alliance of the Drs. Mayo with the Sisters of St. Francis.

The Mayos now had on their hands the whole responsibility for the success of the hospital, and that without the support of a united community. To make matters still worse, they did not have the full support of the Sisters of St. Francis either.

Mother Alfred was a woman of unusual intelligence, courage, and vision,

and perhaps for that very reason she may sometimes have been highhanded in her plans for the sisterhood. For the most part the Sisters backed her decisions loyally, but the hard work and meagre living exacted by the hospital venture frayed some tempers. A few of the Sisters considered this departure from their teaching mission, especially now that its success was in doubt, a sign of advancing age and lessening wisdom in their Mother Superior. They complained bitterly to Archbishop Ireland, and finally he retired Mother Alfred as Mother Superior in the late summer of 1889.

After staying on at the Motherhouse long enough to help her successor get a firm hold on the reins, Mother Alfred went to take personal charge of St. Mary's Hospital on November 5, 1889. She knew, though, that she could not hope to guide the destinies of this creature of hers for long, and before she resigned control of the congregation she arranged for the transfer to the hospital of a young Sister whose remarkable abilities were already manifest to her discerning eye. Sister Joseph, the Mary Dempsey of Rochester who had taken the habit in 1878, was recalled from her teaching at the mission in Ashland, Kentucky, to take up nursing duties at St. Mary's Hospital on November 19, 1889. And a lucky day that was for St. Mary's Hospital.

Dr. W. W. Mayo was now seventy years old. He was still alert, enthusiastic, and full of energy, and it was he in large measure who still commanded the confidence of patients. But the responsibility for success in the new enterprise must rest upon the shoulders of the two younger Mayos. The father became consulting physician and surgeon, and they the attending staff. Dr. Will had proved himself extraordinarily capable in private practice, and Dr. Charlie, though little more than a year out of medical school, was already showing surgical ability equal to his brother's.

But both were entirely without experience in hospital management and practice; neither of them had served an internship. 'We were a green crew and we knew it,' was Dr. Will's way of putting it.

The little band of Sisters — four at first, then joined by Sister Joseph within a few weeks — were as untried as the doctors, and they were not at all prepared in either disposition or training for hospital service. An insight into what these sheltered, sensitive women had to overcome is afforded by the story of Sister Joseph's first major contact with the necessities of nursing. She was asked to assist at the examination of a male patient whose ailment required that his entire body be uncovered for observation. While one of the doctors and Edith Graham (employed by the Mayos to assist them in their office practice) worked with him, the young Sister stood off in the corner, her back turned, quivering with outrage and shame. As she left the room when the task was done she protested vehemently to Miss Graham that she could never do such work, that she would ask Mother Matilda to send her back to teaching at once. But she did stay on, and quickly learned the lesson that the needs of human suffering transcend the dictates of modesty.

To inexperience was added the further handicap of inadequate equipment. Either because the building had exhausted the accumulated funds or because the opposition within the sisterhood prevented further expenditure on the hospital, it opened with the most meagre furnishings.

The Mayos equipped the operating room, crudely at first, but well enough to serve their immediate needs. The responsibility for furnishing the wards and private rooms was the Sisters', and they were hard put to it to find the bare necessities. The eight persons admitted in the first week exhausted the number of beds set aside for patients, and the Sisters had to give up their own to make

room for more. After that at bedtime they dragged out some extra mattresses and made up their sleeping accommodations on the floor.

There was virtually no furniture except beds, not a commode or a dresser in the hospital except one heavy black walnut piece sent over from the convent. Since there was as yet no gas to fuel the pretty fixtures, the Sisters carried lanterns to light their way through the hospital at night and hung one on a tree outside to guide the doctors or any others coming to the hospital after dark. An elevator shaft had been constructed through the centre of the building, but there was no elevator in it and no guards around it, so until a wooden railing could be built to enclose the opening on each floor Sisters came from the convent at night to sit on guard at the gaping holes. There was a dumb-waiter from the kitchen to the upper floors, but half the time it would not work and the Sisters had to carry the trays of food up and down on foot.

The location of the hospital was more inconvenient than Mother Alfred had supposed it would be. Visitors and patients with no conveyance of their own often had to trudge the mile from town on the footpath alongside the road. The Sisters walked into town each day to do their marketing, usually after supper, and they carried their own parcels home, for Rochester had no free delivery service yet. It had no telephone system, either, and if it was suddenly necessary to call the doctors one of the Sisters had to leave her work and carry the message on foot to the Mayo office or home.

After the first few weeks the Sisters took over all the nursing as well as the housekeeping tasks. Since the Mayos had merely loaned Miss Graham's services to the hospital to get the work started, she taught the Sisters the rudiments of their new duties in informal little classes, and then gradually shifted the care of the patients into their hands.

Her own work as far as the hospital was concerned came to be the giving of anæsthetics. The Drs. Mayo saw no reason why an intelligent nurse could not be an able anæsthetist, and, since Miss Graham had not learned the art in nursing school, Dr. W. W. Mayo undertook to teach her how to administer chloroform. She learned the trick all right, but she was still so young that nervous patients did not trust her, so to calm their fears the Old Doctor continued to stand by her side while she gave the anæsthetic.

When a critical case needed special care at night the Sisters took turns at staying up to give it, remaining on duty throughout the next day too, since there were not enough of them for one to be spared in the daytime. A period of two days and the intervening night was not an unusual shift on duty. For the first three years there was no male orderly on St. Mary's staff, and the Mayo brothers added to their heavy practice the responsibility of nursing the male patients who needed special attention. They took turns on night duty, depending on the alarm clock to arouse them from the sleep they dared not entirely forgo.

Under such conditions the local editor might well think it worthy of awe that in a succession of four hundred admissions to St. Mary's Hospital there were but two deaths. The dauntless Sisters deserve a goodly share of the credit; they helped to make a success of what might for all the surgeons' skill have been a failure — by unceasing toil, by determination to make good, by willingness to offer whatever sacrifice the task demanded. And also by the inspiration of their faith, no doubt, for to their labors they added prayer. Often, while they worked, lighted candles in their chapel kept vigil for them. When a critical operation had to be done they sent word to the convent for prayers, and many a rosary was said to bless the surgeon's work while he was operating. The Drs. Mayo did not share the Sisters' faith,

but they did not scorn it. One time when Dr. Will was leaving a seemingly hopeless case he said to Sister Joseph, 'I know she can't live, but you burn the candles and I'll pay for them.' And — so the story reads — the patient lived.

XXIII

By the close of 1889, sixty-two persons had been served by St. Mary's, in 1890 there were three hundred more, and by the close of 1893 the grand total had passed a thousand.

To the great satisfaction of the Drs. Mayo, the institution was paying its own way. When they saw the entire responsibility was to be theirs, they determined that the hospital must be self-supporting. There was good reason to believe that the sisterhood would not be willing to make up a deficit should there be one, and the Mayos did not wish to rely on public contributions. They even asked the Sisters not to set out the usual little mite boxes for gifts to the poor. They wanted the hospital to earn the money for its own charity, as they did, and to this end they adopted the policy of telling their patients to pay the Sisters' bill first and theirs for professional services second.

The hospital rates were eminently reasonable, at least by present-day standards: one dollar a day or six dollars a week for ward beds, and from eight to ten dollars a week for private rooms. The receipts for the first eleven months were about \$1100, and by thrifty corner-cutting on expenses that sum was made to yield a surplus, which grew larger year by year and financed all improvements.

One of the first uses to which extra money was put was to make the rooms pleasant. Good beds and bedclothing were bought, then rocking chairs, dressers, pictures, and mirrors. Daintier dishes and silverware were purchased for the dinner trays. In 1891 the Mayos imported from Berlin a complete set of glazed enamelware operating-room equipment,

which they donated to the hospital. That same year the Sisters secured permission from the city fathers to set up telephone poles along Zumbro Street from the Mayo offices to the hospital, and Dr. Charlie installed the telephone with the aid of a mechanically-minded neighbor boy. He and the same boy also installed the doctors' Christmas gift to the hospital, an electric annunciator by which the patients could summon the nurses when they were needed. The amateur electricians got some of the wires crossed, and at times 'the bells would start ringing and would not stop; so the Sisters got to carrying shears around with them. If a bell kept on ringing, swsshsh!! would go the wires, and next morning Dr. Charlie would have to resurrect the whole system again.'

In that year, too, the shaft was finally fitted with an elevator. The kindhearted Sisters fed a good many tramps in their kitchen, and among these one day was a traveled hobo who described to them a hydraulic elevator he had seen in Paris. Dr. Charlie decided to copy it for the hospital. With the aid of a plumber friend he excavated the necessary depth at the bottom of the shaft and screwed into the hole length after length of pipe, so as to form a sort of syringe. When the water was turned into this contrivance it pushed the elevator upward. But the thrifty Dr. Charlie could not bear to see the water wasted after each trip, so he ran a pipe up along one corner of the shaft into a tank on the roof. Then as the elevator descended it pumped the water up into the tank, from which it was piped into the toilets.

Just one thing was wrong with this elevator; it could be operated only from within the car, and it was sure to be standing at some other level when it was wanted. Once when Dr. Will was injured in an accident and was lame for a few weeks, it was necessary for him to use the elevator to get around in the hospital, and one of the Sisters kept

watch for his coming every morning so she could 'go after the elevator for him.'

As the number of patients mounted, more help was a necessity, and the number of nursing Sisters was increased to eleven, but that was still too few for the work to be done. When requests for more assistance were not granted by the Mother Superior, Sister Hyacinth in desperation tried the distrusted practice of hiring lay help. She drove into Rochester and searched out two likely girls to work as maids at a wage of six dollars a month.

The success of the hospital and its ability to support itself seemingly quieted the opposition within the sisterhood. At no time, even in the first months, did a decline in the number of patients provide an occasion for suggesting that the institution be closed, so its continued existence came to be taken for granted.

The noisy Protestant minority subsided too, and for the moment all was serene. Friends of the hospital sponsored a public ball for its benefit and cleared some \$70 for its coffers, the Olmsted County commissioners adopted the practice of making a small annual appropriation to the hospital to pay for the care of the county's wards, and the three Masonic lodges in Rochester chipped together to pay \$150 a year to maintain a free bed at St. Mary's for the use of their members — all pleasant signs that Rochester citizens were forgetting their distrust and suspicion.

Others less pleasant appeared. Some of the townspeople began to show a tendency to use St. Mary's as a pest-house upon which to dump the heavy and dangerous care of infectious diseases. And gradually some of the Rochester doctors, now that it seemed quite safe, began to use the hospital facilities for their patients; unfortunately they still seemed to regard the hospital as a last resort and so failed to recommend, or at least to persuade their patients to accept, hospitalization until the patient was at death's door. The mortality rate

of St. Mary's Hospital began to rise, just slightly, but enough to alarm the Sisters of St. Francis and no doubt the Mayos too, for they could appreciate how a continuance of this would menace the reputation of the hospital. At last the Sisters took a bold step. They ruled that no patient should be admitted to St. Mary's Hospital until he had been examined by one of the Drs. Mayo.

Though the purpose of that ruling was merely to make sure that the privileges of the hospital were not abused, the effect of it was to close the hospital to all but the Mayos and those doctors who were willing to call them in consultation or refer cases to them.

One who was not so willing was Dr. W. A. Allen, their homeopathic rival. He was intelligent enough to see what an advantage the facilities of St. Mary's Hospital were giving these competitors of his and he was human enough to be jealous. Was there any reason why he could not have a hospital too? There were no other Sisters of St. Francis to provide it, so he would provide it himself.

In the spring of 1892, Dr. Charles T. Granger graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College, passed the state examinations with distinction, and came back to Rochester to begin practice in partnership with the busy Dr. Allen, and the following fall the partners announced that they were about to open a second hospital in Rochester. They rented a large house on the east side of town, remodeled it thoroughly to suit hospital needs, and engaged a matron and a trained nurse from St. Paul to manage it. In November the Riverside Hospital began to receive patients. The newspapers welcomed the new institution heartily because they saw in it more evidence of Rochester's preëminent position as a medical centre.

The opening of the Riverside Hospital had no noticeable effect on the patronage of St. Mary's, which had by now entirely outgrown its original capac-

ity and was showing symptoms of dangerous overcrowding. After much discussion, and with the encouragement of Bishop Cotter, the Sisters of St. Francis began building an addition.

And then the American Protective Association came to life again. A new wave of nativist sentiment swept through the country, reflecting faithfully the peak that immigration had reached in 1892. Feeling spread wide enough and rose high enough to put a number of A. P. A. candidates into office in the election of 1894 on a platform that had few planks not directly or indirectly aimed against Catholic institutions or policies. In this phase the tension was greatly increased by bitter controversy within the Catholic Church itself, part of which revolved around the famous Faribault plan for merging public and parochial schools. That plan, of which Archbishop Ireland was the foremost sponsor, had been initiated in Faribault, Minnesota, and copied in a few other communities of the state, including Rochester. It drew the fire of Protestants and Catholics alike and provided ammunition for the A. P. A. guns.

As a result of all the turmoil, local Protestants renewed their vociferous opposition to St. Mary's Hospital and pointed to the rival Riverside as an institution that Protestants and patriots could enter without doing outrage to their convictions by furthering an agency of the hated and alien Catholic Church. At this juncture two important members of the Presbyterian Church fell ill, they were taken to the Riverside Hospital, and the Drs. Mayo were called to attend them.

It was a weighty decision the Mayos had to make when that call came in. To refuse it would more or less formally cement their alliance with the Catholic St. Mary's; to accept it would doubtless lead to the division of their practice between the two hospitals, for if they showed a willingness to serve patients at either institution many would prob-

ably choose the non-Catholic hospital. And, after all, why should the Drs. Mayo not so divide their practice? It was customary for physicians in Eastern cities to hold appointments and attend patients at several hospitals.

But the Mayos were wise enough to see the advantages of centralizing their practice in one hospital under one staff — particularly a hospital and staff they controlled. The Riverside, small in capacity and in staff and so recently improvised from a dwelling, could not possibly offer the facilities or the quality of nursing care they had developed to their own taste at St. Mary's.

Moreover, the Mayos felt a strong moral obligation to the Sisters of St. Francis, who had just lately decided to put all their eggs in the Mayo basket and were even now adding to their investment. To divert a share, perhaps in time the larger share, of their practice to another hospital seemed wrong, a poor return for loyalty and confidence. Finally, the Mayos were not men inclined to knuckle under to public clamor or the pressure of opposition. They refused to attend patients or to operate in the Riverside Hospital.

At the time the decision brought them censure and criticism aplenty. One enraged pastor abused them publicly from his pulpit, calling them servants of the Catholics and accusing them of forgetting their sworn duty to the sick. Ostentatiously a section of the community took up the cause of the Riverside. Some thirty women, at the instigation of one of the Protestant ministers, organized a Riverside Hospital Aid Society and met to sew and quilt, gave benefit socials, and made plans to endow a bed for the poor. Given generous publicity in the press, these activities made a great stir.

Through it all, the Mayos went quietly on their way, ignoring alike the attacks made on them and the noisy support given to their rivals.

For more than two years the Riverside Hospital prospered, and then suddenly

an astonishing announcement appeared in the Rochester paper:—

Doctor Allen has been a resident and practising physician in this city for many years, and has built up a lucrative practice. He has been eminently successful in his profession, and stands among the best physicians in the west. His practice of late has become too great for him, and he cannot give it all the attention that he feels he should, and for that reason he has concluded to drop it entirely and remove to St. Paul, where he will do office work only, acting as a consulting physician. . . .

A fortnight later, on September 27, 1895, the paper announced that, owing to Dr. Allen's removal to St. Paul, the Riverside Hospital had been closed. That marked the end of opposition and local competition for St. Mary's Hospital.

The result, pregnant with consequences, was to give the Mayo brothers a monopoly of the *only* hospital facilities in existence throughout a wide area and the *best* in a still wider one.

XXIV

With all the more determination because of their remoteness from the centres of activity, the Mayo brothers kept eagerly abreast of developments. The pages of the medical journals bristled with theories and suggestions, and the Mayos read them all diligently and intelligently, with sound judgment sifting the wheat from the inevitable pile of chaff. They attended medical conventions regularly.

Reading and hearing were good, but seeing was better. Whenever the brothers learned of any new operation that sounded promising, one of them set out at the earliest opportunity to see it on the spot, study it in the hands of its originator, discover the hard-luck side of it that the man in his enthusiasm might have forgotten to report, and, if it proved good, master it for use in Rochester.

They early established the habit of an

annual 'brain-dusting,' and kept down the cobwebs of routine by going each year, Dr. Will usually in the fall and Dr. Charlie in the spring, to spend a month or more in intensive observation of the work of other surgeons. They went to learn the operations they had need of in their own practice. With care they selected the best man in the field they wanted to develop and made it their urgent business to learn his methods thoroughly. They were determined to do their work as well as it could be done at the time.

They were fortunate in being two, and at first three. One of them could always get away for the necessary length of time without seriously disrupting their practice. The two brothers had entire confidence in each other's ability and judgment. Neither hesitated to leave the other in charge at home, and each passed on to the other the things he had learned while away. They took turns at traveling, sometimes so closely on each other's heels that the trains they rode would pass in the night and at the midway station to Chicago their thoughts would cross: There comes Will. There goes Charlie.

New York drew the brothers first. Dr. Will returned to the Polyclinic in the fall of 1888 and again in 1889. Henry B. Sands was gone now, but Arpad Gerster was still an outstanding leader, and the Mayos attended his clinic often. More and more, though, they turned to a group of younger men: Charles McBurney, Frank Hartley, Robert Abbe, William T. Bull, and Robert F. Weir. These men had learned the radical operations introduced by the Germans and were using them, often against the vigorous protests of their older colleagues.

From them the Mayos picked up many a new operative procedure: for instance, from McBurney his own method of removing a gallstone impacted in one of the bile ducts, from Robert Abbe his ingenious 'string-saw' operation for

dilating strictures of the esophagus, from Robert Weir the symptoms and surgical treatment for perforating ulcer of the stomach and duodenum.

Dr. Will spent many hours on successive visits in the clinics of William T. Bull, trying to penetrate the secret of his extraordinary surgical judgment, that essential but apparently unteachable sense that tells a surgeon 'when to go in and when to get out.' Bull was in charge of the emergency service at the Chambers Street Hospital in a crowded neighborhood of lower New York, a haunt of the underworld. He had to deal with so many stabbing and shooting cases that he was finally able to perform the first successful repair of a gunshot wound in the intestines — which another celebrated surgeon of the day said was a misfortune, because it would lead others to attempt the same operation, with disastrous results.

One of the famous, or notorious, feuds of this vital period was between the conservative New Yorkers and Joseph Price of Philadelphia. Price was introducing into the United States the radical ideas and procedures of the English titan, Lawson Tait, and was reporting such amazing success in abdominal operations, one hundred in a series without a single death, that the diehards simply refused to believe him.

When Dr. Will began to venture beyond ovariectomy in abdominal surgery, he was dissatisfied with his results. His death rate was too high, — about 17 per cent, as he later remembered it, — so he decided to see Joseph Price on his next trip.

The Mayo brothers were already aware of one of the principal weaknesses of their profession, and more than once they acted on the advice that Dr. Will later gave to his young associates: 'When you hear that a certain celebrated surgeon is a liar, and that you are not to believe what he says, go to see him. Find out whether the trouble is his goodness or his badness. Sometimes a

good man is cussed more vigorously than he would be if he were bad.'

'I had heard that Price was a liar,' said Dr. Will. 'I had heard of his being fired from a certain medical organization, and then getting his friends together and getting back in. So I went to see him.'

That was in September 1890, and it was Dr. Will's first visit to Philadelphia. With some difficulty he found his way to Price's hospital, called 'the Tenement House School of Surgery' because it was located in a double tenement that abutted so closely on the Reading Railroad tracks there was scarcely room to walk between the rails and the house.

Price was out of town when Dr. Will arrived. A second and a third time he returned, but Price was still away. Then on the fourth morning, as Dr. Will sat waiting in the bare little reception room, the door opened with a rush and a small man with graying hair and beard bounced in.

Seeing the visitor, he snapped, 'Who are you? What do you want?'

'I am Dr. Mayo from Rochester, Minnesota. I want to see Dr. Price.'

'I'm Dr. Price. What do you want?'

'I want to see you operate.'

'Sorry. There are more people around here now than I can bother with.' And Price turned abruptly away, not looking in the least sorry.

With him had come Dr. Lewis McMurry of Louisville, Kentucky, another prominent surgeon of the day. Winking at Dr. Will, he touched Price on the shoulder and spoke a few words to him. Price turned back. 'How long have you been here?'

'Four days,' said Will.

'Whom have you seen?'

'No one,' he answered; then, shrewdly sizing up his man, 'I have been waiting to see you, but I shall go on to New York this morning.'

'Don't do that. You won't learn anything there. Come on in.'

The room to which he led Dr. Will was

meagrely furnished. For an operating table there was only a wide board laid across two sawhorses, with a zinc wash-tub underneath and a small copper sterilizer near by. A splint-bottomed chair for the surgeon's use in vaginal operations completed the equipment.

Price's methods were just as simple. With a small handful of instruments — one knife, one pair of straight scissors, a few straight needles, and half a dozen hæmostats to control bleeding vessels — he performed beautifully the most difficult and complicated operations. Every movement of his hands was quick and precise. Following Tait, he did not spray or irrigate with antiseptics, but he kept himself and his instruments scrupulously clean and preceded each operation with a thorough scrubbing of his hands, face, and beard. And he was outspoken in his scorn of any surgeon visiting his clinic who did not keep his hands and linen clean. His simple methods, considering the results he got with them, were a good counterweight to the growing tendency toward an arsenal of cutlery and an elaborate antiseptic ritual that often missed the essential points entirely.

For three weeks Dr. Will watched Price at work, taking particular note of the Philadelphian's special field, the surgery of the uterus, ovaries, and fallopian tubes. Then he went home and in a few months reduced his own mortality rate in such operations to 5 per cent. For several years thereafter he spent a week or two each year with Price, and soon Dr. Charlie was doing likewise. The three men became fast friends.

Price's hospital, makeshift though it was, was his own, and he would not have it otherwise. He had begun his practice with a service at the Philadelphia Dispensary, where he became familiar with the lives and ills of a wretched people, the offscourings of a smug, corrupt, and badly governed city. To these poor souls he was tender and kind, often scraping his thin purse to its bottom in order to send some Negro mammy to

the country to recuperate from an operation he had performed without charge.

Unfortunately Joseph Price had the fault common to so many great surgeons, an overmastering jealousy of any neighbor who showed signs of becoming too good. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, who was working with Price when the Mayos first made his acquaintance, was one of those who earned Price's bitter enmity by his evidently exceptional ability.

Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie came to know several men who had that fault to an extreme degree, and a few who did not have it at all. That they were among the latter group was fundamental in the creation of the Mayo Clinic. 'No man is big enough to be independent of others' was the most pregnant precept the Old Doctor gave his sons.

XXV

Among the Chicago men who contributed to the Mayos' surgical education the first place belongs without question to Christian Fenger, who by common consent is called the father of modern surgery in the West — strangely so at first glance, for he was not a good operator. Dr. Will once said that, much as he revered Fenger, he always felt toward a patient entering his operating room as one would toward a friendly little dog coming into an experimental laboratory: 'You poor devil.'

Week after week for several years Dr. Will or Dr. Charlie, turnabout, made the journey to Chicago on Wednesday night in order to attend Fenger's clinic on Thursday, and afterward, if time allowed, to join the smaller circle in his autopsy room. Sometimes they stayed over to meet with the little band of students Fenger entertained in his home every Thursday night, discussing medical literature and reminiscing over a stein of beer about his experiences in the clinics of Vienna, Heidelberg, and Berlin. Such a day with Fenger, they found, stored their minds with pabulum for a week

or two's chewing. 'He gave me more mental indigestion than any man I ever knew,' said Dr. Will.

Fenger was a native of Copenhagen and a finished product of the Danish and German schools of medicine. These northern European schools of medicine had the early defects of their qualities, however. In their intense interest in the study of *disease* they had lost sight of the *patient*. Understanding the processes and the course of illness was their objective, and they were frankly skeptical of the power of medicine to relieve suffering. Their meticulous work would mean the discovery of remedial agents for the future, but that was small consolation for the patient of the present.

Fenger was tainted with this therapeutic nihilism. He did not intentionally disregard the individual patient in his pursuit of accurate knowledge about disease, and he did not teach that to recognize and classify diseases was more important than to heal them. But his interest, beyond his power to control it, lay in diagnosis more than in treatment, and in devising therapeutic measures more than in applying them successfully to the individual patient.

On one occasion, when Dr. Will was present, Fenger made a brilliant diagnosis of a fibroid tumor of the brain and operated to remove it. While he was closing the wound the patient died.

'Dr. Fenger, the patient is dead,' said the anaesthetist quietly. There was no answer.

Again, more clearly, 'Dr. Fenger, the patient is dead.' Still not a word. Carefully the surgeon sewed up the incision and as carefully wound the bandages around it. Then he said softly, 'You damned fool, to die just as you were cured.'

For Fenger every operation was in essence a dissection, so that he stayed in the wound longer than most surgeons, longer sometimes than was safe, in order to learn pathologic facts from the living body. For the benefit of the watching

clinic he would sketch on the blackboard the surgical anatomy and pathology of the parts he was to work on, and then with knife in hand he would explain and discuss them, forgetting the patient waiting under anaesthesia.

Fenger's emphasis on exact diagnosis was salutary for young American practitioners so long as they did not carry it too far. Doctors crowded around Fenger's post-mortem table in the morgue of the Cook County Hospital and his operating table in the Passavant Memorial Hospital. Men who in their own theatres wielded the knife more dexterously than he came to learn from him the meaning of things they saw in the body but did not understand, or looked at but did not see. He was the acknowledged master of physicians like Frank Billings, pathologists like Ludvig Hektoen, and surgeons like Nicholas Senn, Albert J. Ochsner, John B. Murphy, and the Mayo brothers.

In the group around Fenger the Mayos made the acquaintance of Ochsner and Murphy. William Mayo was attracted to Albert Ochsner at their first meeting and deliberately sought his acquaintance. The friendship ripened into what was probably the closest personal relationship Will Mayo ever had outside his family circle. 'My elder brother, guide, philosopher, and friend,' he called Ochsner, and many of his later journeys to medical centres were made in Ochsner's company. Neither man being jealous of his knowledge, the two shared their opinions and discoveries, each criticizing the other and helping to test and prove his theories before they were published to the profession at large.

Ochsner was the older by three years. He had taken a bachelor of arts degree at the University of Wisconsin before graduating in medicine from Rush Medical College in 1886, and had later spent nearly two years studying surgery and pathology with the masters in Germany. Always a surgeon rather than a scientist, he nonetheless was at home in the lab-

oratory to a degree unusual among practising surgeons.

There was nothing of the exhibitionist in him. He shunned the spectacular and refused to be daring in surgery merely for the sake of a good performance. He is seldom named among the outstandingly original surgeons of his generation, perhaps, as Dr. Mayo always contended, because he was so far ahead of his time and wasted so little energy in establishing his claims to priority that his name is not associated with many of his greatest contributions.

Ochsner was a sincerely simple and kindly man. With his quiet voice, low collar, and white bow tie he could have passed for a Lutheran pastor. His modesty amazed men who had less of it, and they marveled at the reputation and influence he gained in professional circles solely by virtue of an ability too great to be hidden and an unmistakable strength of character. He was quiet and unaggressive until questions of professional integrity and ethics arose. Then he was uncompromising and would not be silenced.

If Ochsner filled his canvas with pastel shades, John B. Murphy splashed his with vivid color. A mercurial, red-bearded Irishman, Murphy was truly the 'stormy petrel of surgery.' His achievements were always spectacular; they invited reporting, and he frequently made page one of the newspapers. And how his brethren of lesser stature hated him for that! They called him a liar, said he stole his ideas and his patients, and accused him of deliberately courting publicity by histrionics.

No one could claim that John B. Murphy ever tried to screen his light; no one could deny that he was ambitious, that he dramatized everything he did, and that he played best to the grandstand. But the records do not substantiate the charges hurled at him; they were born of jealousy and nourished by envy. Murphy's crime was the posses-

sion of an incredibly quick and brilliant mind.

When the Mayos first met him, he was waging a dramatic fight to make the nation, doctors and laymen alike, conscious of appendicitis and its dangers. The Chicago profession had got his dander up when they brushed aside his plea for early surgery in that disease and suspiciously asked where he got all the appendicitis cases he was reporting. So he was out to show 'the old fossils' he was right, and they were not taking kindly to his demonstration.

Then came the battle over the Murphy button, a mechanical device Murphy invented for quickly and effectively uniting two parts of the intestinal tract — the stomach or the gall bladder with the duodenum, for instance.

In April of 1893, Dr. Charlie and his father visited Murphy's clinic and for the first time saw an operation performed with the button. Impressed, Dr. Charlie took one of the gadgets home, showed it to Dr. Will, and explained how it worked. Only a few days later the use of that button saved the life of a patient the brothers must otherwise have lost, and that was the beginning of a long and highly important service which the Murphy button rendered in the Mayos' progress in surgery.

There can be little doubt that Murphy's device cleared the way for advance in intestinal, gall-bladder, and stomach surgery. Even the bitter opposition to it helped, for those who criticized it were moved to find something better to take its place. Eventually successful methods of suturing were developed and the button was superseded. But meanwhile it served an immensely useful purpose.

The Mayos' admiration for John B. Murphy was unbounded and unceasing. They gave him a boost whenever they could and defended him stoutly against his critics. They considered him the greatest surgeon of the Northwest

and one of the greatest of his generation anywhere. 'As far as one could go he could walk with Murphy' was the elder brother's eloquent tribute.

XXVI

In 1894 Dr. Will Mayo elected Baltimore for his annual period of study. He had been reading Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine* and, like everyone else, had found it surpassingly good. He had probably seen some of the issues of the *Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin*, stimulating from the first in its reports of original research. And he had heard enough of the strange ways at the new institution to whet his curiosity.

Reaching the hospital early one morning, he found it as quiet as the streets outside, and for a time he wandered alone through the reception rooms. Suddenly a light, quick step behind him made him turn to face a man with dark eyes, dark complexion, and drooping moustaches, who asked briskly but kindly, 'Well, what would you like to see?'

'I'm a young doctor from the West and I have heard so much about this hospital that I should like to visit it, if I am not in the way.'

'Not at all. Come with me. I am Dr. Osler.'

After showing the young man where to hang his hat and coat, Osler led the way to the wards and introduced the visitor to his assistants. Then they went to work, blithely but intently, Dr. Will with the rest.

The thorough study given to each patient that morning made a strong impression on the young man from Rochester, especially the use Osler made of scientific procedures in diagnosis. The microscope was in constant use at the bedside, and Dr. Will saw two blood pictures of disease that he could recall vividly some forty years later.

The clinical laboratory was a small one without any attendant in charge

and so in an indescribable state of disorder, and the work done in it was rudimentary by modern standards — just a few chemical and microscopic analyses of blood and excreta. But the mere existence of a laboratory for purely clinical purposes was a sign that scientific tests were reaching the useful stage.

In the weeks that followed, Dr. Will got a good introduction to a group of men and a spirit of camaraderie in work that have become almost a legend in American medicine. The Johns Hopkins Hospital had no large staff of consulting, visiting, and attending doctors, rotating in service to disrupt the organization every few months. Each of its units was under the supervision of a permanent chief who held the corresponding chair in the medical school. The medical clinic was in charge of William Osler, the beloved physician of Canada, the United States, and England in turn; surgery was the province of William S. Halsted, a shy, unapproachable perfectionist; gynecology was that of the young surgical artist, Howard A. Kelly, whom the Mayos had met with Price in Philadelphia; and the department of pathology was directed by the genial William Welch, known affectionately to hundreds as 'Popsy.'

Those were the famous Big Four of the well-known Sargent painting. With their assistants they formed a congenial, gay, coöperative group, for whom accomplishment of a high order was the normal business of life.

Charlie's next journey was to Baltimore, and thereafter the two brothers were frequent visitors at the Johns Hopkins clinics. The repeated appearance of the two young Westerners, first one and then the other, caught the interest of Dr. Osler, and he showed it in characteristic fashion. From here and there on his own travels he sent a memento to the Mayos, usually a trinket or an interesting item about brothers, often brother physicians.

The Mayos spent most of their time in the clinics of Halsted the surgeon.

Although they could not feel at ease with that reserved, silent man, they appreciated the quality of his work. Two original operations at least he showed them, one for the radical removal of cancer of the breast and another for the repair of inguinal hernia. But they owed him most for his demonstrations of general surgical principles.

A few years before, the head nurse of the Hopkins operating room had complained that the harsh antiseptics were making her hands painfully sore and that she could not carry on with them much longer. Because she was an excellent nurse and also a charming young woman — she later became his wife — Halsted tried to do something about the matter. Taking an idea from the heavy coachman's gloves Dr. Welch used for performing autopsies, the surgeon asked a New York manufacturer to make a special pair of thin rubber gloves for the nurse. They served her so well that the assistants took to wearing them too, and finally Halsted got some for himself. Now he was urging them upon other surgeons, having become a firm believer in their importance in the aseptic routine.

After a trial some men agreed with Halsted, but others did not think the merit of the gloves was sufficient to offset their impairment of the surgeon's sense of touch, and it was ten years or more before their use became general. The Mayos adopted them early.

From another aspect of Halsted's surgery Dr. Will derived great comfort as well as valuable pointers. Because postoperative shock was proving a dangerous complication in abdominal surgery, rapid operators were claiming that the shorter the time of operation the quicker and less eventful the patient's recovery. This disturbed Dr. Will, for he felt himself to be a slow worker, and the dispatch with which men like Senn, Murphy, and Kelly did their work did not add to his peace of mind.

But in Halsted he saw a surgeon obtain results equal to theirs despite meth-

ods that were painfully deliberate. In fact, Halsted considered meticulous work a cardinal principle of good surgery. He did not consider surgery an end in itself or merely a means to more knowledge; if an operation did not contribute to the increased well-being of the sick person, it was not good. He urged American surgeons not to go too far in following the German leaders, but to take instead a stand 'for conscientious surgery with some interest in the result to the patient.'

Ever since Colonial days Boston had ranked with New York and Philadelphia as a centre of medicine and surgery, but for ten years the Mayos steered clear of it. They had heard that its people were cold and inhospitable to visitors, and they shrank from the attempt to scale its ramparts. But Dr. Will wanted badly to see the work Dr. Maurice Richardson was doing in stomach surgery, and in the fall of 1898, having got fresh haircuts and provided themselves with dress suits, so they wouldn't look 'too woolly and hayseedish,' Dr. Will and his friend Ochsner ventured to Boston.

Arriving at the Massachusetts General Hospital early in the morning, they asked a janitor who was sweeping the walk in front whether there were to be any operations there that morning. He started to direct them to the office, then broke off to nod down the street, 'Here comes Dr. Mixer; maybe he can tell you.'

Ochsner put their question about operations diffidently, but Dr. Samuel Mixer was affability itself. Yes, he said, he was doing some surgery that morning and he thought Dr. Arthur Cabot and Dr. Richardson were too. Come right along. They did, and had a full and pleasant morning, staying at the hospital for lunch and on into the afternoon.

Perhaps in expressing their thanks they told Dr. Mixer how they had felt about coming to Boston. At any rate he invited them to have dinner with him,

and, when they hesitated, urged them, 'Come on. I want you or I wouldn't have asked you.' So they donned their dress suits and went to dine with half a dozen of Boston's great medical men: David Cheever, chief surgeon of the Boston City Hospital; John Honans, nationally known gynecologist; Cabot and Richardson, whom they had met that morning; and John Collins Warren, professor of surgery at Harvard Medical College.

The two Westerners returned to their hotel thoroughly happy and quite ready to admit that all they had heard about Boston men was a slander. Not until several years later did the cat escape from the bag. Then at some medical convention Dr. J. C. Warren approached Dr. Will to congratulate him on a mark of honor he had just received. 'I remember the first time I heard your name,' he said. 'It was about ten years ago. Sam Mixter called me up late one afternoon and asked me to come to dinner to meet Drs. Ochsner and Mayo.'

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Damned if I know," he said. "Just a couple of young fellows from the West. But come on anyway. They say that Boston is cold."

Dr. Will did not go abroad until 1900. Then, in Ochsner's company, he went to attend the International Medical Congress in Paris, but he went early enough for a visit to Germany before the congress convened.

Moving back to Paris after a month or more in Germany, Ochsner and Mayo gave their afternoons to the sessions of the medical congress. There were more than six thousand in attendance, some four hundred and fifty of them from the United States. The speakers were men with whose work Dr. Will was familiar through their contributions to medical journals, and he found it 'very interesting to see the great surgeons of the world and hear them speak.'

The forenoons were spent at the leading Paris clinics. Dr. Will was particu-

larly impressed with the work of Tuffier, whom he called 'the Murphy of France,' saying, 'I liked him for the things he did not do, as well as for the many things he did do.'

Taking time off from the scheduled program one afternoon, a hot one in early summer, Dr. Mayo, Dr. Ochsner, and Dr. Harvey Cushing, the great neurosurgeon who was then working with Halsted at Johns Hopkins, sat down to rest a while in the shade on the steps of the École de Médecine. They talked of the value of watching other men at work in their own clinics and sighed for the chance to do more such observing in the United States. It would be an excellent idea, they thought, for a few good American surgeons to form a club that would hold its meetings at the hospital of each member in turn, a new professional society that would occupy its sessions with observation and informal discussion over the operating table rather than with a long program of formal papers.

When they returned to the United States they mentioned their idea to other surgeons, who agreed that it was good. Finally, after three years of talk, Dr. James Mumford of Boston and Dr. George Crile of Cleveland decided to act. They called a meeting in New York on July 11, 1903 and organized the Society of Clinical Surgery. Its membership was to be elective and exclusive, limited to forty practising surgeons, who twice each year would meet with one of their number for a clinical demonstration of his work. William J. and Charles H. Mayo were two of the original members, and the fifth meeting of the society was held in Rochester.

Obviously the Mayo brothers were no longer hungry, penniless boys looking with longing into the bakeshop window. They were now inside, visited as well as visiting for instruction. For the story of how that came to be it is necessary to turn back to events in Rochester during these years from 1890 to 1905.

XXVII

When the brothers turned to applying the new surgery in their own practice, their peculiar position at St. Mary's Hospital proved an inestimable advantage. Medical biography is full of the frustration and delay suffered by young enthusiasts where the hand of tradition was too heavy and the authority of inflexible seniors too strong. But Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie faced no opposition from an established order. The Old Doctor might have interfered, but there is no evidence that he ever did. Sometimes, fondling his own little pocket case of needles and knives, he scoffed at the number of instruments the boys thought they needed, and sometimes he asserted his authority by 'changing the medicine,' but apparently he never prevented his sons from introducing a new procedure at St. Mary's.

He was always impatient with the fuss of the antiseptic ritual; yet he let the boys use it at St. Mary's from the beginning — and that was early for any hospital to practise Listerism consistently and exclusively. Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie followed the unpleasant rites of wet antiseptics for a few years, but they adopted the methods of asepsis as fast as they came in. When Dr. Edouard Boeckmann of St. Paul devised a practical portable sterilizer the Mayos were among the first to use it.

They wore Halsted's rubber gloves at first only for operations on septic cases, to protect their hands from contamination with pus; then they wore them for work on parts of the body especially susceptible to infection, such as the veins; and finally, as they grew used to them, they came to wear them always.

One result of antiseptics in surgery was to make feasible the exploratory incision. If the source of the abdominal trouble is obscure, said the progressive surgeons, open up the cavity and find out whether the cause is a condition you can do anything about.

Subject a patient to all the dangers of peritonitis just to find out what is wrong with him? Reckless, utterly irresponsible, said the conservatives. And besides it's a confession of failure in diagnosis.

Exactly, replied the surgeons. We do fail in diagnosis on clinical signs, so why not admit it in the only way that promises the patient relief from his troubles?

With this position the Mayos agreed. The Old Doctor once told a carping colleague in a medical meeting: 'It is the custom with me and those associated with me, where there is a seriously diseased condition of either a man or woman's abdomen, and the diagnosis cannot be made without, to open the abdomen very frequently.'

This custom led to their first operation for gallstones. In December 1890 a machinist from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, many miles to the west of Rochester, presented himself at the Mayos' offices. For years he had suffered from spells of pain in his right side and a year before one attack had been followed by a prolonged illness and the formation of an abscess, which his physician had opened several times. Since then he had been forced to use opiates almost constantly.

Not sure what was causing his trouble, the Mayos suggested an exploratory operation, and he consented. When Dr. Will found a mass of adhesions surrounding a contracted gall bladder containing one large stone, he removed the stone and inserted a drain. In three weeks the patient was discharged, had soon gained forty pounds, and went back to work at his trade.

The number of stones in a gall bladder is not of great importance; one good-sized concretion can be as troublesome as many small ones. But the Mayo cases that caught the attention of the public were those in which the stones numbered hundreds or more. Witness this:

An operation was performed at St. Mary's Hospital within the past few days that savors of the marvelous. Nearly three thousand gall

stones were removed from a woman. The number is known to be about three thousand for bacteriologist T. Spillane spent all one day counting them. The woman still lives and is sure to recover. The stones ranged in size from a pin head up to a pea.

That experience would command an audience for the woman who had it today. How much more so in a day when major operations were novelties and in a community where the drab drudgery of farm life was enlivened only by talking and where there was little to talk about except the weather and the crops and the neighbors.

So word of what the Mayos were doing got around, arousing hope in the victim of gallstone colic or in any doctor who had a patient suffering from it. And the ten gall-bladder operations of 1895 became seventy-five in 1900 and three hundred and twenty-four in 1905.

The Mayos were convinced that half of the so-called innocent stones were no such thing; they were merely thought to be so because the signs of their mischief were not recognized. The doctors had so long thought of colic as the one indication of gallstones that they were blind to the less obvious gastric manifestations of them. The Mayos themselves had been surprised into awareness of these by finding gallstones in cases of vaguely defined 'stomach trouble,' which vanished with the stones. Apparently the stomach served as an alarm box for a smouldering fire in the gall bladder as well as in the appendix, and perhaps in other organs too. Here was more work for the diagnostician, and then for the surgeon.

XXVIII

The earlier trickle of Dakotans back to their Rochester doctors became a stream in the nineties, fed at the beginning of the decade by hard times in the Dakotas, when the boom of the eighties that populated the territory collapsed. The railroad companies, as the centre of their interest moved farther west, ceased

to advertise and colonize; the homesteading farmers were stripped to poverty by three successive seasons of killing drouth. Once again those who had trekked westward with high hopes saw their dreams in ruin at their feet.

With famine rode pestilence, with destitution came worry and illness. More and more of those who were ill remembered the Mayos back in Rochester and made every effort to get to them for treatment. So many and so insistent were they that the railroad officials must have wondered what manner of men these Mayos were, that sick folk should want to travel hundreds of miles to consult them and should be so certain that if they could just get back to Rochester Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie would take care of them whether they could pay the fees or not.

But if they felt that way about it the railroad men would help them. Alexander C. Johnson, the special agent who was managing the company's philanthropies, authorized free transportation and food on the way for those who wanted to go to Rochester but could not scrape together the price of a ticket. To some who had heard of the Mayos but did not know them he gave letters of introduction, and often from his own pocket a few dollars to see them through. The Mayos had never met Mr. Johnson, but they came to respect him through the tales they heard of his generosity and humanity.

So it was that Dr. Will became district surgeon for the Minnesota division of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and two years later for the Dakota division as well. He, or his brother substitute, was called to the scene of any major accident along the line in either state, and though such occasions were not numerous they were dramatic. The message would come in: 'Tornado derailed passenger train at Owatonna; five killed and twenty injured. Dr. Mayo at once.' And away he would go, on a special train or riding in the cab of a de-

tached engine, with all tracks cleared for him. Special trains and the right of way were soon given him for any emergency trip, whether on a company case or not. Just as the liverymen used to turn aside into snowdrifts to clear the road for the Old Doctor, so now passenger trains waited in the station and freights took to the sidings to keep the tracks clear for the sons.

When Mr. Johnson's wife was seized with acute appendicitis he too wanted Dr. Mayo. He wired an engineer and a fireman at Dodge Center to detach the engine from a special train standing there, proceed with all speed to Rochester, pick up Dr. Mayo, and bring him to Winona.

Dr. Will was waiting at the station when the locomotive with caboose attached pulled in. He swung aboard, and 'at 11.04 P.M. the train plunged out into the night, wound its way down among the hills and arrived in Winona at ten minutes past the hour of midnight, having made the entire run of fifty miles over heavy grades and around sharp curves in just one hour and four [sic] minutes. This is twenty-six minutes faster than the quickest time made by the lightflyer, the fastest train on the line.'

That was a story for the trainmen to tell in the yards or at home when the day's run was over. There were many such: the time they carried that girl so badly burned, or the young woman who shot her little brother by accident and then turned the gun on herself in remorse, or that helpless paralytic, Sister Martha, who came on a cot all the way from Ironton, Ohio, where not even the Cincinnati doctors had been able to find out what was wrong with her, though the Mayos located her trouble and had her getting better within a week. For many who rode the trains to Rochester, St. Mary's was the 'gleam of hope,' the 'last resort.'

There was the time a young mother in Mountain Lake, one of the German

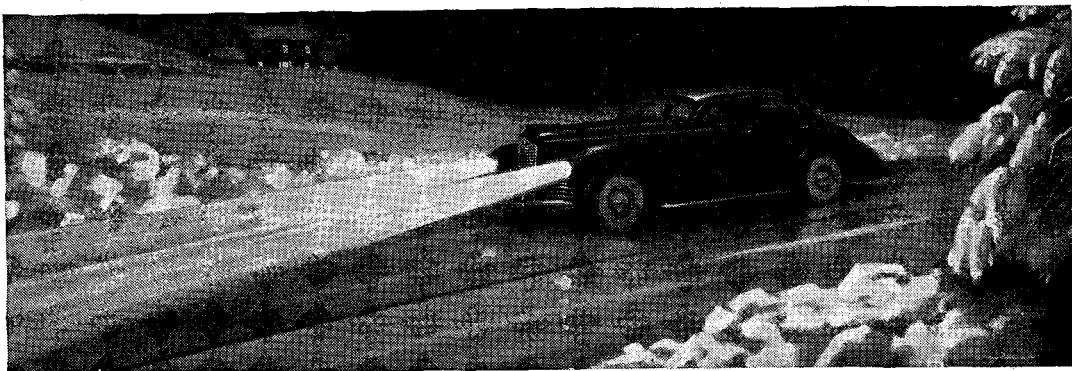
Mennonites from Russia who settled there, put her little boy on the train and asked the trainmen to take him to Rochester. The little fellow was almost blind, only six years old, and couldn't speak a word of English. His mother couldn't afford to go with him, but she fixed him a basket of food, and across his front she pinned a big sign, 'Take me to St. Mary's Hospital.' When the conductor set him off at Rochester, the people at the depot couldn't believe he'd come all that distance alone. A hackman took care of him, and drove him right out to the hospital.

With incidents like those for the trainmen to talk about, it was not mere coincidence that there soon began to appear on the Mayo records patients identified as 'engineer from Omaha,' 'railroad man from La Crosse,' 'dispatcher at Du-buque.'

As early as 1893 St. Mary's was admitting patients from Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, and Ohio as well as the nearer Iowa, Wisconsin, Dakota, and Montana. Those from the more distant states were mostly members of the nation-wide Catholic Church or relatives and friends of pleased Minnesota patients.

XXIX

For the first decade the two young men did their operating as a team. Then a division of labor gradually developed between them. As the number of operations increased, Dr. Will found more and more of his time occupied with pelvic and abdominal surgery, while Dr. Charlie took over the work on the eye, ear, nose, and throat, the bones and joints, the brain, nerves, and neck. Dr. Will always maintained that their specialization was the result of Dr. Charlie's superiority as an operator. 'I was driven to cover by a better surgeon,' he said on one occasion. And on another, 'Charlie drove me down and down until I reached the belly.'



Shorter days mean longer odds —against you!

Winter invariably brings heavier tolls of traffic accidents. Despite the fact that there are normally fewer cars on the road, there are usually more than one and a half times as many accidents in December as in June.

Shorter days mean more hours of darkness. These shorter days bring with them stormy weather and other seasonal dangers in driving your car. These abnormal

burdens are placed on drivers every Winter—and particularly this Winter because rapidly accelerating defense activities are putting more and more men and cars on the roads.

The careful driver balances increased dangers with increased caution and precaution. Here are a few suggestions he remembers through the Winter months.



The careful driver makes sure that his lighting equipment is adequate and properly adjusted for longer hours of darkness, snow, sleet, and fog; also that windshield wipers and defrosters are working effectively.

His chances of skidding are reduced by having brakes properly adjusted, by using tire chains on snow, slush, and ice. The safe driver knows and practices safe driving technique on slippery surfaces. He is always on the alert for the unexpected icy spot.

The careful driver makes up his mind to travel habitually at speeds reduced in conformity with road conditions throughout this season.



He leaves more room than usual between his car and the car ahead, is more cautious than ever about passing cars when approaching hills or curves. On hills, he watches out for children on sleds.

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To help safeguard yourself, your family, and others from traffic accidents, and to learn the answers to many driving problems and emergencies, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 121-T, "Calling All Drivers."

The nearly four thousand operations Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie performed at St. Mary's Hospital in 1905 represented the surgical culmination of about ten thousand office examinations. Obviously they did not handle all of them alone. They early faced the question of whether to restrict their practice to what they could do alone or to delegate some of the work to others, and they decided on the latter, partly because they were not willing to forgo their time for study and travel.

In the early nineties Dr. W. W. Mayo was preoccupied with his duties as state senator, which took him away from Rochester for several months, and he was beginning to show the wanderlust that so strongly marked his declining years. All in all, though the Old Doctor answered calls, assisted at operations, and paid daily visits to the patients in the hospital when he was in Rochester, he was too concerned with other activities to give dependable assistance to his sons. And they felt he had earned the freedom to come and go as he liked.

But whom should they ask to take his place? With unerring judgment they chose the ablest neighboring practitioner they knew. Dr. Augustus W. Stinchfield was then fifty years old, a man of short, spare figure, with the soft voice, courtly manner, and distinctive costume of the practitioner of the old school. Born in Maine and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1868, he had gone West to practice, opening an office in southern Missouri first, then in Dundas, Minnesota, and finally in Eyota, where he had been practising for eighteen years. He had built up a large local practice and a reputation throughout Olmsted County second only to that of the Mayos. Like them, he was given to continued study and had taken courses at both the New York and the Chicago polyclinic. The Mayos knew him to be able and sound; early in 1892 they asked him to become their partner, and he accepted.

In preparation for his coming the

Mayos enlarged the offices they had been occupying on the ground floor of the Cook Block ever since Dr. Will's graduation. To their own names on the entrance door they added 'Dr. A. W. Stinchfield,' and the partnership quickly became known as Drs. Mayo and Stinchfield.

Edith Graham was still serving the Mayos as anaesthetist, office nurse, and general bookkeeper and secretary. She did not pretend to business experience or efficiency, but their method of keeping accounts was simple, and when she made mistakes 'they did not scold.' They left most of their letter writing to her too, taking time only to jot down an outline of the proposed answer or just a brief 'say no' or 'tell him yes' or 'write up a good answer to this one.'

Miss Graham was a small, sprightly, attractive young woman — so attractive, in fact, that the doctor to whom she was assigned on her first case in Chicago refused to accept her because she was too young and beautiful for a nurse. Dr. Charlie found her a good and gay companion outside as well as in the office, and soon his heart fell captive to her charms.

They were married in April 1893 in a simple ceremony at the Graham home south of Rochester. Hurrying out to the house on foot, Dr. Charlie tried to leap across a rivulet in his path and fell into it, so the ceremony had to wait until his clothes were dried out. But the mishap was no omen, for the marriage of Charles Mayo and Edith Graham was a great success.

Christopher Graham, Edith's brother, was teaching veterinary science in the small school of agriculture at the University of Minnesota. But he was not happy, for ever since he had struck the course in physiology at the University of Pennsylvania he had been sure he wanted to be a doctor of human medicine. Presumably he said as much to his new brother-in-law, who passed the word on to Dr. Will, for the Mayos told 'Kit'

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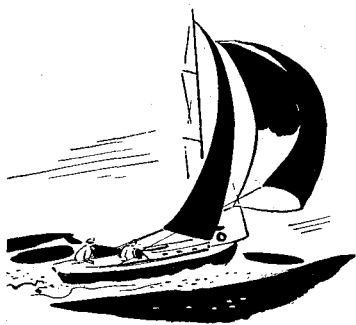
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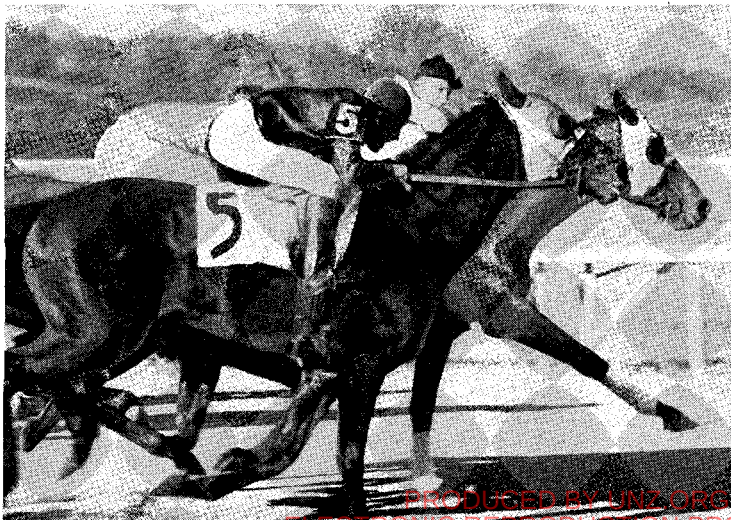
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that if he would go back to Pennsylvania and take the additional year of work needed for the medical degree he could work with them when he was through. He jumped at the chance, spent the summer studying bacteriology in Dr. Hewitt's laboratory at Red Wing, re-entered the University of Pennsylvania in the fall, and was graduated the following June a full-fledged doctor of medicine.

When he began practice with the Mayos some patients objected to being treated by a 'horse doctor.' That must have cut Christopher Graham to the quick, for he was a sensitive person without overmuch self-confidence, too conscious and ashamed of the late start he was getting. But 'his patients just loved him,' according to a nurse who took care of many of his cases, and the first distrust was soon dispelled by his own successes and the continued backing of the Mayos.

Graham was added to the firm's name, popularly at least, in the early summer of 1894, but Christopher seems not to have been taken formally into the partnership until August 1895, when he was given an examining room of his own on the second floor and next door to it a new laboratory.

XXX

It is hard to believe but undeniably true that the two brothers had only one pocketbook, one bank account, between them. All they earned went into it, and whatever either wanted — for travel, home building, clothes, food, fun, everything — he took from it without any accounting to the other. What was left over at the end of the year they divided equally.

That single pocketbook supplied them well. Their homes were among the largest and most comfortably appointed in Rochester, jointly a centre of the community's social life. The two men and their wives had become members of a gay, sociable crowd, and they went

out often for dinner and an evening of dancing or card playing. But such activity has a way of multiplying by geometric progression, and the brothers found it a drain on time and strength, conflicting with the demands of their work. If they were to have any home life at all, any leisure for pleasures within the family circle, something had to be given up. And it was not their work.

Their wives agreeing, reluctantly perhaps, the Mayos withdrew from the social round that occupied their friends. 'We knew they wouldn't mind much,' said Mrs. C. H. Mayo. 'We were so often late for their dinners or had to leave in the middle of an evening, because Charlie would get a call. And Charlie never cared much for card playing. He wasn't as bad a player as he let on, but he wouldn't bother to put his mind to it.'

From the same pocketbook the Old Doctor and his wife were enjoying comforts and pleasures they had not previously been able to afford. The Old Doctor, in his eighties now, had become a veritable vagabond — off to Florida, Cuba, and the Bahamas one year, the Atlantic Coast another, the American Southwest and Mexico the next, and the American Northwest and Canada the year following. His energy and endurance, his insatiable curiosity about everything he saw, amazed his less venturesome fellows.

The father, called a radical by his contemporaries, had so developed his sons' social conscience, so filled them with the idea that no man has a right to great wealth while others are suffering in poverty, that they regarded their growing bank balance with uneasy minds.

They could not and would not reduce their fees. The size of their income was due to the volume of their business, not to exorbitant charges, for they kept to the schedule of fees customary among their colleagues. To cut fees for the purpose of attracting patients was forbidden by the medical code of ethics, and who

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED
BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF
MARCH 3, 1933

of ATLANTIC MONTHLY
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1941

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher and editor are:

Publisher, Donald B. Snyder, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor, Edward A. Weeks, Jr., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

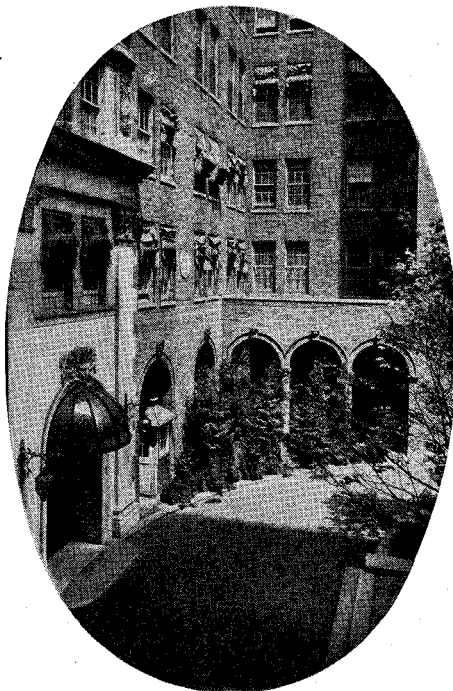
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Donald B. Snyder
(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September 1941.

[SEAL]

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would believe that anyone could be so quixotic as to cut them to reduce his income?

Moreover, the Mayos did not approve of lowering the customary charges. They were willing to adjust them for any patient who could not afford to pay them, even to the point of making no charge at all, for they were men of warmly sympathetic natures. As they went through the day collecting from the patients they examined or treated they merely stuffed the money into their pockets, and when they came to the bedside of a person worried and worn with the struggle to make ends meet they dipped into those pockets to leave a bill or two in the hand or under the pillow. If they were convinced of a man's need they were as likely as not to send him away with the amount of their fee, or more, having changed hands in reverse. They lost surprisingly little money that way, they found, for what they gave came back after a while; men would come in to repay them long after they had forgotten the giving. The tales of their generosity spread through the countryside, multiplying with the years.

But if the Mayos were not Shylocks, they were certainly not suckers either. They saw no reason why a man who could afford it should not pay a reasonable amount for their services. Surely his life and health were worth as much to him as a new horse or an extra suit or a hunting trip! That the doctor should sell his services cheaply was not to the advantage of the profession, nor, in the long run, of the patient either. The doctor had to earn enough to pay for good equipment and finance study and travel if he hoped to keep up with medicine and be able to give the patient the best medical care available. In most cases the customary fees allowed no more than that.

The brothers talked about this problem a great deal that year — 1898, Dr. Will thought it was. And from their talking emerged certain policies, not

new most of them, but crystallized and definite.

They would make no charge to other doctors, nurses, ministers, and missionaries, and none to educators or state employees whose salaries were small. They would collect the usual fee from those who could pay it and from others in accordance with their ability to pay, but never would they knowingly let their bill become an economic burden to any patient. They would never sue to collect a fee or accept in payment a note or a mortgage or money raised by a mortgage. They would rest their case with the honesty and conscience of men, believing, as Dr. Will once expressed it, that 'if a man can pay he will.' Above all, they would never let financial considerations influence the degree or kind of care they gave.

In the use of their earnings they would always put the improvement of facilities and personnel first. The professional men who worked with them, either as partners or as employees, should be generously paid, and there should be enough of them to allow each man time for self-improvement. They would finance observation journeys for the others as well as for themselves, because it was a necessary and legitimate investment in the betterment of the practice.

For a time the brothers managed their own investments, and did not do it too well. Casual, impulsive, and naïve about it, they suffered some heavy losses. If a Rochester friend could make a venture sound reasonably good, he could count on the Mayos to invest in it. And sometimes they got into company they did not like.

At last the brothers admitted to themselves that they were not cut out to be business men and decided to ask Burt Eaton, who was doing considerable investment business for his clients, to handle their savings for them. Eaton hesitated a little but finally agreed to take the job. He never forgot how Dr. Will then walked over to the office safe,

Will you save a life?

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spectacular heroes.
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took out a bundle of papers, tossed them over to him, and said, 'For God's sake take them.'

There was no inventory, no record of the interest paid or due, just the certificates, and it took Eaton a year to weed out the poor choices and assemble a list of gilt-edged securities. He made it his business to watch the Mayos' personal account, and when it got up to \$25,000 he would 'swipe it for the investment account' and buy more securities.

They never asked for an accounting, but Eaton thought they ought to have one, so he jotted down his annual inventory on a slip of paper and gave it to Dr. Will personally. With a glance and a nod so indifferently brief as to exasperate the lawyer, who was proud of the job he was doing, Dr. Will would put the slip into his pocket and forget it. Mr. Eaton once saw him take it out again nearly a year later.

Then Dr. Will began to think about the other partners. The terms on which Drs. Stinchfield and Graham entered the partnership are not available, but there is the lawyer's word for it that they were verbal only. Thinking over the situation in the light of the legal aspects Eaton had explained, Dr. Will decided they were all living in a fool's paradise. The men might have complete confidence in each other's good faith, but families and heirs are an uncertain quantity.

Together he and Charlie worked out a general outline of their wishes. They did not want their practice to be looked upon as a property, like a grocery store; they did not want it to be disrupted by the death of any one of the partners; they wanted the survivors always to have unhampered control, so that the practice might continue intact. But they wanted

some provision made for fair payment to a partner's heirs. They left it to Mr. Eaton to put these principles into legal terms.

He drew up a contract limiting the partnership to participation in income. A retiring partner or a deceased partner's heirs should receive in liquidation of his full share in the partnership and its profits a sum equal to the amount of his income in the year preceding his retirement or death, and the survivors should continue the practice without further obligation to him or his estate. Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie signed the document and then presented it to Dr. Stinchfield and Dr. Graham.

It was an arbitrary procedure, no matter how noble the motives or admirable the arrangement for realizing them. There could have been no objection had it come when the men joined the firm, but apparently they had understood that their share, whatever it was, applied to properties and assets as well as to income. To ask them now to sign away this share in the ownership was too much, and they balked. For months, lengthening into two years and more, they refused to sign.

Then the steel in Dr. Will came out. Flatly he named the alternatives: Either you sign this contract or we dissolve the partnership now. You can then open separate offices for yourselves and we'll send you what business we can.

There was no question who held the whip hand. Dr. Stinchfield signed first, and after a time Dr. Graham followed protestingly. Thereafter each man joining the firm signed the contract and understood that his partnership meant only a stipulated share in the income and not in the ownership.

(To be concluded)

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